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REAL WEST

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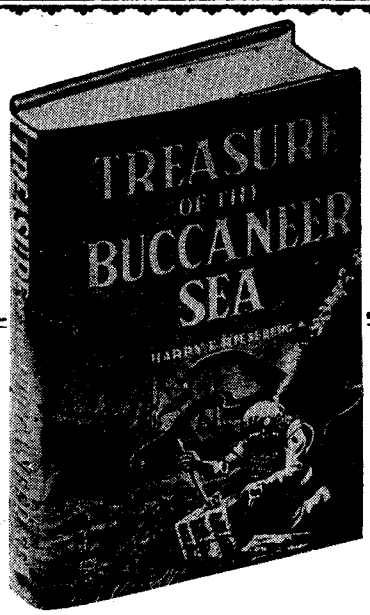

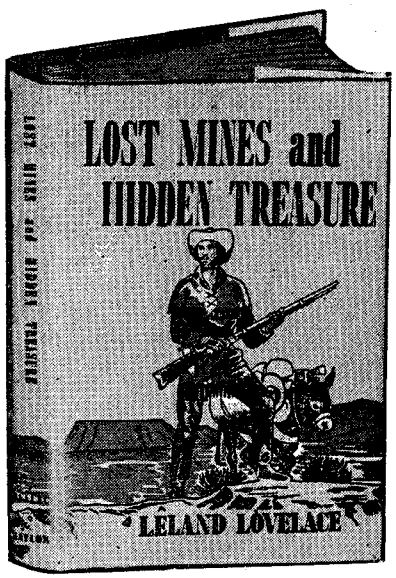

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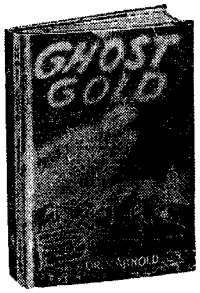

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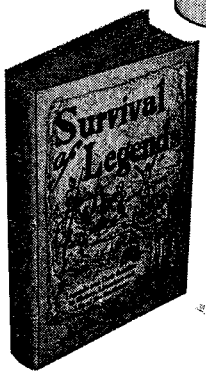

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REAL WEST

Volume IX
Number 47
May 1966

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor: Pat Masulli
Editor: Philip R. Rand — Managing Editor: William T. Kish
Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanch — Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina

IN THIS ISSUE

Nearly everything about the old West was controversial. One reason is that the official records and the newspapers themselves gave different versions and opinions of people and events. Also there is the constant bickering between those who read fiction about their heroes and those who read the researched reports. In Real West, we bring you the researched reports, the truth as far as historians know it. But the right to disagree is our American privilege and that's why we bring you some pretty controversial stories. Don't miss "Mandan Indians, Descendants of the Vikings" in this issue. Also on these pages you'll read about the daring life of the outstanding mountain man -- Fitzpatrick. And we pay a small but deserving tribute to the Surveyors, Forgotten Trailblazers who fought Indians, blazed trails and who were usually rewarded with torturous death for all their hardship and sacrifice. Another group that did a rough and thankless job was the U.S. Cavalry, Heroes in the Dust. You'll read of their hard life and fierce battles as well as the stories of trading posts, gold mines, outlaws, Indian battles and more in this exciting issue of Real West.

REAL WEST
EXCLUSIVE
MANDAN INDIANS, descendants of the VIKINGS?
BROKEN HAND FITZPATRICK, MOUNTAIN MAN EXTRAORDINARY
SAN FRANCISCO APRIL 18, 1906 The Great Fire
INCREDIBLE EXPLOITS OF DENVER'S MILLIONAIRE SLAVE
NEVADA'S ELUSIVE BANDIT MILTON SHARP

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Seehk-Hee-Da (The White Eyebrows). Mandan Man With Yellow Hair was originally painted by George Catlin when he lived with this mysterious tribe. Our artist has recaptured the likeness of this amazing blonde Indian exclusively for our readers of this special issue.

SPECIAL AMERICANA FEATURE

Mandan Indians, Descendants of the Vikings.....30
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Real West published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC., Division St., Derby, Connecticut. 06418. Vol. IX, No. 47, May, 1966. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn. Copyright 1966. All rights reserved. Executive offices and office of publication Division St., Derby, Connecticut. Price 35¢ per copy, subscription $1.75 per year. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the U.S.A.
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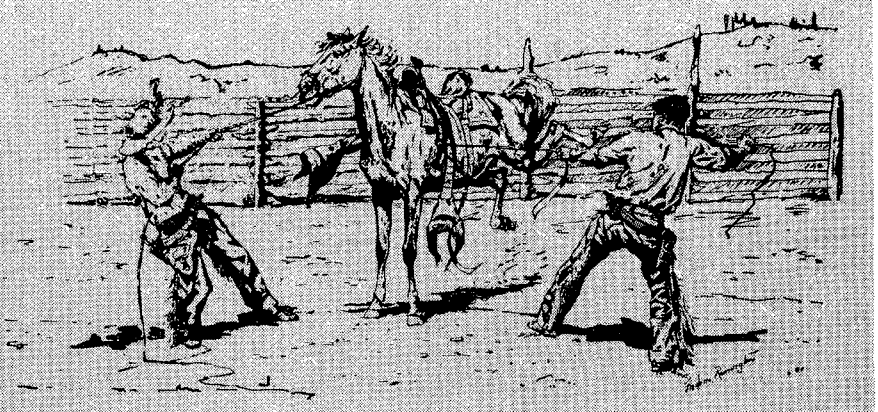
The Editor's Corral



Your editor just got back from another trip West. In fact most of his time is spent in the West and most of the magazine is edited from there. This time I visited Abilene. Somehow this famous old Western town had escaped my eagle eye for the last twenty some years. Prior to that - well, I was born within thirty five miles of the town and as a youth spent much time there. But in those days the old West was something remote and nobody seemed to have much interest in it.

On this visit I found Abilene unique for an old Western town of much reputation. In Dodge City, the past smacks you in the face everywhere you go. You have the Boothill Cemetery which the Chamber of Commerce has decorated with a lot of new wooden gravemarkers. You have Front Street, in someways not changed a great deal. The same is true of Caldwell. Wichita has grown to be a large metropolis and the Wichita of those old days has been smothered by sky scrapers.

Unless you knew the history of Abilene, you would never know this was a famous old Western town, the town of Tom Smith, Wild Bill Hickcock, the dream city of Mc Coy and the Texas cattle. This is due largely to the fact that the Abilene of those wild days was below the railroad tracks and was called Little Texas. It was a town within itself, a clutter of hurriedly built wooden buildings. Today not one of those buildings remain. When the cattle trade stopped, Little Texas ceased to be as a town and the residents north of the railroad tracks let the buildings fall into decay and Little Texas finally ended its moment of inglorious fame in a roaring fire that left only charred remains of the once famous saloons and dives.

A new fame has come to that area that was once Little Texas. President Dwight D. Eisenhower lived as a boy below the tracks near what was once Little Texas. And his museum is now the spot of glory of Abilene.

Recently, a story on Chief Red Fox and his experiences with Buffalo Bill's show came to my desk. Reading it brought back many memories of that Wild West Show in Europe. I never saw the show in this country, but when I was a young student in Paris, Buffalo Bill's name was magic and although he had passed from the scene, his show was still played in the provinces.

It was near Nancy that I saw the show put on by French actors. They did a pretty good job as the French are natural born horsemen. But there was no Annie Oakley and certainly not Buffalo Bill, but the show was interesting. More interesting to me than the show was the wild applause of the audience. They seemed to live those wild days and I doubt if any American audience ever gave Buffalo Bill's show such a rousing send-off.

It must be remembered that the French had much to do with early days of the West. The French trappers and traders were the first to penetrate into unknown wildernesses to establish some vestige of a civilization. So the old West is deeply ingrained in most Frenchmen. Red Fox's story will appear in a future issue.

We find from the letters to the Mail Round-up an increase of interest among readers about books and sources of information on the old West. It would appear that our readers are interested in doing some research themselves, which makes us realize we have to watch our step. We started to do that long, long ago, realizing that the success of a Western magazine depends wholly on the absolute accuracy of its research. This is why we require our writers to furnish us with a complete bibliography for each story.

But to get back to the letters from our readers, asking where they can get information about the history of the West. We advise all that the most complete and the most accurate sources of information are the historical societies in the different states. In practically all of them, you can become a member for a nominal fee and get their historical publications and for a small sum you can buy back numbers. Many societies have Collections and these larger volumes are filled with historical data.

The material you get from these societies is almost a hundred percent accurate as the material was written by people who were there when this or that event happened. We are sorry to say, that the same is not true of many of the books on Western history. We will correct that to say published ten years or more ago. Most of these books, such as Stuart Lake's book on Wyatt Earp, are pure fiction. The present writers of historical books are far more accurate and some very fine books are coming off the press today. But don't overlook the Historical Societies. They are the best sources.

Apparently our plea to our readers to solve their problems of getting their copies of REAL WEST regularly is having results. At least, the number of subscribers would indicate that. They are coming in so fast the girls are kept busy recording the new names. The names of the new subscribers are recorded first on paper and then on a machine plate, which takes a little time. But these new subscribers don't have to worry about whether their news dealer has laid aside a copy of REAL WEST for them. They don't have to go anywhere for the magazine. It comes to them even before it hits the newsstand and their worries about getting a copy are over. And all it costs is $1.75 for one year.

RW

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

Freddie McRay, Wichita, Kansas wants to know if the Indians were as good at tracking men as the movies picture them. It is possible Hollywood adds its touch to anything, but as human trackers, the Indians had no peers. They used many different signs to tell them if a man had gone one way or another. Take the broken stems of grass. The direction of broken grass stems was important. It told if the man making them was running or walking. More important, it told which way the body of the man was leaning.

No man walks in a straight line. Either the right or the left foot is stronger, and whichever is stronger, the walker will tend to go in that direction. Once the direction is determined, the tracker can cut across and pick up the tracks and save time. In the grass is probably the easiest place to track a man. How much a grass stem is broken gives some idea of the weight and size of the man. But in the woods there is very little grass, and unless the ground is soft and has the imprint of the person being tracked, the tracker has to depend on broken twigs from bushes and lower limbs of trees.

This requires an experienced tracker, yet such a person, who is usually an Indian, can do an amazing job of tracking a person through the woods. A hard surface is no problem as the boot of the white man will leave its mark and the moccasin of an Indian or a mountain man causes what loose earth there is to appear in rolls of dust. But where the soil is not soft enough to record the boot mark, a definite print, the tracker is faced with a problem.

The prevailing idea that a mountain stream will hide foot prints is a mistake. For the white man's boot leaves a clear mark on the rocks that seem to be magnified by the clear water. Where the water of the stream is muddy, the tracker has a more difficult problem. If it is shallow and he can't see the bottom, he will reach down and pick up the rocks and study the marks.

All these and many other tricks made the Indian trackers a marvel at following any person.

A skilled tracker can learn many things just by examining footprints.
Morrow Collection

★ ★ ★

Q: Is it true that the Apaches were once Eskimos? Jim Flanner, 7559 York Drive, St. Louis, Mo.

A: This theory is based on the fact that the early spears used by the Apaches were similiar to those used by the Eskimos. Since most of the Indians in the Southwest and in Mexico and Central America are supposed to have migrated south from Alaska, it is possible the Apaches once were an Arctic tribe. But all this is largely supposition.

★ ★ ★

Q: I understand that the name "Rough Rider" was an old Western expression and Teddy Roosevelt merely adopted it for his troops in the Spanish-American War. What was the origin of the name? Cal Mukman, Macon, Georgia.

A: The name "Rough Rider" was common in all parts of the West. It probably was first used in the early days of Texas for cowboys who fought the Mexican rustlers who came north of the Rio Grande. In Wyoming men who went after stray cattle were called Rough Riders. In Montana the cowboys in the rough brush country were called Rough Riders. Teddy borrowed the name for his men.

Continued on Page 65

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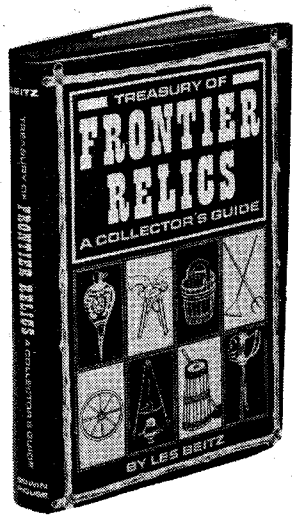
YOUR BACKYARD JUNK MAY BE WORTH BIG MONEY!



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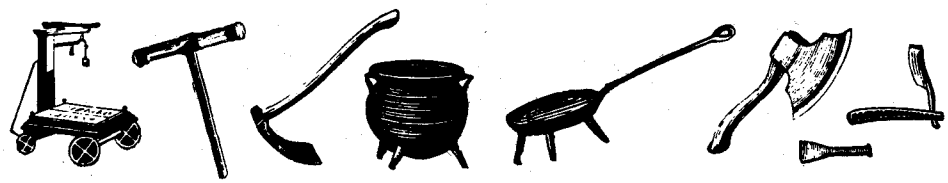

You Are Richer Than You Think

Publication of Treasury Of Frontier Relics: A Collector's Guide by noted authority Les Beitz gathers together for the very first time a complete, fully authenticated source for establishing values of Western objects much in demand by collectors both here and abroad. (Recently, in Germany, a producer of Western movies paid $375. for a vintage Colt pistol.)

Museums And Collectors Keep Prices Going Up

The current surge of interest in Western Americana art and objects means that without even knowing it, you may already be owner of one or more Frontier treasures.

Those lucky enough to recognize value will reap rich rewards. Others, unknowingly, will lose the chance to cash-in on a Western relic worth real money. You would never forgive yourself if you threw away, or sold for pennies, a prize valued at many hundreds of dollars.

Would you know how much old branding irons are worth? (see page 15)
Would you know what an angle lamp is and what it will bring? (see page 61)
Would you know a Sibley stove if you saw one and realize how much it is worth? (see page 73)
Would you know the value of a grub box (page 15) or of a Confederate cap (page 93)?
Would you know what old newspapers, pictures and pulp magazines are worth to collectors? (see page 135)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

In issue 44 of REAL WEST we ran the story by Harvey St. John, describing his meeting with Wyatt Earp when St. John was a youth. The reaction to the story is somewhat different from five or so years ago. Then such a story would have brought a flood of letters condemning us in violent protests that we would dare run a story derogatory to a hero.

The letters from this article run a good majority praising Mr. St. John and commending us for running the article. There were violent protests, as in the old days, but their number was not great.

It would appear that the books by Ed Bartholomew and Frank Waters, both showing careful and accurate research, as well as the excellent contribution Nyle Miller and Joseph Snell of the Kansas Historical Society made in their brilliant work, WHY THE WEST WAS WILD has brought about a change in the image of Wyatt Earp to the Western Buffs. Wyatt Earp's character might in time be as some of the more objective critics claim, that while Earp was no hero, he wasn't as bad as has been painted.

Here are several of the letters on Earp we received:

AGREES WITH ST. JOHN

Dear Sirs,

Just a note to express my appreciation and enjoyment of the November REAL WEST.

I especially wish to comment on the Wyatt Earp story on page 27. Actually I whooped like a Comanche Injun when I read the truth about that character.

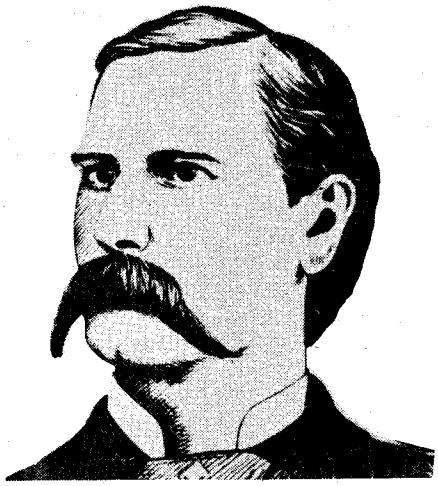
I have owned a good TV set since they were available to the public, and I have yet to waste a picture tube on ANY of that cow poke, and bad man stuff.

We need a few more stories telling the plain unvarnished truth about those hoked up characters.

Incidently, I knew personally a cousin, or nephew, I forget which, of the famous Kit Carson. In 1930 Old John Carson was 90 and he has told me many stories of his experiences when he was a Pony Express rider. When asked what he did when he saw Indians, he said he considered them all hostile, and outran them.

Not once did I ever hear him make a remark that could be constructed to making him out a hero. (This was in San Bernardino, Calif.)

Respectfully,
Speedy Babbs
P.O. Box 925
W. Palm Beach, Fla. 33402



ALSO IN AGREEMENT

Dear Gentlemen:

I have been reading the Real West since it has come out and I want to say it is the best one on the market today. I have and do read all the others.

I have read many stories about Wyatt Earp which were supposed to be true but the one in the Nov. issue is the best. After reading all the others I think his is true.

My favorite artist is Frederic Remington and the one on the cover is one of the best. He was the greatest of them all.

I would like to see this in your magazine so others will know about what a wonderful magazine it is.

I also like the "Ask your Questions" department.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Frank S. Macolly
Bush House Hotel
Quakertown, Penn.

VIOLENTLY DISAGREES

Editor of Real West,

I have just read the story of Harvey St. John, pertaining to Wyatt Earp. I just wonder what John Gililires, field historian for the University of Arizona, would say about this story. I doubt very seriously that he would read it.

My grandfather who operated the OK Corral at the time of the famous fight and was an eye witness to this affair, visited Wyatt Earp in 1915. We gather from his account that Wyatt was pretty well off. He was in the Nevada desert prospecting. He and his wife with him, several wagons and horses, and several men working for him. I have the oral transcript of the court action against Wyatt in Tombstone and this alone will bear out the fact that Wyatt was a man of an unlimited amount of guts. These statements did not come from him but from reputable citizens of Tombstone.

Wyatt Earp was not a Saint, but a man that would walk into the OK Corral against 5 armed killers deserves more than Mr. St. John gives him credit for.

Respectfully,
Wayne Montgomery
Box 35
Evergreen, Colo.

We have picked out what we believe to be good samples of the letters we have received on Wyatt Earp.

WHAT IS A BUCKAROO?

Dear Sirs:

May I make a contribution in regards to the word "Buckaroo."

"Vaquero," like many other words of Spanish origin used by us Americanos in cattle work, has been chopped and hacked to pieces. I am sure all old time riders and cowmen will agree with me on that score.

If one can hear the Spanish "Var-Keer-O," one can easily hear the American chewing it to "Bar-kare-o" or "Buck-a-Roo." As a youngster in cattle work, I even heard the American rider say "Buck-care-eh," when he really meant the Spanish, "Vaquero."

When our famous California Missions were founded in the years 1775-1776, the Spanish "Vaqueros" were a large part of the different expeditions and missions.

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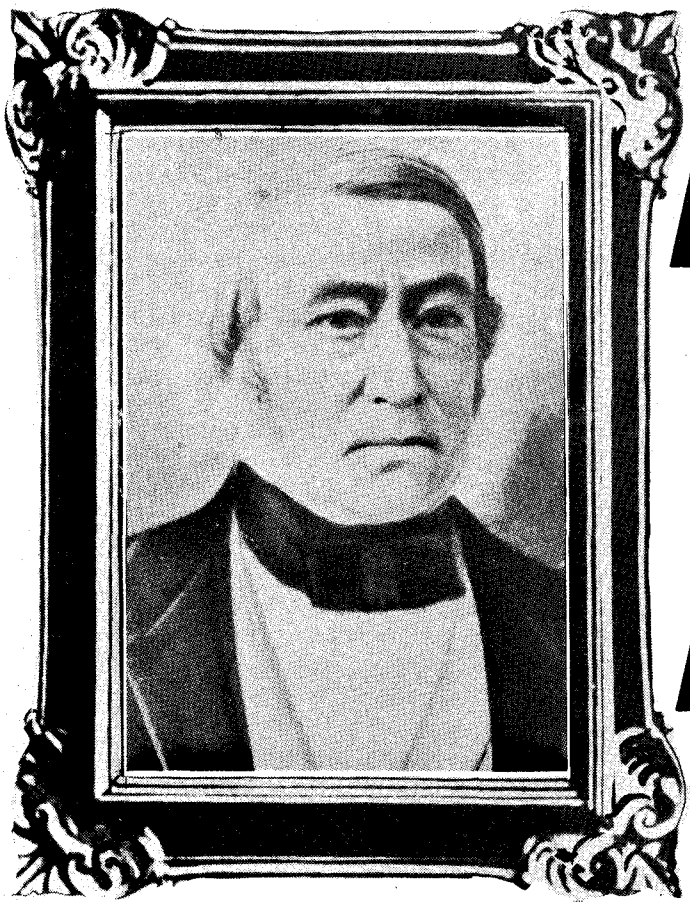

Historical Society of Montana, Helena

BROKEN HAND FITZPATRICK, MOUNTAIN MAN EXTRAORDINARY

Even Kit Carson and Jim Bridger couldn't match his raw-boned adventures in the perilous Rocky Mountains.

by Carelton Mays

IT WAS nature's perfect death trap. Not even the ingenuity of the human mind could have improved on it. A deep and narrow valley, with high rocky walls on each side and two openings so small several boulders rolled from the top to each would close this valley completely.

Among the rocks, and hidden by them, were thirty Blackfeet Indians, the most savage and deadly enemy the white man had in 1832 in that beaver country which is now Wyoming. Their scouts had reported a lone white man on horseback, leading a second horse and headed for the narrow valley. A lone white man among the Blackfeet never lived long.

"Broken Hand" Thomas Fitzpatrick, mountain man, riding one horse and leading the other, had no illusions about the danger of a lone white man traveling in the Blackfeet country in that year, but he had to meet up with his wagon train from St. Louis to urge it to hurry to Pierre's Hole before the competing fur companies got there. This was a matter of thousands of dollars.

He rode into the narrow valley with no inkling of the death trap that awaited him. He got half way through when it came, screaming death-in the form of savage Blackfeet, coming at him from both sides, front and back. Fitzpatrick dropped the reins of the horse he had been leading. His next move was something no Indian could have figured out.

Fitzpatrick's spurs went deep into the flanks of the horse he was riding. The animal reared and then plunged forward, sending screaming Blackfeet sprawling in all directions. With one leap the horse was over their bodies. Fitzpatrick reined it sharply to the right and then the horse raced up the rocky side of the valley.

But his horse, now utterly exhausted, trembled under Fitzpatrick. He leaped to the rocky ground, fell behind a boulder, rolled over to another, and kept going to the right in this manner. He saw a deep crevice and lunged into it, falling several feet to the bottom. He pushed rocks and brush in the opening.

The Blackfeet swarmed like ants over the rocks above the crevice. They crawled from rock to rock, expecting to find their quary behind each rock. They loped across open spaces, throwing themselves flat, propitiating to their Gods. All day long they were over and around the crevice. Fitzpatrick waited with his right hand gripping his knife. He had lost his revolver rolling among the rocks.

Night came and the Blackfeet disappeared. Fitzpatrick crawled out from his hiding place, got to the top of the valley and onto another ridge. He kept going over gulches, far from the trail. Instinct took him in the direction of Pierre's Hole. His only food for days were the roots and berries of the mountains and his strength waned rapidly. He came to part of a carcass of a buffalo

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Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Jedediah Smith also joined the Ashley expedition.

left by the wolves. He ate the rotten flesh raw. Weeks later he stumbled into the camp of his wagon train at Pierre's Hole, more dead than alive.

This was only one of the many miraculous escapes of the amazing "Broken Hand" Thomas Fitzpatrick, termed by the historian Bernard De Voto, "....as expert a mountain man as ever lived....he was at the head of his profession."

Milo Milton Quaife in his introduction to Larpenteur's, Forty Years a Fur Trader, wrote, "Thomas Fitzpatrick was in his own time the most notable of the Rocky Mountain fur traders and trappers, ranking first in the trio of worthies, the other members being Kit Carson and Jim Bridger. Through the fortunes of chance and press-agenting, these two, Carson and Bridger, have become far better known to the present generation than Fitzpatrick...."

FITZPATRICK was born in 1799 in Ireland, his parents were fairly well to do, and he received a good education. At the age of seventeen he ran away to sea. Several years later he jumped ship at New Orleans, and in time worked his way up the Mississippi to St. Louis.

He was tall with a lithe and powerful body. His face was handsome, lacking the rough looks of most of the fur men. He had the typical Irish wit, and danger to him was something to mock and laugh at. His ability to read and write and to express himself was far above the average. His personality had certain contradictions. In business dealings he could be hard and ruthless and not always honest, yet in his dealings with his friends he was scrupulous to observe every promise and obligation. The same can be said about his dealings with the Indians when in later life, he fought for their rights. They revered him as they revered no other white man.

He was 23 and without work when he saw this advertisement in the February, 1822 issues of the St. Louis Republican:

> *TO ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN*
>
> *The subscriber wishes to engage ONE HUNDRED men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for one, two, or three years. For particulars inquire of Major Andrew Henry, near the lead mines, in the country of Washington, who will ascend with and will command the party, or report to the subscriber at St. Louis.*
>
> *Wm. H. Ashley*

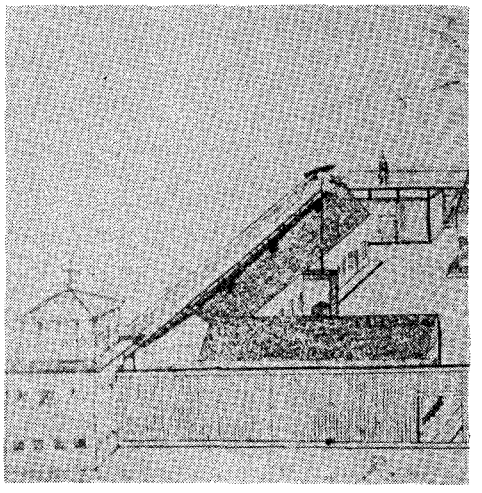
Fitzpatrick answered this advertisement, was accepted, and his career as a mountain man began. This advertisement was probably the most effective in the history of the West. Not only did it bring Thomas Fitzpatrick into the picture as the greatest of all mountain men, but it attracted such men as the God-fearing Jedediah Smith, the boasting and brawling Mike Fink, and such legendary characters as William Sublette, Jim Bridger, and Jim Clyman.

Those men who joined Ashley as trappers were to get all the powder and lead needed, all traps, food and supplies. In return, one half of their catch went to Ashley, and they could keep one half, provided they sold their pelts to Ashley. In addition, they would be required to help construct a fort, and if necessary, defend it and all company material and pelts from the Indians.

This advertisement was, in a sense, revolutionary. Ashley was Lieutenant Governor of Missouri and Brigadier General of the State Militia. His partner was Andrew

Museum of New Mexico

State Historical Society of North Dakota



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Henry, who had his training in the fur business under Manuel Lise and who knew the upper Missouri country like a book. Heretofore, the fur companies had relied on trade with the Indians for their pelts. A few white trappers sold them, but their main supply was from the Indians. Henry convinced Ashley that the primitive Indians could not be relied upon as a steady source of furs, and that the wise thing to do was to discard the practice of trading with the Indians and rely on their own men for furs.

The upper Missouri country was the battle ground for a number of fur companies. The competition was bitter and brutal and vicious. Bad business practices, which in a more settled civilized community would never have been tolerated, were the order of the day.

It was a mad and ruthless scramble among the companies and individual traders to get as many pelts as they could from the Indians. So Ashley and Henry's move to hire trappers instead of depending on trade was a new angle watched closely by the companies and their traders.

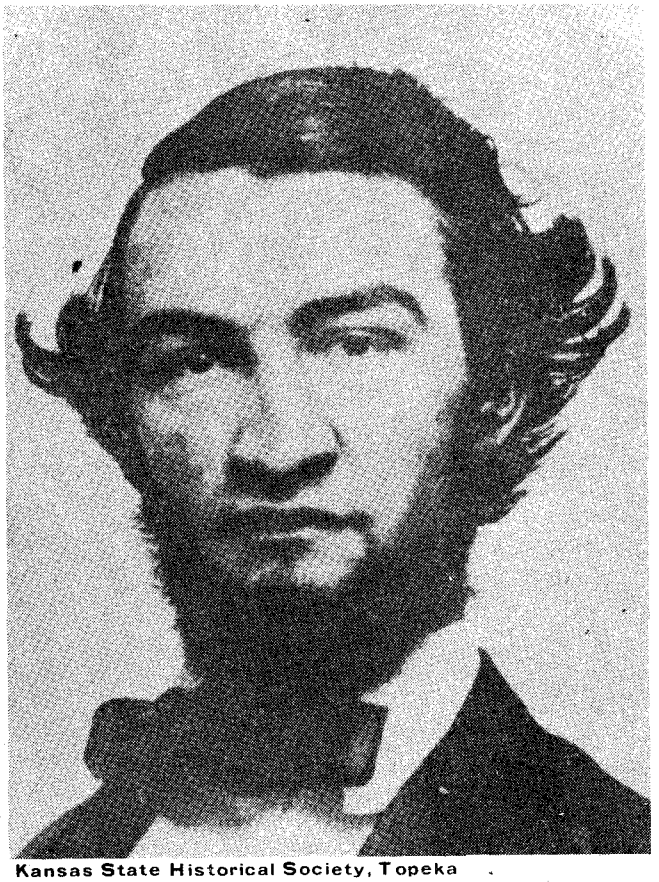
While the companies and traders played a cut-throat game in getting pelts, and were bitter enemies, they had one common enemy that they would always band together to fight. That was the Indians along the Missouri River. Up to this time the Missouri River was the only pathway to the beaver country in the north. Along this river lived the Sioux, the Blackfeet, the Mandans, and the Arikara. The Sioux were ancient enemies of the Arikara, but when fighting with the white men, nobody could tell when they would turn against the whites and be allies to the Arikara or the Blackfeet.

In May, 1822, Andrew Henry led Fitzpatrick and the hundred new recruits up the Missouri River. At the junction of the Yellowstone and the Missouri they built a stockade. There was some late fall trapping and then the bone cracking cold of the northern winter. Encouraged by their catch of pelts the fall before, when spring came they were racing for the headwaters of the Missouri, knowing Pilcher's men were headed in the same direction.

In their speed to get to the wonderful beaver country at the headwaters of the Missouri, they paid little or no attention to the danger of Indians. They had seen signs of the Blackfeet, but the lust for beaver was too great. The Blackfeet struck a group of Henry's trappers first. Had not Fitzpatrick been with them all would have been killed.

Fitzpatrick was one member of the group who gave some thought to Indians. He was on the lookout for them. And in that split second when he saw the movement among the rocks in the badland country ahead of them, he made the move that saved all but four of the group. Surprise was always the key to any Indian attack. When that failed, there was always confusion and a lot of aimless fighting until they got their bearings.

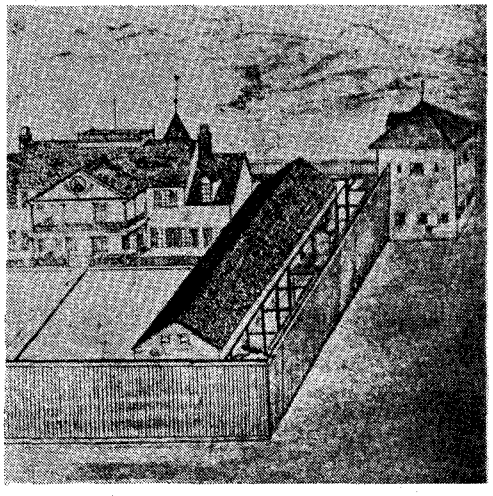
Fitzpatrick pulled the trigger of his musket, not aiming at anybody or anything in particular. The roar of his musket was the signal to the Blackfeet that their surprise attack had failed, and it threw the ten other trappers into action at once. They dove behind rocks, but four of them didn't move fast enough, were dead within minutes.



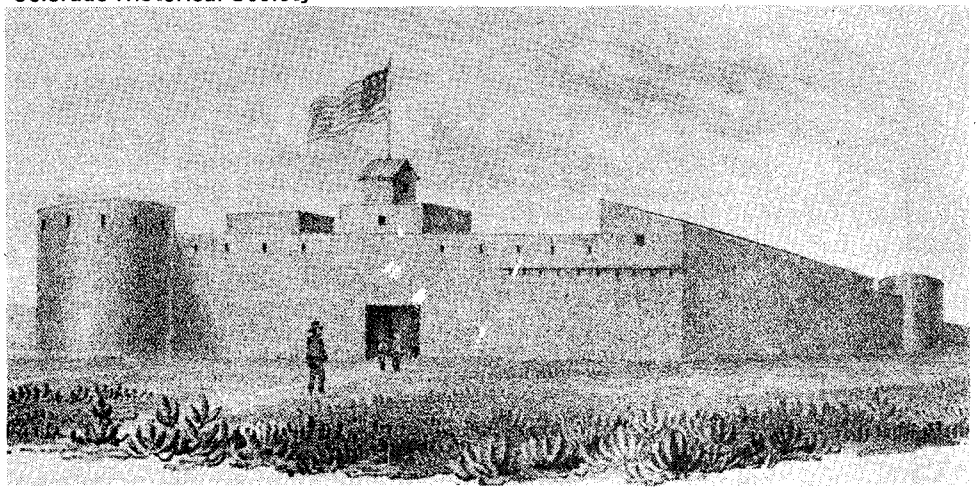
Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

One of the builders of Bent's Fort was Ceran St. Vrain.

Below, left: Santa Fe in 1846. Center: Fort Union where Fitzpatrick spent a bad winter. Below, Right: At Bent's Fort, Fitzpatrick learned he had been appointed Indian Agent for all area tribes.



Colorado Historical Society



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Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma

Jim Bridger, a rugged partner in the Rocky Mt. Fur Company.

Fitzpatrick lunged for the four muskets dropped by the dead men without having been fired. Arrows landed all around, but he got the four guns and jumped behind a rock. The lead from these four muskets, fired in rapid succession by Fitzpatrick, played havoc with the Blackfeet. Four plunged to the ground. The muskets from the other trappers added more death to the Indians.

The Blackfeet had enough. Their surprise attack had failed and a dozen of their warriors were dead. The remaining ten disappeared in the rocks and crags of the Badlands. The shooting had brought other members of Henry's party to the scene, Henry with them. He gave the order to return to the stockade, which they did in sufficient force to insure no attack would be made against them.

South on the Missouri River, General Ashley ran into serious trouble with the Arikara Indians. He had left St. Louis on March 10th with a hundred men, planning to join Henry. Ignorant of his partner's trouble, Ashley stopped at two Arikara villages to trade for pack horses to be used as feeders for his keel boats. He found the Arikaras in the two mud hut villages sullen and angry. They had attacked one of the Missouri Fur Company's trade houses and had suffered serious casualties, including two chiefs.

Ashley knew this, but he was desperate for horses. Leaving his keel boats anchored in mid stream, he went ashore with two men to barter with the Arikara for horses in exchange for muskets and powder and lead. He found the Arikara had undergone a complete change of mood. Instead of being sullen and angry, they were effusive in their friendliness. They were eager to trade horses for guns and ammunition, a fact that should have warned Ashley.

That night Ashley took his horses across the stream. The Arikara attacked at dawn. Firing from the protection of their village barricades, they killed every horse Ashley had bought in less than fifteen minutes. Twelve of Ashley's men were killed during that same attack. Ashley retreated down stream, but the news of this attack on Ashley, as well as the attacks on his trappers traveled fast, and in quick time all the white traders, companies and individuals, decided it was time after twenty years to strike the blow against the Indians that would make the Missouri river a safe highway. Pilcher and Ashley sent runners to their men at the head of the Missouri to return at once to aid in the attack.

Appeals were made to General Henry Leavenworth at Fort Atkinson for army troops and an appeal went to Indian Agents Benjamin O'Fallon to recruit what Sioux Indians he could to fight against their ancient enemy, the Arikaras. On June 22nd General Leavenworth left Fort Atkinson with 250 men. O'Fallon had been able to recruit over a hundred Sioux to aid in the attack. The Missouri Fur Company and the Hudson Bay sent quotas of men, as did the French traders.

It was an imposing army General Leavenworth had to lead in the attack. The only trouble was General Leavenworth. He was a book soldier and in the field was hesitant and afraid to make a move. He made several small and weak attacks against the Arikara villages, and when asked about a major attack he was vague and said something about being afraid the Sioux would turn against his soldiers.

Fitzpatrick laughed at General Leavenworth's fears and hesitations. Picking ten men from the trappers, Fitzpatrick took his small army across the river in canoes at night. Once on the shore and at the edge of the Arikara village, he gave the order for his army of ten men to fire their muskets. What followed was complete confusion among the Indians. They were certain the white army had attacked, and every Indian, from squaw to papoose, started to flee the village.

Fitzpatrick and his small army helped themselves to the Indian ponies, each man taking one and swimming it across the river at the side of the canoes. On the side where General Leavenworth and his large army waited, Fitzpatrick presented the General with the ten ponies and told him what had happened when he and ten men invaded the Arikara village. It wasn't necessary to tell General Leavenworth's men what had happened.

But Fitzpatrick's stunt had no effect on General Leavenworth. There was no attack on the Indian villages. The General asked the Arikara to negotiate, which they accepted with glee. So the chance to strike a blow to make the Missouri River safe was passed up because of blundering of General Leavenworth. His actions caused a furor. Pilcher, in a letter to the St. Louis Republican, October 15, 1823, expressed the feeling of most of the whites along the river. He wrote, "In your own words you came to open and make good this great road. Instead by the imbecility of your conduct and operations, you created and left impassable barriers."

But as the feeling rose against General Leavenworth for his failure to attack, Fitzpatrick's stunt was discussed and laughed about up and down the river, and he became

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a legend from St. Louis to the headwaters of the Missouri.

YET IT WAS the blundering of General Leavenworth that was to add in a different way to the legends of Fitzpatrick and Jed Smith.

Ashley began asking himself some questions about the highway to the West. Was the Missouri River the only route to the mountains? Those bloody waters meant only strife and death and loss. Wasn't there some way across the land to reach beyond the mountains?

Ashley discussed this with his two ace men - Fitzpatrick and Jedediah Smith. "Somewhere there is a land route to those mountains. I want you to find it."

It was an almost impossible order, but nothing was impossible to the strong and religious Jedediah Smith and the laughing daredevil Thomas Fitzpatrick. Ashley had Edward Rose, part white, part Cherokee, and part negro, go with them. Rose knew that mountain country, but more important he knew the Crow Indians and the legends of the Crows.

Scar-faced Bill Sublette and lanky Jim Clyman, both mountain men of repute, joined Fitzpatrick and Smith. Ten other trappers were hired to protect them against the Indians and to do some trapping if they hit the golden beaver land.

The other fur companies and individual traders looked with suspicion on Ashley's move. Pilcher and Pratte sent men to follow them. They did, as far as the Wind River in Wyoming. Here they all sat out the cold hard winter. With the coming of the spring thaws, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Clyman, and Sublette, with five of the other trappers started on the search for the pathway over the mountains. Pilcher and Pratt's men apparently had all they wanted of the search and returned to their river bases. Rose and five of the men with Fitzpatrick and Smith went with them. Pilcher and Pratte's men were river men. They knew the river with the convenient forts. The wild open spaces frightened them.

The river meant nothing to Fitzpatrick and his companions. The mountains were their home. When he and the others broke camp with the first signs of thaw, they followed the Wind Mountains, hoping to find the Union Pass, but the thaw had not cleared the mountains of the snow and ice and they gave up this attempt and turned West and south for the Sweetriver country.

Their finding of the South Pass had none of the dramatic qualities expected of a great historical discovery. The Pass is a long, treeless valley, twenty five miles wide, broken by low, flat-topped sagebrush hills and tall and sharp pointed sand dunes. The white cones of Wind River loom over it all.

The incline of both approaches is so gradual that a person going to the top would be totally unaware that he was crossing the Continental divide. Fitzpatrick and his companions were not the first white men to cross the pass. In 1812 on his eastward journey from Fort Astonio, Robert Stuart went through the pass and didn't even know he had crossed the Continental divide. The trappers and mountain mn knew nothing of this pass until that May 14, 1824 when Fitzpatrick and those with him stood at the edge of the pass and looked down at the valley of the Green River.

It was then that Fitzpatrick knew they had found the passage to the beaver country beyond the mountains. He greeted that historical moment with typical Irish humor. "Sure, we got it, boys, got it by the tail, and by the tails we'll catch the good little beavers."

They caught plenty of beaver in this virgin country.

State Historical Society of North Dakota

In 1842 Fitzpatrick guided Father de Smet to Oregon.

Probably, their success accounted for that one moment of carelessness. Alex Branch took the midnight post as sentry for the camp and went to sleep. He was awakened, and so were the others, with the sound of their horses being stampeded away from the camp.

Then came the savage Indian yells as fifty of them rushed the camp. There was no time for any attempted defense. It was every man for himself, and in the half-light of the coming dawn, the nine men broke in to separate groups and headed for the safety of the rocky cliff behind them.

A month later the news of the failure of the Pilcher and Pratte men to find any pass through the mountains swept the forts and trading posts along the Missouri River. The news caused all traders and company men to laugh at the absurd idea that a man could ride horseback across the Continental Divide.

Then out of nowhere appeared Jim Clyman at Fort Atkinson. He was hardly more than skin and bones and he told a story of traveling six hundred miles with only two loads for his musket. Two days later Fitzpatrick and Alex Branch and Bill Stone stumbled into the fort in about the same condition as Clyman, but Fitzpatrick wasn't too weak to demand that a messenger be sent down the river at once to Ashley with the news that he had found a pass through the mountains. Jedediah Smith, Sublette, Harry Kline and Jim Fellow arrived

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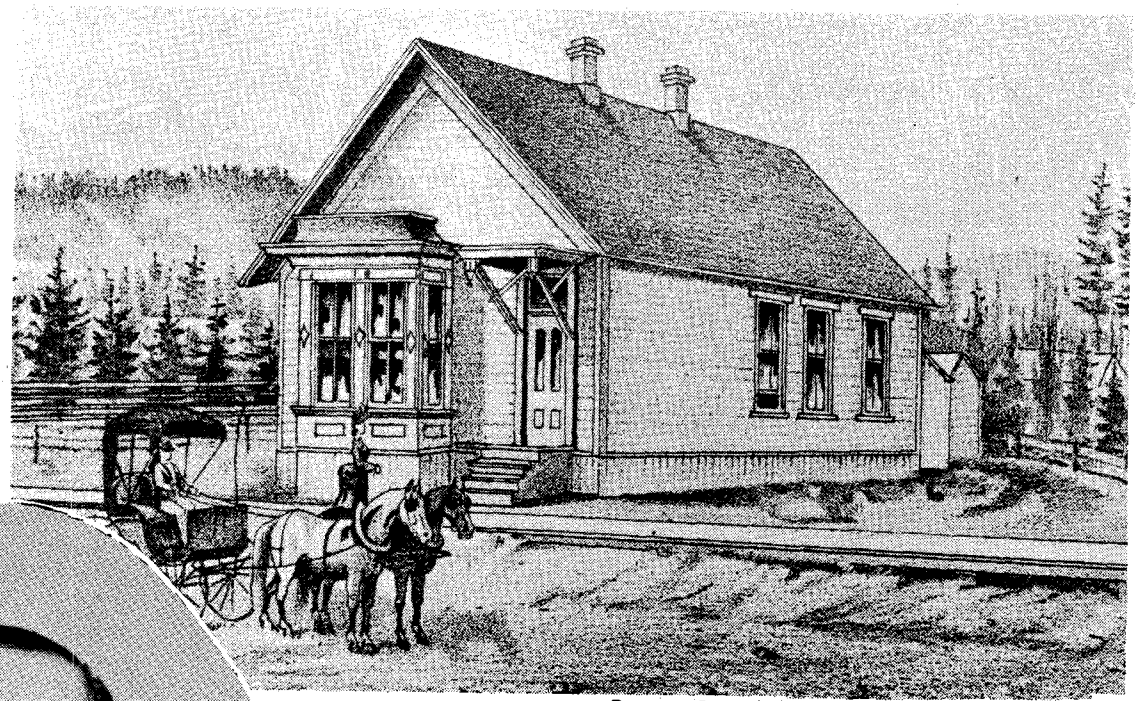

Denver Public Library Western Collection

State Historical Society of Colorado

As a slave, Barney Ford handpicked cotton on a grim plantation; as Colorado's richest man, he practically handpicked two of our Nation's Presidents!

by Dean Ballow

BARNEY FORD, the indomitable Negro who was to become the wealthy and powerful Baron of Colorado, was a hungry, scared young man of 23 when he crept into St. Joseph, Missouri the night of April 2, 1860.

He was barefooted because he didn't own a pair of shoes. He was tired and dispirited.....for four harrowing weeks he had been eluding the law because he had assaulted his owner, a Virginia plantation owner, and then ran away.

He darted through St. Joseph's streets, keeping in the shadows and finding directions from street signs until he came to the riverfront cafe owned by the mulatto freeman Clyde Decker.

Decker operated an underground station for runaway slaves in the basement of his cafe, sending them north into Nebraska and Iowa where a man was treated like a man without regard to the color of his skin.

Decker fed the starving youth. "The first thing you're gonna do," he said, watching Ford gulp his food like a hungry alley dog, "....is catch up on your sleep for two-three days. Then I'll get you on a boat for Omaha. That's a big town, son, and nobody gives a damn if you're black or white as long as you behave yourself and aren't afraid to work."

"I ain't going to Omaha," Ford said, looking up from his bowl of beans and pork. "I'm going to Colorado. I'm gonna prospect for gold."

Decker looked incredulously at the young Negro....no other runaway had ever mentioned the gold fields. "Successful prospecting requires knowledge of what you're doing," he said.

"I've read everything I can find about it," Ford said. "I think I know what I have to do."

"It's hard work."

"I ain't scared of work."

"All right," Decker said, "I'll do what I can to help you."

Two days later Decker made arrangements for Ford to trade his services as a mule skinner for transportation to Denver with a party of Ohio farmer-immigrants who had wintered in St. Joseph.

On Thursday, May 24, 1860 they arrived in Denver, a raucous frontier city which virtually mesmerized the rural-reared ex-slave.

But Ford lingered only long enough to earn prospecting money as a floor sweeper and spittoon polisher in a Larimer Street saloon. Then he plodded afoot to the gold fields.

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INCREDIBLE EXPLOITS OF DENVER'S MILLIONAIRE SLAVE

Prospecting for gold was a strange goal for a plantation slave. Few of these indentured men had heard of the gold fields, or even of Colorado. But Barney L. Ford was no ordinary chattel. Born in Stafford County, Virginia in a cotton field--his mother had worked until the last moment--his precocity evidenced itself when he was a child. He could talk at eighteen months. Though he never had a day of formal schooling he taught himself to read and soon became a voracious reader.

When he was 14 he was sold to a plantation owner in Prince William County. He was a hard worker but 'a readin' nigger' was considered a fomenter of unease so he was sold and bartered until, at the age of 22, he became the property of Tom Lindsay, a Virginia plantation owner who, as a lucrative sideline, bred slaves like stockmen bred cattle.

For a year Ford worked from dawn to dusk in Lindsay's cotton fields. After each evening's meal, he would sprawl on the grass with other men of his sleeping shack and listen to little Willy Douglas play a harmonica.

"Here come ol' man trouble," Big Foot Johnson muttered the evening of March 3, 1860.

Ford glanced over his shoulder. Burly Tom Lindsay, the capricious brute who owned the plantation and the slaves had appeared out of the twilight's gloom. "Come here, " he said, pointing the butt of his leather crop at Ford.

Ford got up and walked to Lindsay, and as he did, a young Colored girl, Lucy, walked between Lindsay and Ford. This angered Lindsay, and he brought the whip in his hand down across the bare shoulders of Lucy, who screamed from pain.

Something seemed to snap in Ford's brain. He knew that what he was doing was almost certain suicide for a slave, but he grabbed the whip from Lindsay, holding the thongs, he swung the leaded end against Lindsay's head and the slaver went down unconscious, emitting only a muffled groan.

Only one thought flashed through Ford's brain. He had to get away and get away fast before they put a noose around his neck for hitting a white master. He knew Lucy would also have to go. They would never believe she had nothing to do with Ford striking his master.

"Where would we go?" Lucy, an illiterate, unimaginative girl asked shakily.

"To Colorado," Ford said.

He had wanted to go to Colorado ever since he had read about John Gregory's discovery of a fabulous gold quartz vein and about the tent cities that mushroomed as thousands hurried to the Colorado Rockies to get in on this bonanza. But he hadn't had the courage to join these fortune seekers; reprisals upon runaway slaves were severe in ante-bellum Virginia. But now, since the alternative would be a public hanging as 'examples' were made of slaves who assaulted their owners, he had nothing to lose.

Three and a half weeks later he and Lucy came to Kansas City, Missouri. "I'm gonna stay here," Lucy said after she learned that she could get a job in a laundry for $2 cash wages every week.

"All right," Ford said, "but I'm not gettin' slow foot until I get to those gold fields."

Placer mining on Cripple Creek, the type of claim that started Ford on the trail to wealth and power.

State Historical Society of Colorado

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As we have related, this determined young man worked his way to Denver with a wagon train of Ohio farmer-immigrants.

Five weeks later he trudged into the gold fields.

He acquired a substantial claim within a month. At the time it seemed to be incredible luck. But in retrospect it can more plausibly be attributed to his extraordinary talent for putting the components of a goal into perspective.....in this case the location of the area's strikes in relation to their finders' unsuccessful sites, an endowment which was to manifest itself many times in the future.

Several weeks later prospectors Frank Siders and Ben Gulliford came onto his claim. "You're trespassin'," Siders, a beetle-browed tobacco chewer said. "This is our diggin's." He produced a title to the claim.

Though Ford wore a .44 he had purchased with gold from his claim he had no experience in its use. Further, he wasn't a violent man....a marshal, he reasoned, would rid him of these interlopers.

He packed up his gear, including the gold he had already retrieved, and went to Denver and consulted a lawyer named Holstetter. "The law," this barrister explained, "permits a Negro to own real estate in the Territory of Colorado. But it bars him from filing mining claims or pre-empting a homestead."

"Then why was I given a claim?" Ford said, perplexed.

"Probably," Holstetter suggested, "because of the clerk's ignorance of this phase of the law, a shortcoming which was understandable because no Negro previously filed for a claim."

Ford thought about this situation for several days. Then he went to the mountains west of Breckinridge, site of some of the most fabulous strikes in Colorado. Again Ford's luck--or sagacity--evidenced itself in the form of a strike more productive than the one he had lost.

But this time he exploited it furtively. To explain his presence in the vicinity he promoted a laundry business--washing prospector's garments in the cascading mountain streams.

BY THE FALL of 1861 he was a rich man. He decided to acquire a wife. But there were only 83 Negroes in Colorado and all were males.

He went to Chicago where he met and married a month later 22 year old Julia Lyons, the educated step-daughter of livery stable proprietor Sam Hargins, a mulatto who operated the Chicago station of the legendary Illinois underground.

Ford spent the winter assisting his father-in-law ferret runaway slaves to freedom. During this activity he made the acquaintance of several prominent Abolitionist senators--contacts which were one day to have incredible political consequences.

In May, 1862, Ford and his bride went to Denver. On June 1 he purchased a two-story building in Denver's business district and established on the first floor a swank cafe, 'The Peoples' Restaurant', a barbershop and bath house in the basement, and a bar and gaming parlor on the second floor.

The Peoples' Restaurant became at once the dining house for Denver's elite; among other touches of eclat not available elsewhere in this boisterous city, its waiters were uniformed Negroes.

State Historical Society of Colorado

This is what Denver looked like when Barney and his bride arrived there in 1864 to open up a restaurant. View is from Blake Street.

At irregular intervals during subsequent months Ford disappeared into the wilderness, each time on a different trail. But always he ended up at his diggings near Breckenridge. Soon he would reappear in Denver and quietly purchase a piece of property, paying cash for it.

During one of these forays a Cheyenne hunting party led by a chief named Chewing White Bone suddenly rode out of the forest and surrounded Ford. "Give me your rifle," White Bone ordered, "and....."

He didn't finish. The old chief had taken his first look at Ford's ebony face. He had never seen anything like it. He got off his horse and went to Ford and stared at him. The he jerked off Ford's shirt. He looked at his torso. Wondering if this strange creature were black all over, he tore off his pants.

The Cheyennes discussed this phenomenon. Then they took Ford to their village, which was in the Park Range near Kenosha Pass. They displayed him to their women and children. "They did not harm me," Ford later said. "But they would stare at me for interminable periods of time and I found this disconcerting, particularly as I was stark naked."

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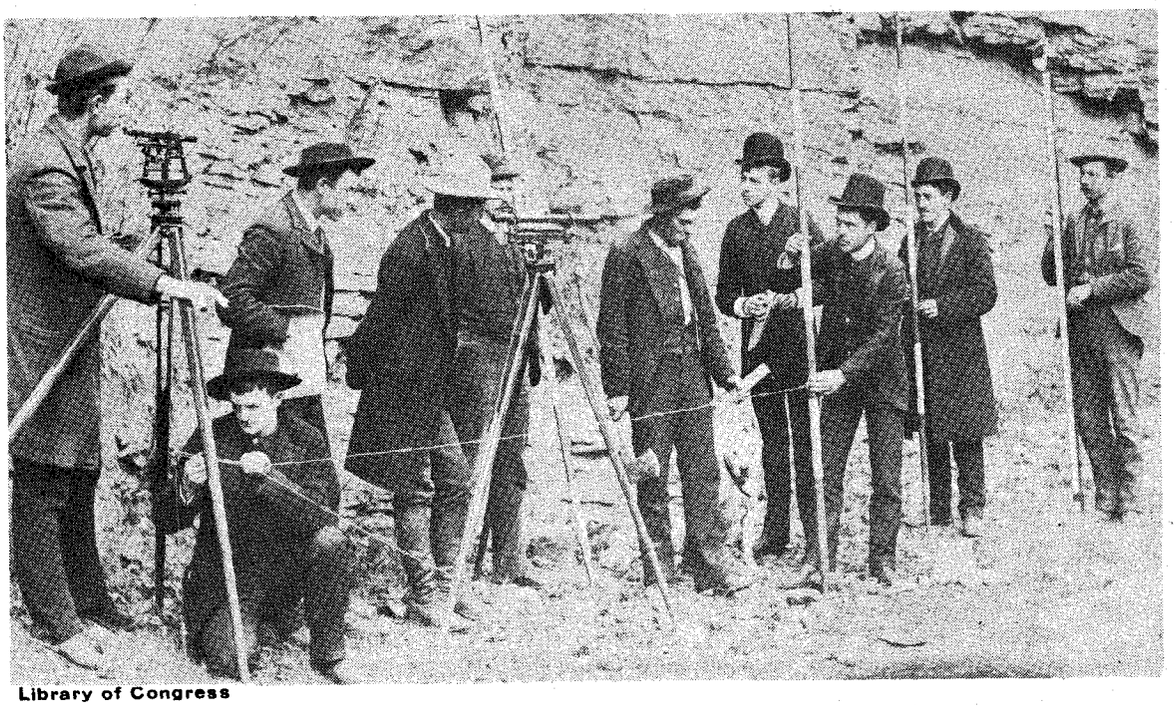

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FRONTIER SURVEYORS, FORGOTTEN TRAILBLAZERS

They weren't soldiers, explorers or mountain men, but they fought Indians, blazed trails and battled the wilderness to do their thankless jobs!

by Dan Gray

THE YOUNG MEN (above) were not the young dudes from the east on a curiosity trip to the West. They were the young surveyors who had arrived in the Dakota Territory April 14, 1874.

Within a few days they would be difficult to recognize. They would be wearing the heavy wool cap of the surveyors, worn in all seasons, the large durable wool trousers that had no shape, and a light coat with waterproof pockets for protection of note books and other papers. A large silk hankerchief would be around the neck to protect them from flies and insects. The boots were large and cumbersome, with the sole projected up an inch or more to protect the wearer against the thorns and bushes and rattlesnake bites. The flagman always wore a bright red flannel shirt so he could easily be distinguished.

Garbed in this style, which was far from being dudist, these young surveyors would be loaded in wagons and started westward to do their part in the work of surveying the millions of acres of the West, a feat so gigantic that it begs the imagination.

Death awaited these surveyors in many forms - disease, cyclones, the terror of being caught in a prairie fire, and the greatest danger was the Indians, who resented the white men with the strange tools that were laying out the lands of the Indians for the white men. The government never gave out any records of the number of the surveryors killed or who died in prairie fires or cyclones, but of the six youths in the derby and sport hats, only three returned east. Two were killed in an Indian attack south of the Platto and one died of dysentary.

Even as these youths were starting West for their work on that June 14, 1874, another surveying party a thousand miles south on the border of Kansas and Oklahoma, near the present town of Liberal, were experiencing the

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INDIANS LOVED SPORTS

Warriors enjoyed rough games to develop speed, strength and skill.

by Richard I. Dodge

THE OUTDOOR amusements of the Plains Indians were riding, shooting, racing, both on foot and horseback, wrestling, swimming, and, with the boys, a sort of game of "tag". In good weather nearly half a buck's waking hours are passed in the saddle. Riding is second nature to him. Strapped astride a horse when scarcely able to walk, he does not, when a man, remember a time when he could not ride.

Having never seen the riding of Arabs, Turcomans, Cossacks, and other world-renowned riders, I cannot say how the Indian compares with them, but I am satisfied that he is too nearly a Centaur to be surpassed by any.

The bit most commonly used among the southern Plains Indians is known as the "Mexican bit." It is a most cruel affair.

The saddle is a light frame of wood, the side-pieces shaped to fit a horse's back. The seat is not rounded, but almost perfectly straight, and forms very nearly right angles with the pommel and cantle. These are about eight inches high above the seat. The pommel ends with a rounded knob. The cantle, rather wide at top

Even in cold weather the Indians were active and devised new games. Here a Menominee Indian prepares to throw a "snow-snake."

Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Inst.

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Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Inst.

Painting by Seth Eastman in Minnesota in the 1840's shows Santee Dakota Indians playing a game of stick-ball on the ice.

and bottom, is cut away in the middle to make a depression to fit the leg or heel of the rider, and forms his support when he wishes to throw himself on the side of his horse. The whole is covered with green hide, which in drying binds all the parts together, tight and strong almost as iron.

The girth is a broad band of plaited hair, terminating in iron rings, or bent wood, covered with rawhide, if iron rings cannot be obtained. These rings are attached to the saddle on the principle of the "Mexican cinche," by which a man of ordinary strength can almost crush in a horse's ribs.

Great liberties of position are taken by an Indian on horseback, and it is of the utmost importance that the saddle be strong, and the girth fail not.

The stirrup is of thin wood, strengthened with rawhide, by which material it is also fastened to the saddle. Some slight padding is put between the horse and a saddle, the skin of a wolf or buffalo calf, or in these later days, a piece of old blanket or grain sack. The stirrups are extremely short. They are of little use, except in mounting, or as rests to the foot when riding.

Civilized people mount on the left side of the horse, because the knights of old, from whom we get our ideas of horsemanship, wore their swords on that side, and could not, therefore, mount on the right without inconvenience from that weapon.

The Indian mounts always on the right side, and this is undoubtedly natural and most convenient, as it leaves the left hand free to hold the reins and manage the horse, while the right grasps the mane or pommel of the saddle.

In travelling, necessary stores are carried en croupe, or slung to the saddle on each side. One blanket or robe is around the rider's person, and he sits on another one if he has it. His gun is carried across his thighs, resting against the pommel, his bow and quiver are slung on the back by a strap passing from right to left, but which brings the quiver almost perpendicular with its opening over the right shoulder.

When travelling from place to place, under ordinary circumstances, a more unromantic or less dangerous-looking specimen could not be found than an Indian warrior. His seat and carriage are particularly ungraceful. The short stirrups force him to sit almost on the small of his back, and the back itself is rounded into an unseemly curve. His head is carried forward as far as the length of his neck will allow. His left hand holds the reins; his right is armed with a short stick, to which is attached a thong of the inevitable rawhide, and with a light blow of spurs, but his heels are constantly drumming on the horse's ribs, with a nervous motion difficult to account for. He scarcely ever turns his head or moves his body, and, even when most watchful, appears to see nothing. He looks stiff, constrained and uncomfortable on horseback, and yet this uncouth object will perform feats of horsemanship actually incredible to one who has seen only civilized riding.

With his horse at full speed, he will pick up from the ground a small piece of coin. He will throw himself on the side of his horse, in such a position, that only a small portion of an arm and leg can be seen from the other side.

One method of racing is to start from a line, and rush full speed at a tree, the one who first touches it being winner. Another is to rush at a heavy pole placed horizontally about six feet from the ground, resting on forks firmly set. If the rider stops his horse an instant too late, the horse passes under the pole, leaving the rider dangling to it, or thrown to the ground.

A third method is to fasten to the ground, two strips of buffalo-hide from six to ten feet apart. The starting-point is some two hundred yards from these strips, and the game is to run at full speed, jump the horse between the strips turn him in his tracks, and return to the starting-point. The horse which fails to get beyond the first strip, with all four of his feet, or which gets a single foot beyond the second strip, is beaten, even though he makes the best time.

The training of the ponies has quite as much to do

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THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO FIRE

It was the West's worst tragedy and all hell broke loose as flames devoured everything in sight and the earth opened up to swallow terrorized people!

by Fred Harrison

THE HORROR struck without warning on a gray dawn. Most of the great city's inhabitants were still asleep. It was 5:15 o'clock, April 18, 1906.

John A. Floyd of Chicago, a pullman conductor on the Northwestern railroad, was laying over in San Francisco between runs. He was sound asleep in a hotel room on Market Street when the earthquake's first shock came. Suddenly, he was violently awakened by plaster crashing from the walls and ceiling of his room.

"I sat up in bed, and then got out onto the floor," he said. "The building was shaking like a reed in a storm, literally rocking like a hammock. It was impossible for me to stand. Another shock threw me heavily to the floor. I crawled on hands and knees to the door and succeeded in unlocking it with much difficulty. I was in my night clothes and, without waiting to even pull on a pair of shoes, I fled, terror-stricken down the swaying stairs as rapidly as I could.

"When I reached the street it was filled with half mad men, women and children. They were running this way and that, hugging and fighting each other in a frenzy. Loud rumblings beneath the earth enhanced the horror. The ground swayed from side to side with a roaring like the waves of an ocean. Buildings were splitting apart like eggs shells. Stone, bricks and iron rained down on the undressed hundreds in the streets. Many were killed outright. Others were pinned down to die slowly of

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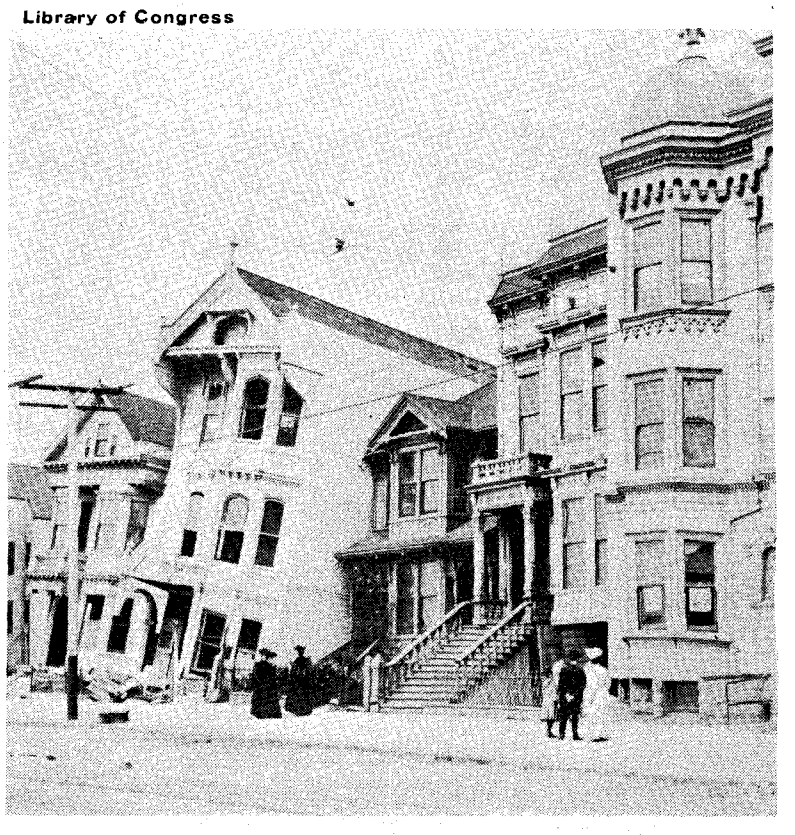

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torture, or be roasted alive by the flames that sprang up all around us. A big wholesale drug house exploded, throwing burning embers high into the sky. The fiery pieces descended on the half-clad people who ran madly for places of safety, screaming in pain.

"Soon improvised hearses began to arrive," continued Floyd. "Out of every building bodies were taken like carcasses from a slaughter pen. Automobiles, carriages, express wagons, private vehicles of all kinds were pressed into service and piled high with bodies. Everywhere these wagon loads of corpses were being dragged about the streets. It was a sight straight from the depths of hell."

Floyd, with a group of sailors, ran to assist a number of men, women and children entombed beneath the debris of a building.

"They were so tightly wedged in that we were unable to help," he said. "We had to stand by and hear their cries as they were slowly roasted to death by the ever increasing flames. I can hear the cries of one of those women ringing in my ears yet - I guess I always will. Nearly every bone in her body must have been broken. As we stood helplessly by, she cried over and over again:

"Don't let me die like this. Don't let me roast. I'm cooking, cooking alive. Kill me! Shoot me - anything! For God's sake have mercy!"

"Then the authorities brought up dynamite, and buildings were blown up in an effort to stop the flames. Flying debris rained in the streets. Another mad rush for safety was made by the almost naked people.

"While this excitement was at its height, a man dressed only in underclothing made his appearance in a light automobile runabout. At top speed he ran into a crowd of women, knocking them down. Then he turned back and charged them again. He had gone mad as result of the nightmarish scenes of death and destruction.

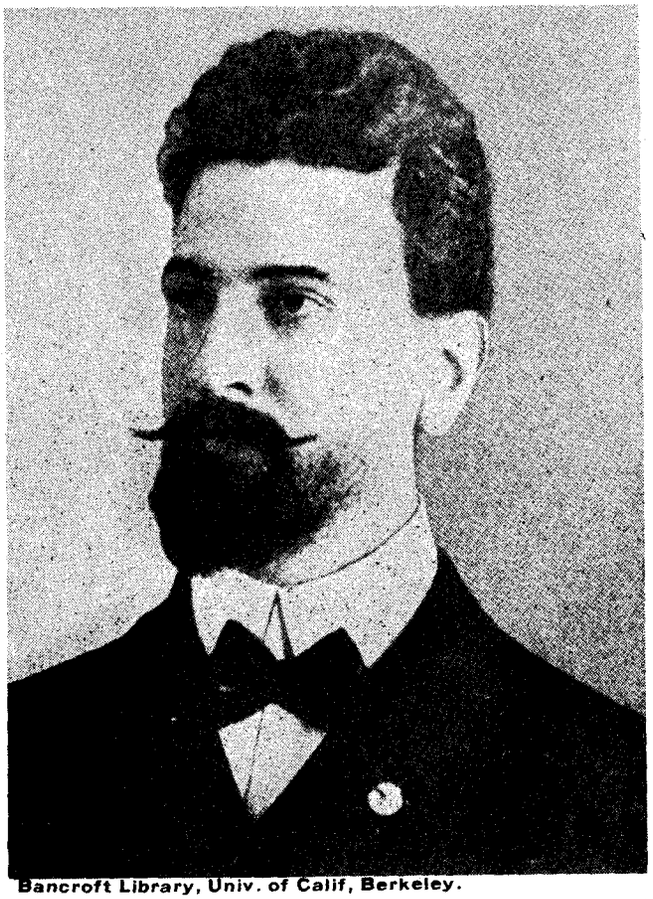
"Someone called for a gun hoping that he might stop the fellow by shooting him. But no gun was to be had. Finally, after a desperate fight, he was overpowered by a group of sailors.

"Everybody in the crowd was, I believe, temporarily crazy."

Floyd's experience was typical of the thousands of people caught in the catastrophe. It was the last - and greatest - tragedy of the old West. The horror lasted four days and three nights. When, at last, it was over, hundreds of people lay mangled and dead, and America's most colorful boom city was prostrate in twisted, smoking ruins. It also marked the end of a proud and reckless era.

San Francisco had its birth as a great city following the gold discoveries and the construction of the Central Pacific railway in the mid 1800s. Great fortunes were made during this period and the city became the home of these multi-millionaires, known as the Bonanza Kings. They invested large sums of money in palatial residences and business blocks. The bonanza king residence section was Nob Hill, an eminence near the center of town which commands a magnificent view both of the bay and the city itself.

The rest of old San Francisco was also an unusual and imposing sight. A person usually entered the city by way of San Francisco Bay. Across its yellow flood, covered with the fleets from the strange waters of the Pacific, the city presented itself in a towering panorama Probably no other city in the world could be so viewed and inspected at first sight as it rose above the bay in a succession of hill terraces.



Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif, Berkeley.

Mayor Eugene Schmitz worked to bring order out of the chaos.

Workmen scramble through ruins of the First National Bank, trying to recover valuable documents and securities. In many cases, bodies were found under ruins.

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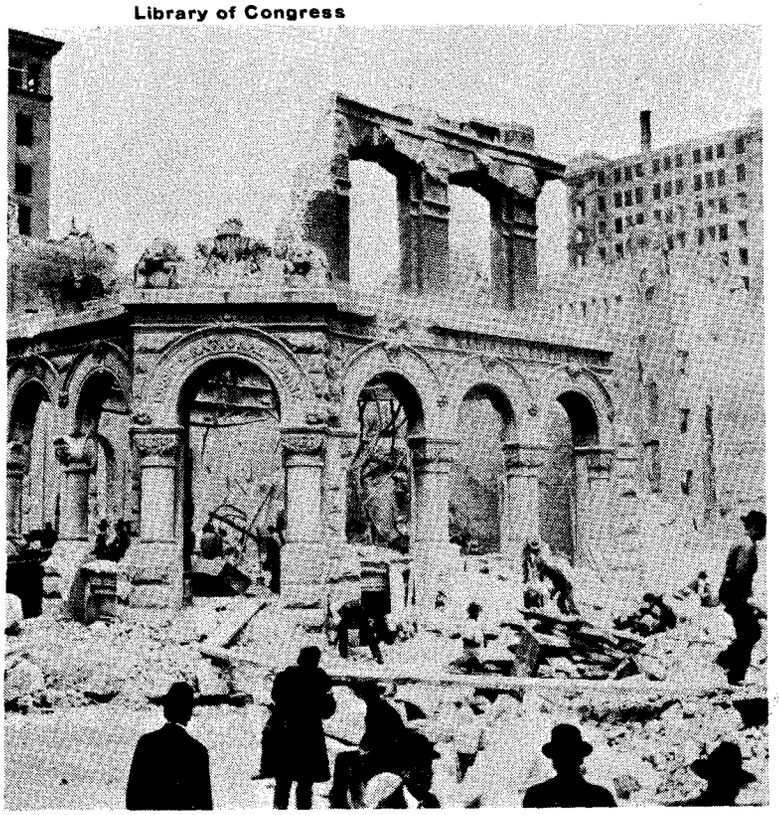

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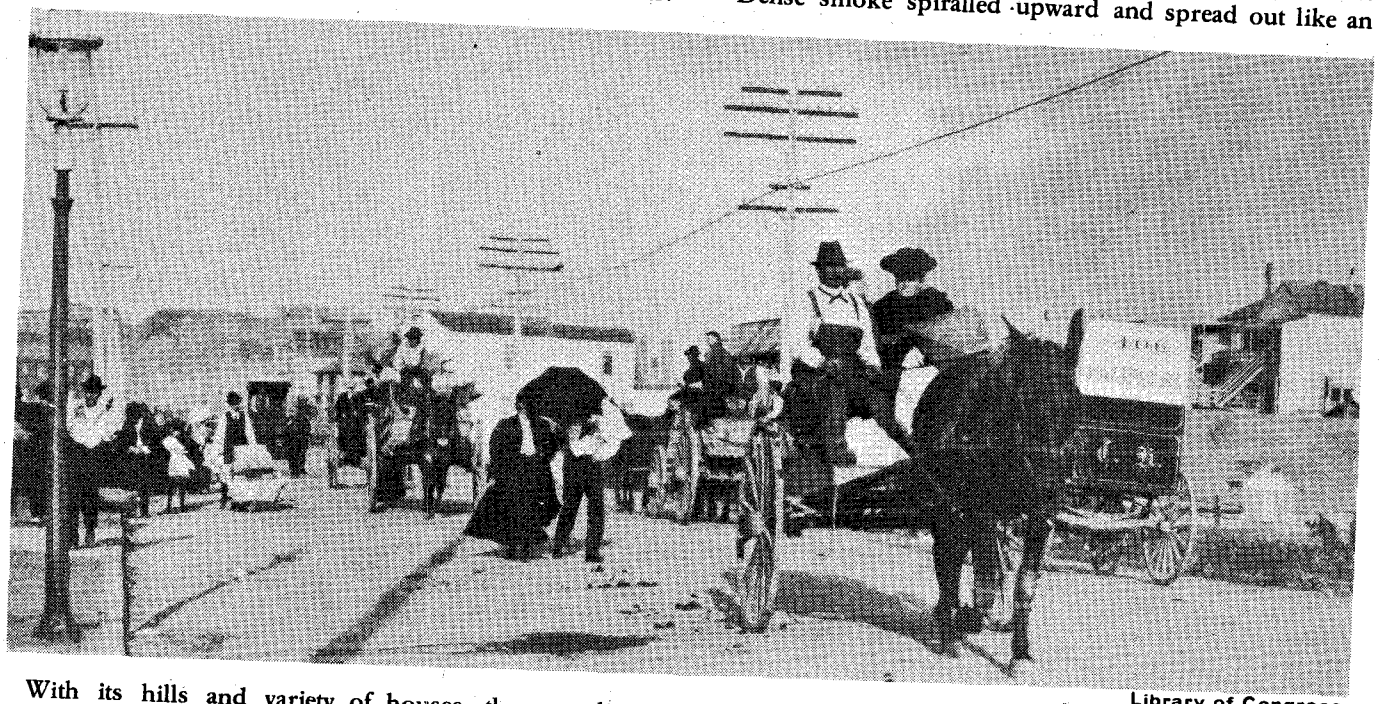
At one side was Telegraph Hill, a height so breath-takingly abrupt that it had a 200 foot sheer cliff on its seaward side. Further along lay Nob Hill crowned with the mansions of the millionaires. Then there was Russian Hill, the highest point. Below lay Market Street and the business district.

Except for the great homes of the bonanza kings, the town presented a somewhat disreputable appearance. Most of the buildings were low and of wood. Some of the architecture was atrocious. The Italians, who had tumbled over Telegraph Hill, had built as they pleased with little regard for streets. Their flimsy houses hung crazily on a side hill which was almost a precipice. The Chinese occupied an abandoned business district and had remade the houses Chinese fashion. The Mexicans and Spaniards had added to their houses little balconies in the Latin American tradition. Houses in the middle class residential district were characteristic of the day with bow windows and fancy work all down their fronts.



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Under a cloud of black smoke, refugees fled down Presidio Ave. in carriages and on foot, trying to escape the spreading flames. Elsewhere in town, the hungry residents crowed around supply wagons, pleading for eggs and other food.

With its hills and variety of houses, the sprawling city was a fit setting for the romance which had hung over life in San Francisco since the padres came and gathered the Indians about Mission Dolores in the 18th century. It was a city of romance and the gateway to adventure. It opened out on the mysterious Pacific, and along the waterfront the people of many nations met, and loved and fought. The Barbary Coast was a raucous bedlam. The city never went to bed. There was no closing law and the saloons and whorehouses picked their own hours.

Some people said the earthquake and fire was God's vengeance - a punishment for the city's great wickedness. And wicked it was, as well as the gayest, lightest hearted, most pleasure - loving city on the continent - until that terrible spring morning in 1906.

THE FIRST TREMOR had been gentle and gradual at first. But it increased to a savage intensity within seconds, shaking and rending the city like a giant animal with its prey. The first shock lasted only about two minutes but its devastation was fantastic.

Scarcely had the earth ceased to shake when fires broke out simultaneously all over the city. The fire department responded to the first calls for aid, but found the water lines shattered. Telegraphic and telephone communication were out. Electric and gas plants were wrecked. The stricken city was without water, light or power. Street car tracks lay twisted and useless.

Fanned by a light breeze, the flames quickly spread and soon many blocks were engulfed. Here and there in the holocaust lay crushed or charred corpses, unheeded by survivors as they fought desperately for their own lives or property.

The fires swept down the streets so rapidly that it was impossible to save anything. Dynamite was resorted to and the sound of frequent explosions added to the terror. The flames reached the Grand Opera House on Mission Street and in minutes had burned through the roof. From the opera house the fire leaped from building to building in quick succession. Banks and commercial houses, supposed to be fireproof, burned like tinder. Great sheets of flame rose high in the heavens. Dense smoke spiralled upward and spread out like an

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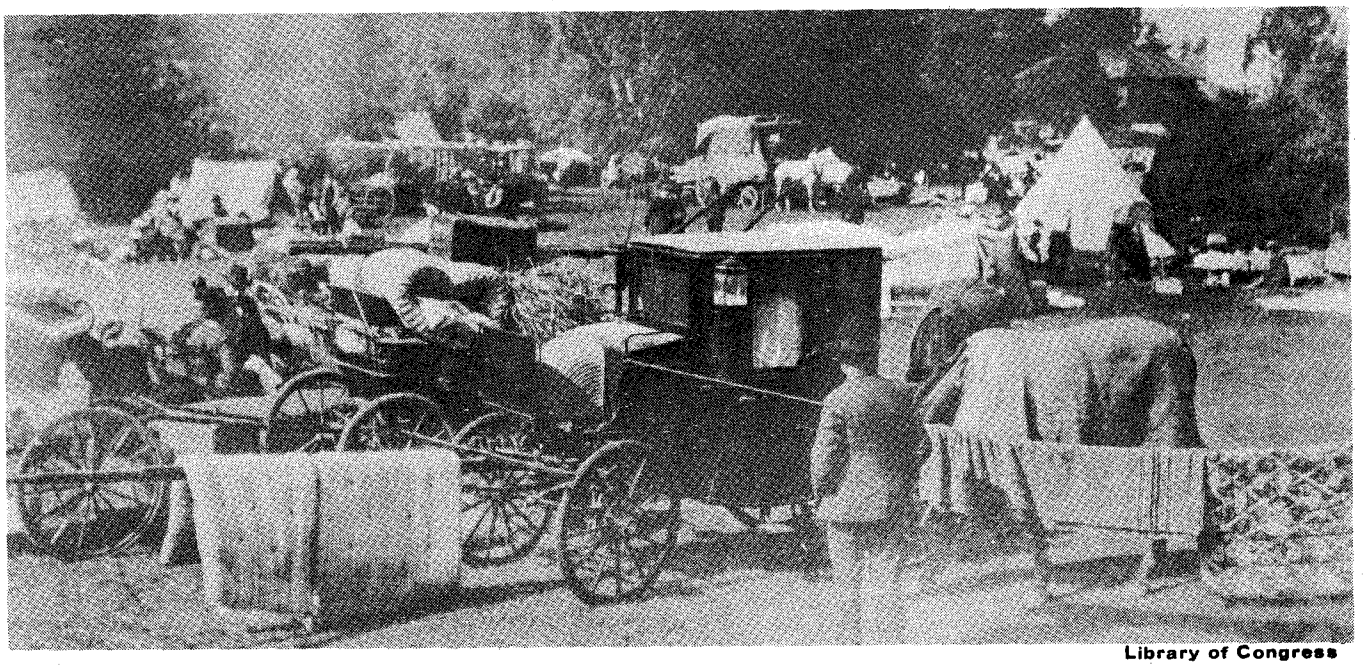

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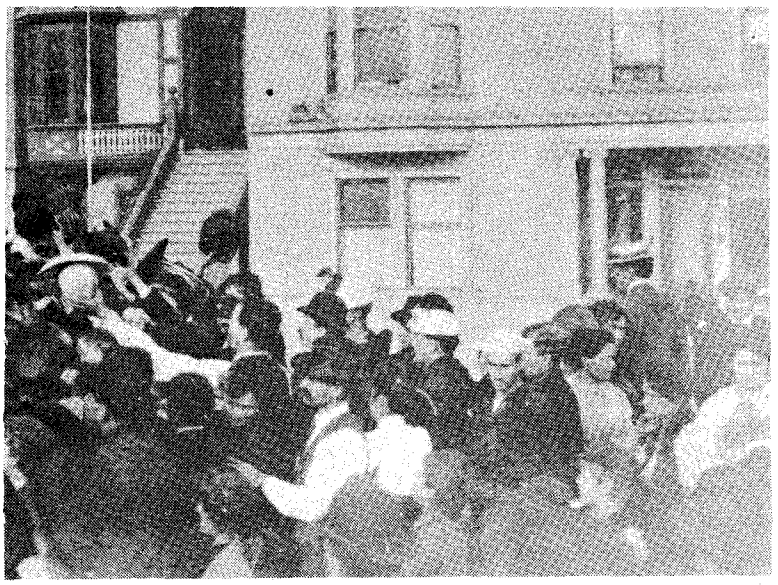

It was a pathetic scene when homeless survivors camped in Golden Gate Park with their few meagre possessions. Others, separated from their friends and families, eagerly read the thousands of cards posted on the sidewalk "bulletin boards."

immense funnel which could be seen for miles.

Many of the inhabitants were in an insane panic. A few were stark mad. In many instances soldiers were forced to tear men and women away from the bodies of their dead. Two women were stopped within a distance of a few blocks and forced to give up the dead bodies of their babies which they were nursing to their bosoms. A news reporter passing through Portsmouth square noticed a mother cowering under a bush. She was singing a lullaby in a quavering tone to her baby. The reporter parted the bushes and looked in. He saw what she held in her arms was only a mangled and reddened bit of flesh. The baby had been crushed and dead for many hours.

As the earth rumbled and shook with further shocks, the people went into further blind panic. There was a mad rush to the ferry by those hoping to cross the bay. Few carried any personal effects and some were only half dressed. But even the ferry had ceased to run. Every able bodied man was seized by the authorities and put to work rescuing victims trapped within collapsed buildings. One survivor said:

"No exaggeration of the horrible scenes on the street is possible. There was one poor fellow pinned to earth with a great iron girder across his chest. It, in turn, was weighted down by a mass of wreckage that could not be moved. He could not be saved from the flames that were sweeping toward him, and he knew it. He begged a policeman to shoot him.

"The officer fired at him and missed. Then an old man crawled through the debris and cut the arteries in the man's wrists. The crowd hurried on and left him to die alone."

The injured and dead were taken to the Mechanics' Pavilion. There, sisters, brothers, wives and sweethearts searched eagerly for some missing dead one. Thousands of persons hurriedly went through the vast building inspecting the cots, and the rows of dead. But about

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HISTORY OF THE

Drawings by Hyer Boot Comp.

Every real cowboy carefully oiled and polished his most prized piece of gear -- not his gun, his boots!

by Ray Schuessler

IF YOU WERE to flip a cowboy straight up into the air, he would come down heel first into the ground like an arrow or jackknife in a hole of dust. With his boots a cowboy could almost walk straight down a sheer cliff, bracing his horse behind him. He could do a hundred chores with his boots including plowing a field during a drought if he had to, or perforating an oil drum.

No other piece of footwear has been interwoven with the history of a geographical area as the cowboy boot has been in the story of America's great Southwest. The cowboy boot has been used for all purposes: work, dress and play. They wore them on horseback and afoot, from the cradle to the grave. Today, the cowboy boot is just as much at home on the feet of bankers, barbers, cattlemen, oil well riggers or any one of a dozen other businesses, as they are on the feet of the cowboy.

The cowboy boot with its high heel is not exactly made for locomoting on the ground, but then it wasn't meant to be. Off his horse a cowboy walked like a fish out of water. There were rumors that boots were really devised by a horse dealer to discourage a cowboy from ever walking.

Boots grew out of the necessity of riding comfort, safety and work requirements on the range. They protected the ankle from chafing by rubbing against the side of the horse. High heels could mean life or death in breaking-in horses and roping steers. The heels gave the rider a better grip in the stirrups; the pointed toes made it easier to find a stirrup in a hurry.

And when a cowboy is thrown from his horse, he needs those forked heels to get a good claw grip on the dirt. The heels were the most important part of

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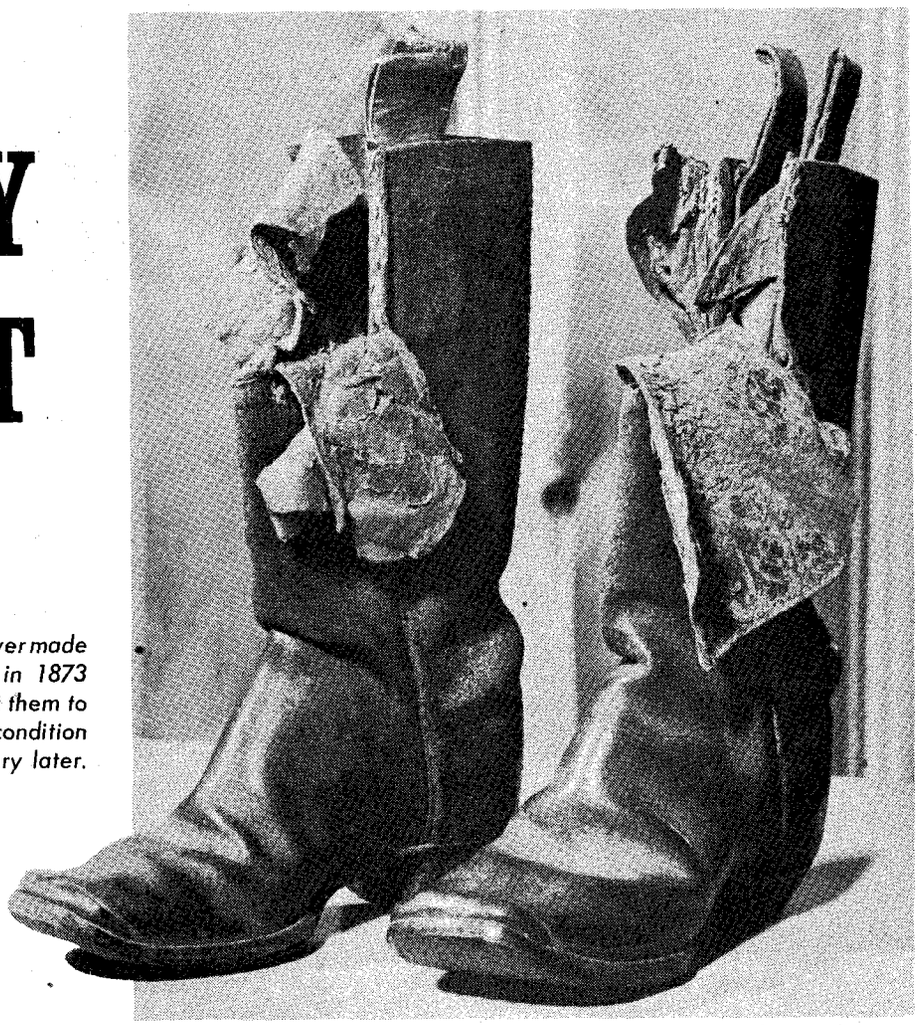
COWBOY BOOT



When William Hyer made these boots in 1873 he didn't expect them to be in such good condition a century later.

Author's photo

the boot, but ironically, the Indians whenever they tomahawked a careless cowpoke would steal his boots, cut the bottoms off and wear just the tops around the legs.

In such a boot, built as it was, the foot automatically took a position in the stirrup that put the leg and hips into the proper fitting position in the saddles' many curves to entertain the horse's various undulations.

The cowboy boot is truly American and not to be found anywhere else in the world. The high, underslung heel was a badge of distinction for the cattlemen and cowboys who were proud of their work. Like in the knights of old, the cowman's boots portrayed him as a riding man which made him better than a man on foot.

The cowboy had nothing but contempt for the Easterner's heavy soled shoes: he would rather go barefooted than wear a low cut shoe. As one old timer put it: "You might as well omit your pants as your boots when in public."

Perhaps the least reason for his pride was the price. But they were the most expensive of his wearings: $50 for a pair of boots was not abnormal and silver inlay could cost a lot more. He was spending $30 to $40 for boots in the days when he was only making $60 a month.

One of the stories about the birth of the cowboy boot suggests that one day in 1875 a dust covered rider from Colorado stomped into a Kansas boot shop and demanded a pair of high cut boots that would be easy on his feet and safe while riding and working the steer. The shoemaker came up with a pointed toe, higher, sloped heel, and stitching up the leg to prevent collapsing.

The boot was an immediate success and orders came into the small shop. Because of lack of competent boot makers in the early West, master bootmakers were imported from Chicago, the East, and even Europe. These boot makers brought their pride of craftsmanship with them, and together with local bootmakers developed the western boot into the classic and irresistable gear it is today.

Bootmakers were a proud guild and they took pride in the steady customers they corralled and the fancy new designs they dreamed up. The craft was as close knit as the porcelain makers of Denmark and the secrets were handed down from generation to generation. So distinct was their work that an expert cattleman could tell at a glance who made your boot and whether you were worth while palavering with.

About 1910 the last of the open ranges were fenced. It was thought that this would mean less boots being worn, but instead it created more demand for boots. Anyone who came West wanted to look like the new specie of Western Man, and immediately adopted the distinctive boot.

In the early days the cowboy wore a 17 inch boot with pull-on straps which came almost to the knees. They were long enough to prevent gravel and weeds from running down to his toes. The shorter, dressier boot came in later, mostly with the dude, since the working cowboy needed extra height. Another thing the movie people and city slickers didn't figure out when they

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

THE GHOST GAMBLE

When a Sisseton or Wahpeton Sioux dies, a game of chance is played by the other members of his tribe to see who will win his worldly belongings. This is called the ghost gamble.

After death the deceased member is buried with much ceremony. The body is either placed in the top of a tree, if a limb can be found sufficiently horizontal to support it, but more often the body is placed on a scaffold.

The scaffold is usually from seven to ten feet high so as to be out of reach of carniverous animals. The platform on which the body is placed is constructed of four crotched posts firmly set in the ground and connected near the top by cross pieces.

Much care is taken to get the departed member ready for his journey. He is dressed in his best clothes and the face, neck and hands are painted. Vermilion red across the mouth, only the hands black, with the thumbs on one side being painted red, should the deceased be a warrior. In the case of a woman or child, the face is painted red. It is the custom to remove a lock of hair from the scalp lock of a warrior, or from the left side of the head of a woman. This is carefully preserved by some near relative of the deceased. It is wrapped in a piece of calico or muslin and hung in the lodge of the departed and considered to be the ghost of the dead person. There is a feast held over this bundle, and may be given at any time, unless at the first feast given a relative sets a time. After the first feast, other feasts are held usually once a year. Many of the personal effects are buried with the deceased, a portion being placed under the body and a portion placed over it. The rest of the property of the deceased forms the basis for a gambling party.

If the deceased was a wealthy Indian, a near relative takes charge of the effects and divides them into as many bundles as possible. Then as many bundles as there are, that number of Indians are invited to play and have an opportunity to win something. If the deceased was a poor Indian the stakes are furnished by rich friends, or gifts brought to the ghost lodge. The ghost gamble is held usually at the time of the first feast, in honor of the bundle containing the lock of hair representing the ghost of the deceased.

The game is played with marked wild-plum stones. One Indian is selected to represent the ghost, to play against all those having been invited to take part in the ceremony. Those invited need not stake anything. The players are called in one at a time, to play singly against the ghost's representative. If the invited player succeeds in beating the ghost, he takes one of the piles of goods and leaves and another player enters the lodge to play against the ghost until all the piles of goods have been won. In the case of the deceased being a man, only men are invited to play in the ghost gamble; if it was a woman, only women take part in the ceremony. The men use eight figured plum seeds and the women use seven. The game is played as follows:

Two seeds are simply blackened on one side. The reverse side is plain. Two seeds are black on one side with a small spot of the color of the seed left in the center, the reverse side having a black spot in the center, the body being left plain. Two seeds have a buffalo's head on one side and the reverse simply two crossed black lines. There is but one seed of this kind in the set used by the women. Two seeds have half of one side blackened and the rest left plain, so as to represent a half moon; the reverse has a black longitudinal line crossed at right angles by six small ones. There are six throws whereby the player can win, and five that entitle him to another throw. To win and take the ghost's goods, the throw must be as follows:

Winning Throws

(1) Two plain ones up, two plain with black spots up, buffalo's head up, and two half moons up - wins a pile.

(2) Two plain black ones up, two black with natural spots up, two longitudinally-crossed ones up, and the transversely-crossed one up - wins a pile.

(3) Two plain black ones up, two black with natural spots up, two half moons up, and the transversely-crossed one up - wins a pile.

(4) Two plain black ones up, two black with natural spots up, two half moons up, and the buffalo's head up - wins a pile.

(5) Two plain ones up, two with black spots up, two longitudinally-crossed ones up, and the transversely-crossed one up - wins a pile.

(6) Two plain ones up, two with black spots up, buffalo head up, and two longitudinally-crossed up - wins a pile. All of the above throws win a ghost pile.

The following entitles the player to another chance to win:

Auxiliary Throws

(1) Two plain ones up, two with black spots up, one half moon up, one longitudinally-crossed one up, and a buffalo head up - gives another throw. On this throw, if the two plain ones up, and two with black spots with either of the half moons or buffalo's heads comes up - the player wins a pile.

(2) Two plain ones up, two with black spots up, two half moons up, and the transversely-crossed one up - gives the player another throw. If all of the black sides come up, except one, this throw wins.

(3) One of the plain ones up, and all the rest with black sides up gives another throw. On this throw the same formation turning up - wins.

(4) One of the plain black ones up, with that side up of all the others having the least black on - gives another throw. Then if the same formation turns up on this throw - means a win.

(5) One half moon up, with that side up of all the others having the least black on - gives another throw. If this throw is then duplicated - it wins.

The eighth seed, used by the men, has its place in their game whenever its facings are mentioned above. The seeds can be tossed by hand, but usually a small bowl is used to mix and toss the seeds or plum stones.

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Author's photo

THE ENIGMA OF TEXAS BOB POTTER

The "mad" Senator was a genius but his violent temper finally cost him his life.

by Calvin Jarrett

ON SUNDAY, August 28, 1831, Robert Potter mutilated (and castrated) two preachers. He had no just complaint against them. Was this the heinous crime of a common criminal? Potter couldn't be classified as a "common criminal" because at the time of the crime he was a member of the United States Congress. Potter was called by a contemporary "a mad genius."

Robert Potter was born in Granville County, North Carolina in 1800. He joined the United States Navy when he was only 15. In a speech made in the North Carolina House of Commons in March, 1827, he said: "While a boy, of the age of fifteen years, I left the humble home of my youth, and went forth to do whatever my humble arm could in behalf of my country...During the six years, in the very Spring time of my life, to the age of twenty-one, I bore the arms of my Country in the Navy of the United States."

The young sailor was discharged from the Navy in 1821 and returned to North Carolina to study law in the office of a lawyer named Thomas Burges at Halifax. Burges was the leading political figure in Granville County and he coached his protege in politics. Jesse Bynum was a political opponent of Burges and Potter ran against him for the House of Commons in 1823 and again in 1824. Potter was unsucessful in his bid for office both times and he charged Bynum with fraudulent voting practices in the 1824 campaign.

Nothing came of this and young Potter ran against Bynum again in 1825. This election was so keyed with friction and emotion that a man was killed at the polls and the election was called off. The borough of Halifax went unrepresented that year in the House of Commons.

Potter, undaunted by previous failures, opposed a man named Dixie Fenner in the 1826 race and this time he won. Potter had no sooner taken his seat in the House

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How to Pan for GOLD

Here's how to make your weekends pay off in gold dust and the excitement of the old '49' ers!

by William Keezer

THE WHISPERED word "gold" acts on men like a fever. Word of the discovery of a new gold field draws thousands of argonauts in a great stampede or gold rush. Men leave good jobs and travel on foot, by boat, or on horseback. Nothing stops them in their mad rush to El Dorado, the fabled land of gold.

Towns spring up overnight. The men and women--yes, women are not immune to "gold fever"--undergo all sorts of hardships in the struggle to reach the new gold fields. They fight, starve, kill, and die in the effort to stake out a claim ahead of other prospectors.

The tools of the individual miner have changed little. The 49ers, Pikes Peaker, or Klondiker used the same mining equipment as his counterpart on the "Cariboo" or in Australia.

Since most prospectors worked with "placer" deposits, a pick, shovel, and gold pan were the essentials. The "Long-Tom" or sluice box and the rocker speeded up the work and increased the take in dust and nuggets. Not because they were more efficient, but because more gold-bearing gravel was handled in a day.

Even the mighty dredge, which can wash 250 cubic yards of gravel an hour, depends on sluice boxes for concentrating the gold bearing sand. The final operation is by hand with a gold-pan. Basic methods really never change.

All the placer methods used the common principle of gravity. Gold is nineteen times heavier than water, and seven to eight times heavier than the rock. Native gold is never pure and thus is lighter than pure gold. But, it still is quite heavy and the slight difference does not affect the principle of extraction.

The practical application of gravity to the separation of gold is always an inclined plane, with a stream of water flowing over it. The rocker and gold pan are inclined from side to side by the gold seeker. A Long-Tom is fixed in one position, sloping downward about one foot for every five feet of length.

Since gold occurs about anywhere out West, a portable sluice box or a small rocker make a Sunday outing profitable. Just about any alluvial stream bed can be worked for the golden dust or nuggets.

You, too, can find gold.

In placer or alluvial deposits "black iron sand" (magnetite) is a good guide to the rich pockets. Most placer sands are tested by panning and the black sand remaining checked with a magnet.

To use a gold pan is really a simple procedure. The "sand" is stirred or shaken with water to allow the heavy gold to settle to the bottom. The upper portions of the sand are gradually washed away.

Frequent dippings of the pan into water, followed by rocking and pouring remove all the "dirt." Then only the gold and heavy magnetite is left.

The final swirl and wash requires a dexterous touch. Then with a twist and tilt, most of the iron sand is washed away. A small pocket magnet will pick up the last of the iron.

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The dull yellowish material left is the native gold. It is not shining or bright, and this fools most beginners. Fool's gold (iron pyrites) looks more like gold than gold dust itself.

Placer deposits were the most important sources of gold in the world until 1927. Now only a few commercial operations are working. But, this is good for the week-end prospector.

A camping trip to an old stream bed is a profitable week-end pleasure. The sand and fine gravel of such a stream contains disentegration products of auriferous (gold bearing) rocks. The gold occurs as dust or small nuggets. Dust is small scales or rounded grains, while nuggets are larger, rounded or mammilated forms of native gold.

The best place to look is the middle reach of a swift mountain stream. Another is at the junction of two streams, expecially if one is surging from a steep canyon.

There in the slack water, color is frequently found. Pan after pan of dirt must be tried. Then when there are eight to ten flakes of float per pan, a sluice box should be set up.

This is an inclined wooden trough in which gravel and sand are washed by a stream of water. The boxes are fitted together to form the sluice.

A sluice can be hundreds of yards long. But, if an old washtub is placed at the downstream end, the very fine bits of dust collect there. If a lot of gold is caught at the lower end, more boxes are needed.

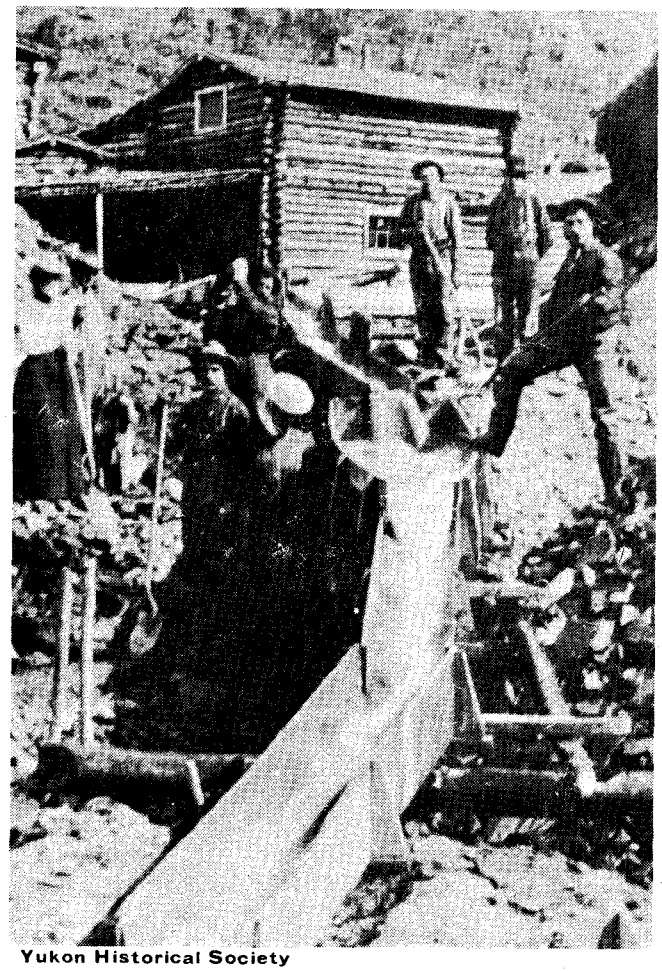
Usually, most of the gold is caught in the riffles near the upper end. It is here the gravel and sand are shoveled in and mixed with the stream of water. The swift-flowing water carries the lighter sand and rocks down the sluice and leaves the gold behind.

To collect the heavy gold and magnetite, barriers are placed along the bottom of the box. When there is plenty of water which comes from a higher level, a series of boxes are joined together to make a long efficient sluice.

These are elevated on trestles, and are fitted into each other at the joints. Thus the stream of water and dirt

These two men used a cradle along a small stream.

Yukon Historical Society



Yukon Historical Society

A sluice being used where there is plenty of water.

is continuous. They are sloped to carry down the sand and gravel, but not move the gold. The dust is stopped by the riffles.

These are easily made of angle iron, cut into lengths the width of the sluice-box. When bolted to the bottom at regular intervals, the bottom looks for all the world like a large gridiron.

The spaces between the riffles soon fill with sand and fine gravel. Yet, the small cataract of water falling over each angle iron makes a basin between the riffles. It is there the gold dust collects, the larger and heavier pieces near the top, with the small fine float scattered along the sluice.

In the early days the riffles were made of wood or sections of small trees were placed longitudinally. If the gold was coarse, they worked very well, but when it was fine a lot escaped.

The drawings give a general working plan of a series of sluice-boxes. The exact dimensions are not too important, but the over-all size of the boxes allows them to be transported by pick-up and carried by two average men.

The design suggested is portable, sets up quickly, and can be stored in the garage when not in use. The modified saw horses used to support the sluice save a lot of time and back-breaking labor building rock pillars.

The sluice box and riffles are the basis for all methods of washing gold. Whenever possible, it should be used, but on a bar or bank it is worthless. It can only be used when water is plentiful.

It is at its best where a swift stream joins the main one. The fall in the sluice needs to be about one in

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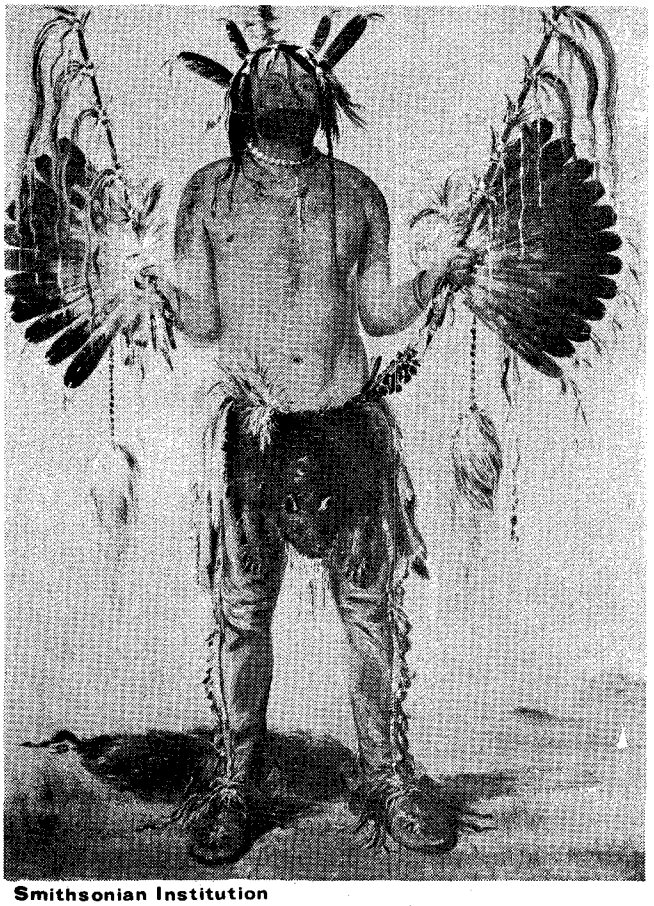

Smithsonian Institution

MANDANS

Centuries before Columbus, the Vikings discovered America and intermarried with the natives, producing the unique light-haired Indians we call the Mandans.

by Gene Jones

WERE THE MYSTERIOUS Mandan Indians Descendants of the Vikings?

For over two centuries this strange tribe living in villages along the upper Missouri River have intrigued historians and common laymen because many of them had blue eyes, blond hair and light complexions. Many legends as to their origin and their relation to the white man have sprung up, been discussed and most have been discarded. Several however remain.

Now we have new evidence. The map produced by Yale University, showing that the Vikings were here many centuries before Columbus and that their colonized areas where the Mandans originally lived, raises the question of the possible inter-mixing of the Vikings and the Mandans, producing blonde, blue-eyed children.

Two legendary rumors that swept across Europe centuries ago could fit into the Viking theory. These rumors certainly did cause Europe to look West, toward America. The First was that there was a great river of the West, a Northwest Passage that would make trade easy between Europe and the Orient, if only it could be found. The second was that there was a tribe of white Indians somewhere in the vast western wilderness of North America, and that they could show their fellow white men the way to the western sea. Some said they were one of the lost tribes of Israel. The Welsh believed they were a colony of Welshmen established by a warrior called Madoc centuries before.

Early in the 18th century, when the French fur traders began probing westward past the great lakes, continual rumors reached them of a mysterious tribe who lived southwest of the lakes on a big river and were not at all like other Indians.

Prominent among the fur men was the great explorer Pierre de la Verendrye, who began trading for furs in

Exact replica of map made before Columbus' voyage. The area in upper left corner is Vinlandia (North America) explored by the Norsemen before the 13th century.

Yale University News Bureau

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PRE-COLUMBUS DESCENDANTS OF THE VIKINGS

1728 in the country between Lake Superior and upper Lake Winnipegosis. For ten years when he brought furs from the Crees or the Assiniboins, he also got information from them about the country and Indians farther west and south, particularly about these strange Mantannes, as he understood they were called.

Most imformation about them was a wild melange of fact and fancy. They had, it was said, a highly developed civilization. They lived in seven fortified cities on a great river, and they were fine craftsmen and artists. Outside the walls of these cities were farms where they raised many vegetables, partly for trade with other tribes, and they had horses and goats. Also, however, they hunted buffalo and other fantastic beasts such as two-headed snakes, for their country was occupied by the most exotic animals and plants. Their religious beliefs were more subtle, their ceremonies more elaborate and magnificent than those of other Plains tribes. And these Indians had white skins and wore beards. Verendrye was determined to see these white Indians for himself.

For some years the Sioux had been harassing his trading posts and holding him back from exploring down to the country of the Mantannes (in what is now North Dakota). But in the fall of 1738 he managed to bypass the Sioux and join a village of Assiniboins who were traveling to trade with the strange people they had told him about. We call them Mandans. Verendrye believed, as most people have until recently, that he was the first European explorer to locate and visit them.

But was he the first? Now a new conjecture has come to the fore. The map discovered by the Yale scholars indicated that Viking explorers knew the Gulf of St. Lawrence-Hudson Bay area. The Viking's own sagas tell of colonies they established there about 1000 A.D. Is it possible, not only that the Norsemen were the first Europeans to see native Americans, but that these extraordinary white Indians might be their descendants? The evidence points that way.

It is known that the Siouxan-speaking peoples migrated to the western plains from somewhere eastward, somewhere near the northeastern shore lands where the Vikings established colonies. This migration occurred some time between 1000 A.D., about the time of the earliest Viking settlements, and the end of the 17th century. One tribe of these Siouxan people (and cousins to the Sioux proper) were the Mandans, but in appearance and way of life, the Mandans were unlike all other Indians. Where had they acquired these strange differences?

The Frenchman Verendrye may not have been the first European to see the Mandans, but he did bring them to the attention of the modern world. And now the newly discovered map has indirectly brought them into the limelight again.

When Verendrye first saw the Mandans he was disappointed. They were not bearded and they dressed in buffalo robes, feathers, and buckskins, just like most of the Indians he has seen. But very soon he began to notice marked differences.

True, many of them were dark-skinned and had black eyes and hair. But on the other hand, many of them had much fairer skins, brown or even blue eyes and light brown or blonde hair. Furthermore, in personality they were almost totally unlike any other Indians Verendrye knew. A handsome, fun-loving and hospitable people, they had notably sunny dispositions and were considerably more worldly and sophisticated than their darker-skinned neighbors. When Verendrye and his party, in company with the Assiniboin village, arrived at the earth lodge town, the Mandans decided they didn't want so many guests. They welcomed the white men joyously. But the Assiniboins, who had come to trade, were greeted with the news that they were just in time to join their hosts

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Above: Rushing War Eagle, Chief of the surviving Mandans in 1874. Below: George Catlin the artist who lived among the Mandans and wrote how they differed from other Indians.

Smithsonian Institution

in a fight with the Sioux. The Mandans treated the understandably nervous Assiniboins like country bumpkins, gypping them outrageously in trade. When the Assiniboins began to catch on that they were being had, the Mandans sent them scurrying back across the plains by shouting reports that the Sioux were coming.

Weeks later, when the Sioux actually did turn up and attempt a raid, they were frustrated to see the Mandans safely inside their palisaded town, and still angrier when the Mandan warriors clambered onto their great domed earth lodges to dance and taunt the Sioux, taking potshots at them with white men's guns.

These attitudes toward and handling of other Indians, however, were not the only ways in which they differed. The stockpile of evidence showing how like the Norsemen they were is more than remarkable: it overwhelmingly suggests that the Viking settlers in North America were their ancestors.

LET'S EXAMINE THIS EVIDENCE.

First, the age-old theory about the Indians being the so-called lost tribes of Israel had been entirely discounted by all modern scholars. The Indians were Asiatic in origin, but not Semitic.

Second, the Welsh theory sounds as farfetched as the Israel-tribes business, but may have some basis in historical fact. The story is vague and romantic: Some time in the far distant past Madoc, a Welsh warrior, took a colony of Welsh settlers and landed somewhere on the Atlantic coast of America. These colonists supposedly mingled with Indian tribes and migrated to the Mississippi and on up the Missouri River, finally settling down to become the Mandans. The link with actual history lies in the fact that the western coast of England, including parts of Wales, was colonized in the 9th and 10th centuries by Norwegian Vikings. There may conceivably have been some Welshmen among the Viking crews who sailed from western Britain to Greenland and farther west to America. The legend and tradition of such a journey certainly existed among the Welsh people until recent years, and probably still does. Welsh national pride might very well have discounted the fact that the expedition was actually sent out by Vikings. That is, if some Welshmen went along, the people of Wales would of course remember it as a Welsh expedition.

In the 1790s a 22-year-old Welsh adventurer, John Evans, got up the Missouri River on a trading jaunt. With the financial and moral support which Welsh expatriate groups in London and the United States pressed on him, Evans believed he would find the Mandans to be the elusive Welsh Indians. It was a sad day when he wrote his supporters the news that the Mandans, although unusual Indians, were not Welsh at all. Little has been heard of the theory since then. Nevertheless, the legend has persisted and is sure to be revived now that the incursions of early settlers in America have been spotlighted by the map discovered at Yale.

More suggestive than any legends is the actual historical record of the Viking adventurer-settlers in America. The newly discovered map shows the part of America found by the Norsemen, which they called Vinland, as an island. This is natural, since they could hardly imagine what a huge land mass lay west of the shore line they explored. There are two great inlets shown on the east side of this island, of which the lower one is thought to be the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the upper one Ungava Bay and the adjoining Hudson Strait.

The story of the Norse discoveries as told in their

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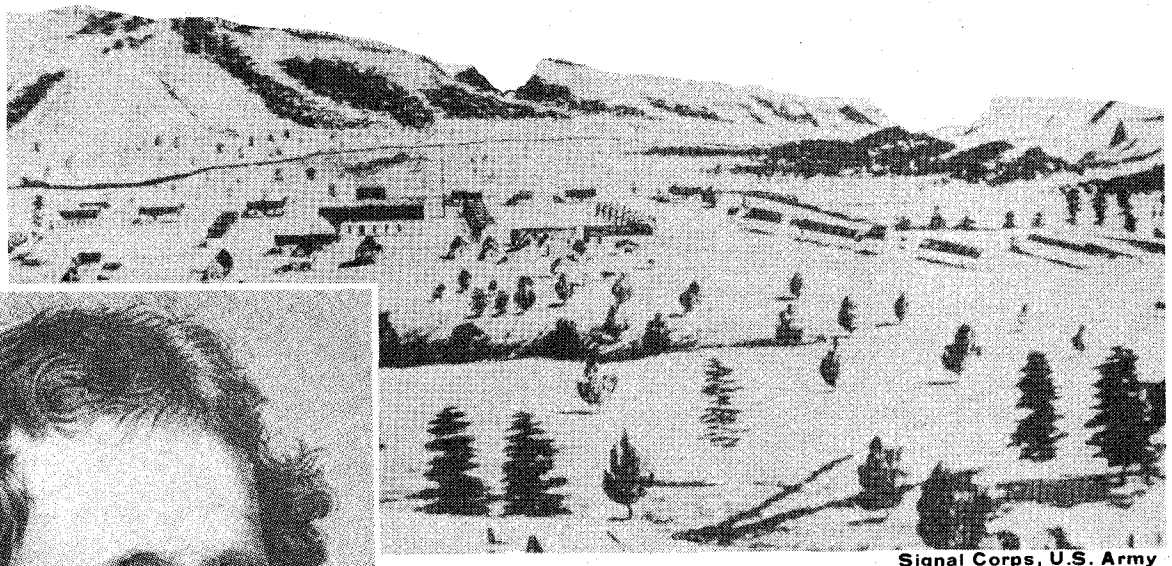
HARDSCRABBLE:



Signal Corps, U.S. Army

State Historical Society of Colorado

TRADING POST OF DEATH

Surrounded by hostile Indians, plagued by Mexican bandits, the men of this forsaken outpost found that life was raw and hard...and so was the liquor and women.

by Harry Chalfant

JOHN C. FREMONT, the young pathfinder, was deeply troubled. Leading his second expedition West, he had arrived at Fort Pueblo on the Arkansas River in mid-July 1843, desperately in need of provisions. There wasn't even pumpkin or squash available.

In fact, all of the posts along the eastern base of the Colorado Rockies seemed to be low on supplies. Earlier, on the tributary of the Platte River, Fremont had been unable to beg or buy salt or flour. Coming up from New Mexico to join the expedition, cool-eyed Kit Carson reported that rations were equally scarce in Taos.

Fremont fumed until someone, perhaps Carson himself, suggested that supplies might be obtained at a settlement located thirty-five miles further west on the Arkansas.

This was the little-remembered Hardscrabble Settlement. It stood on the west side of Hardscrabble Creek, some five miles southeast of present Florence, Colorado, in what was then Mexican Territory. Its Spanish name, La Placita de Penasco Amarillo, was far too elegant to accurately describe the humble adobes and jacal cabins.

With only a low wall for protection, the village somehow managed to exist in country constantly infested by savage

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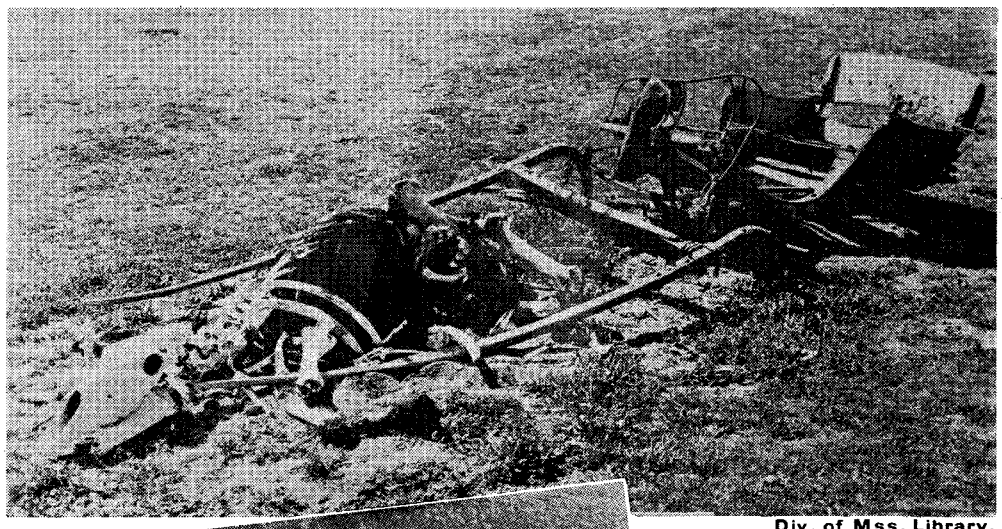
WESTERN ODDITIES

In the rough and primitive days of the old West life took on many oddities in picture and and real life. Take for example the wedding ceremony performed by the Justice of Peace in Douglas County, Kansas.

Justice: Taking him?
Bride: Why not?
Justice: Taking her?
Groom: I reckon so.
Justice: You're hitched. One Dollar.

This ceremony is told in different versions, but all have the same crude speed and bluntness. Probably all wedding ceremonies in the West were not that crude and without any of the niceties, but you can be sure there were few of the niceties we know today. One could fill volumes with the oddities of human behavior in the West. Among animals the greatest oddity was the white buffalo. They were so rare that of the thousands of buffalo hides shipped out of Dodge City, only one was from a white buffalo and this hide is said to have sold for $5,000.00. To the Indians the white buffalo was a symbol of good luck, and if one was fortunate enough to see one of these animals, he was supposed to have only good fortune in battle and hunting the rest of his life. He became something of a legend to the tribe. Pictures below show many of the other Western oddities.

The picture to the right is a rather grim oddity of the old West, the skeleton of a horse lying out on the praire. Probably was victim of a blizzard and skeleton lay there for years before being found.



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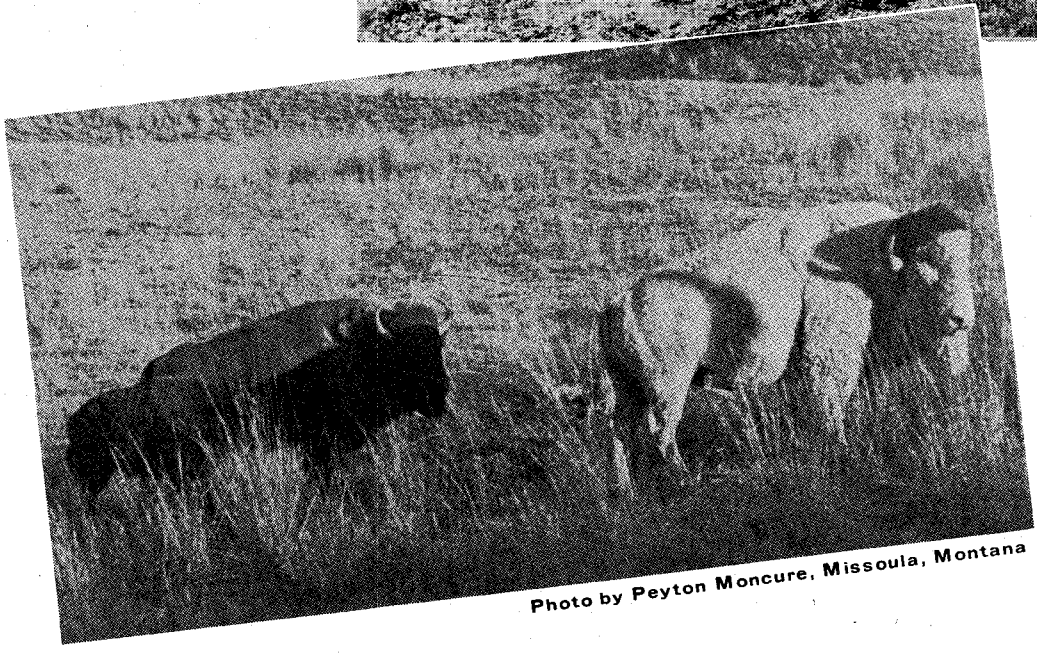

Photo by Peyton Moncure, Missoula, Montana

This picture of rare white buffalo was taken in National reservation in Montana. It is only known white buffalo in government preserves.

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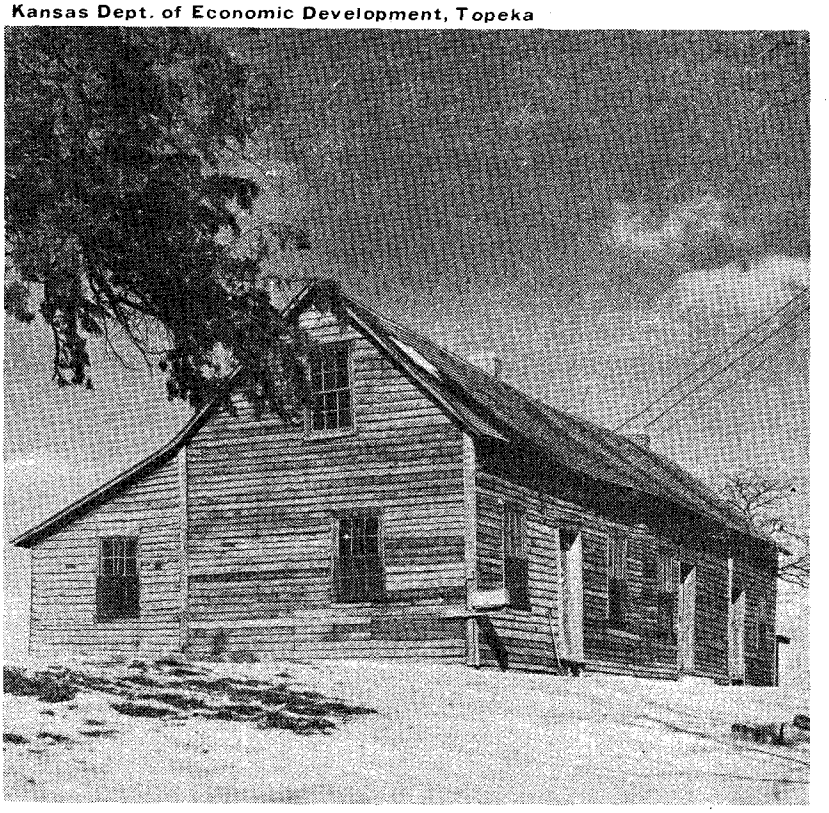
Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma

Hutch Farley (above), scout, was with Comanche Jack Stillwell at Beecher's Island. Farley's father was killed and Farley slew and scalped Indian who killed father. Farley always carried Indian scalp.

The last unaltered relic of the Pony Express, the Hollenberg station, one mile northeast of Hanover, Kansas. Built in 1857 as ranch house, it was taken over by the Pony Express and is now opened by the state of Kansas and contains smaller pioneer museum of Pony Express relics.

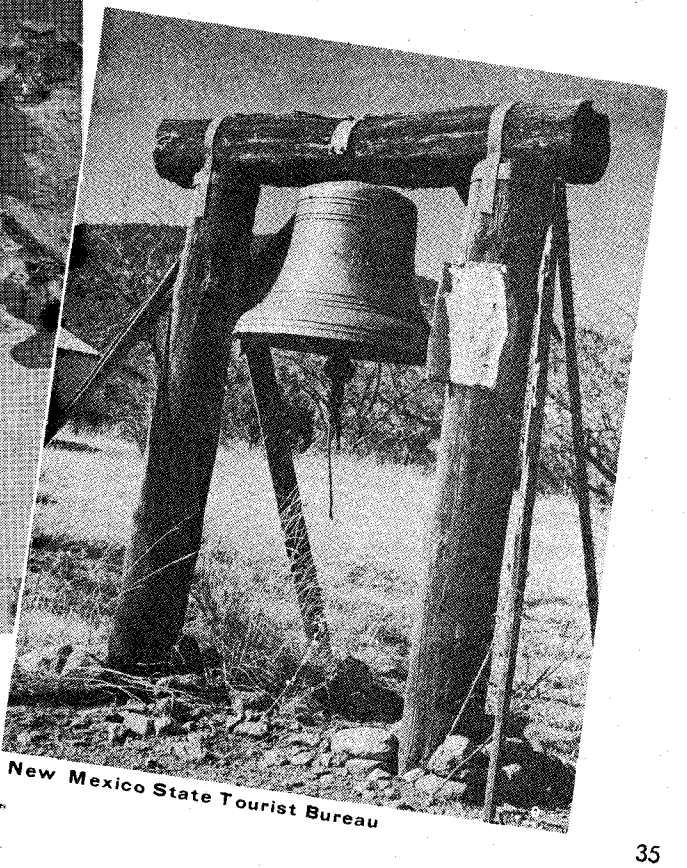
Kansas Dept. of Economic Development, Topeka



Kansas Dept. of Economic Development, Topeka

Indians were supposed to be only average height, but near Salina, Kansas, was found a burial ground of Indians with males over seven feet tall and females six feet six. Who these Indians were remains a mystery. It is believed they were of a race pre-dating the modern Indian.

Bells were important in the old West to warn of Indians, outlaws, and all dangers. This bell in Kingston, New Mexico gave all those warnings and now announces the mail.



New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

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(CONCLUSION)

WAS CUSTER THE

In the last issue we saw how General Sheridan ordered Custer to wage a campaign against hostile Indians. Now Custer and his men were poised, ready to strike against the quiet village of Black Kettle. In this final chapter you will read of the exciting battle and climax with all its shattering consequences for Custer and the Indians.

by Madelon Katigan

SEVERAL OFFICERS had ridden up quietly and joined Custer in sniffing the air. Nothing. The Indian was mistaken or frightened.

"No, me smell fire."

The man was not to be shaken, and Custer told him to proceed, but even more cautiously. After a half mile, again the scouts halted and Custer hurried to them. The Indian's teeth flashed in a grin and he pointed a ling slim finger. "Me told you so."

Sure enough. The dying embers of a small fire, scarcely a handful, but the discovery sent a shiver through the men and the Indian was regarded with awe. The fire was to the left about a hundred yards in the timber, and off their trail. Certainly it had been made by Indians, and hostile ones, of course. But where were they now? Sleeping nearby? The column was too close for withdrawal. The only sensible move was to search the facts and be prepared for the worst.

Custer called for volunteers to investigate. All of the Osages and a few scouts dismounted quickly and with rifles ready and fingers on triggers they glided off with Little Beaver and Hard Rope leading. They disappeared into the timber. A ghostly moon had arisen and the troopers waiting were perfect targets. Hearts thumped and hair on necks prickled. If Indians were sleeping in the timber the scouts would arouse them and the column would be picked off like target bottles on a rail fence before they could possibly assemble into position for defense.

No sleeping Indians were encountered, and the Osages, judging by the tracks of many ponies, concluded that the fire had been built by Indian boys attending the herd. Again the column was put into motion, Custer leading off with the two Osages. Silently, cautiously, they advanced, the Indians on foot and crouching low, peering over every crest before descent. Then the Indian who had discovered the fire stared at length over one crest and then worked himself to the very rim for closer observation. He crawled back and motioned for Custer. Custer dismounted and hurried to him.

"What is it?"

"Heaps Injuns."

Custer looked down and saw the shadowy blob of a herd of ponies, but no sign of Indians. "Why do you think Indians are down there?" he whispered.

"Me heard dog bark. Listen."

Custer strained his ears and in a moment heard the yelp of a dog echoing faintly from the timber to the right of the herd. It must be a village! Indians were noted for the number of dogs in their villages, but never did dogs accompany a war party. He turned, jubiliant, and stopped in his tracks at another sound.

A baby's wail drifted clearly out of the cold silence of the valley. Custer shook his head. Women, children, braves, all grouped together and an attack would not allow discrimination. After the murders and depredations of the settlers on the frontier, he had one order.

Destroy Indians!

Even so, his steps were slowed as he moved to his horse. He mounted and galloped to the main party of scouts and Osages and ordered them back to halt the column and to send every officer forward.

The hour was past midnight, and the officers came and collected in a circle around Custer. He informed them of the discovery and each in turn crawled to the crest and surveyed the point of attack. The plan was explained to surround the village before daybreak. The command was divided into four detachments. Major Elliott commanded the G,H, and M troops which were to move to the rear of the village. Colonel Thompson was to lead B and F troops to a right position to connect with Major Elliott. Colonel Myers was to command the third column made of E and I troops and he was to take position in the timber to be less than a mile from Custer with the A, C, D, and K troops, the Osages, scouts, Colonel Cook and his forty sharpshooters. Captain Hamilton was to command one of the squadrons and Colonel West the other.

All was in readiness and waiting for the hour of attack had to be endured. The cold increased and no fire could be lighted and the men were not allowed to stamp their feet or walk back and forth to keep the chilled blood flowing in their veins. The hours were long, silent, torturous, with each man sitting, standing or lying on the snow by his horse with reins gripped tightly in his hands. Custer moved quietly among the horses and troopers. Eyes lifted to him, but no word was spoken. The Osages were wrapped in blankets and huddled under

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VILLAIN AT WASHITA?

University of Oklahoma Press

Aroused by the first gunfire and screams, dazed Indians rushed out of their huts and were cut down by the charging soldiers.

a tree. Grouped nearby were the other scouts and when Custer passed, California Joe could not resist delivering his opinion, in a rasping whisper, of course.

"The pint' is, General, ware' goin' make a spoon or spiel a horn. Effen 'em Injuns don't har' nary a sound of us 'til we open on 'em at daylight, they'll be the most powerful 'stonished redskins that's been in these parts fur many a spell. Effen' we get the bulge on 'em, well wipe the platter clean. As it stands now we hold the keerds' and they're got to straddle our blind or throw up their hands."

Custer walked away and Joe's whisper rustled after him. "That's for sure, General."

The moon disappeared two hours before dawn and the shroud-like darkness sharpened the suspense and cold to an unbearable degree. Feet tingled to stamp and dried throats ached to shout. At the first faint sign of day, Custer collected his officers and they were grouped talking in low voices when attention was jerked to the crest of the hill which separated the detachment from the village. A ball of light rose slowly, boldly outlined against the dark sky. All eyes lifted, the men held in blank astonishment.

Was it a signal? Had Elliott been discovered? The light continued on slow majestic course, small, brilliant, and seemed to increase in size with colors bursting rapidly into sparkling irridescent hues. Anxious whispers rustled through the group.

A signal rocket! Why doesn't it explode? How can it hang fire so long? They were discovered! All was lost!

"No!" came a decisive whisper. "It's the morning star." And a star whose ascent had been made extraordinarily brilliant and deliberate by the crystal cold air of the plains.

Orders to advance were given in low voices and Custer moved to the crest where two officers and one of the Osages had kept watch on the valley below. Colonel West's squadron was formed to line on the right, Captain Hamilton's squadron on the left, while Colonel Cook and sharpshooters formed in advance left. The air was freezing, but the men were ordered to remove overcoats and haversacks to give them free movement, and a trooper from each company would be left to guard them. That would provide sufficient guard, for the foes would be inside the military lines and would have their hands full resisting attack.

The advance began silently as possible. The band was directly behind Custer and upon his signal it was to break forth with the rollicking Garry Owen March.

The herd of ponies was reached and the animals moved warily away as if sensing the approach of an enemy. Day was breaking more sharply with each passing minute and hearts quickened. The men winced at the noise of their horses hoofs coming down on crusted snow. It sounded like thunder, and only a miracle would keep the

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Signal Corps Photo 17608

by Jack Raskopf

He had the dirty work to do. For nearly half a century the plain, uneducated man on the horse -- the U.S. cavalryman with carbine, pistol and saber blasted open the great Western continent. He did it under unbelievable hardships and under an unbelievable atmosphere of non-appreciation by the great American public. He fought in dirty little skirmishes. He plowed through buffalo stampedes, blizzards, desert dust storms and lived at godforsaken outposts for as little as $8.00 a month.

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THE U.S. CAVALRY, heroes in the dust

MAJOR GEORGE A. FORSYTHE, 9th U.S. cavalry regiment, nervously scanned the horizon. Barely three hours beyond dawn and already a searing, lemon-yellow sun had burnished the Colorado skies into a white hot glaze. Only a jagged streak of dirty smoke in the near distance slashed across the cloudless sky -- a certain sign that the major's quarry was only hours away.

A veteran cavalryman who served under General Phil Sheridan during the Civil War, Major Forsythe turned in his saddle. He frowned slightly as his eyes swept along his 50-man detachment. As he viewed them he couldn't help but feel like a fox terrier about to corner a bevy of mountain lions. For behind him rode the most incongruous command of his career. Besides himself, the only regular cavalry man was Lieutenant Frederick H. Beecher, nephew of the Civil War abolitionist preacher, Henry Ward Beecher. The remainder, dressed in nondescript frontier buckskins, were civilian volunteers desperately recruited to subdue the Cheyennes and Sioux rampaging across the Great Plains behind the wild, savage, six-foot-four-inch Chief Roman Nose.

Although most of his men were Confederate and Union Civil War veterans, and his acting first sergeant was a former Union brigadier general, Forsythe had no time to train them as a fighting team. Nor did he have time to evaluate their horsemanship--a vital factor in fighting Indians. Nor was he aware of their individual skills and weaknesses. Well mounted on their own horses and equally well armed, each volunteer was equipped with a seven-shot Spencer repeating carbine and Colt revolver.

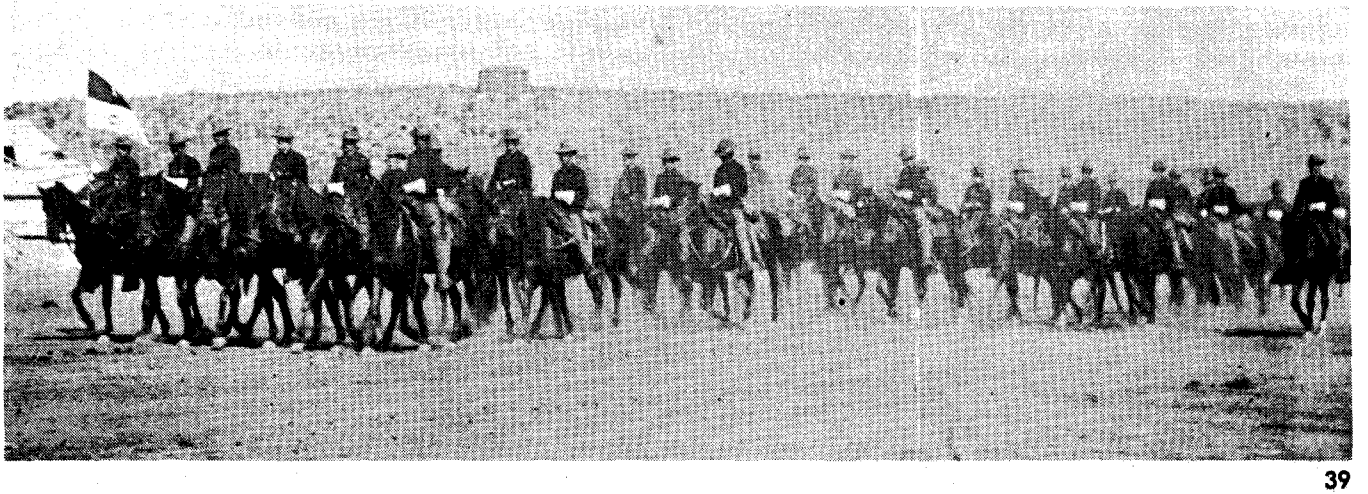
As Major Forsythe's column broke camp on the banks of the Republican river in northeast Colorado in early September, 1868, and with only one day's rations remaining in their saddle bags, the screams of a Cheyenne and Sioux war party hit them.

Advanced braves tried to stampede the cavalry horses. Forsythe had found his quarry; and in numbers beyond his belief. A captured bugle sounded in the distance signaling the Indians' first charge. A thousand screaming Sioux and Cheyennes galloped toward the 50 cavalrymen. Forsythe quickly moved his men and horses to an island in the middle of the nearly dry river bed. He ordered his men to shoot their horses and to use them as breastworks against the charging hordes.

With his right thigh torn by a bullet, his left leg broken by a second slug, and with blood streaming from a scalp wound, Forsythe continued to lead the defense of the surrounded cavalry troop. After four unsuccessful charges the giant Roman Nose massed his braves two miles from the island for an attack intended to overwhelm the surviving defenders. The battered bugle, taken from the body of a slain cavalryman, sounded again. Covered from forehead to his waist in full war paint, and with a war bonnet accentuating his massive frame, Roman Nose led his men at full gallop up the river bed.

Five volleys cracked from the line of defending cavalrymen. Still the stampeding, screaming Indians pressed forward. On the sixth volley Roman Nose screamed his last war cry. Dead before he hit the ground, three bullets had smashed into his chest and a fourth split his skull. With only a single round left in their rifles, the

Troopers of the 1st Cavalry, each one a soldier and horseman, gallop into new action near San Carlos, Arizona Territory.
U.S. Signal Corps 111-SC-107684



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volunteer cavalry beat back the leaderless Sioux and Cheyennes.

Demoralized and uncertain as to what tactics to use, the Indians continued to surround Forsythe's command. But their offensive spirit was broken. For nine more days the cavalrymen survived on rotting horseflesh and brackish river-bottom water under burning skies and during nights when the temperature dropped to nearly zero.

They were rescued by two troops of the 10th cavalry regiment, alerted to the siege by four of Forsythe's men who had managed to slip through the Indians' lines at night.

The battle with Roman Nose and his braves was only one of countless U.S. Cavalry-Indian skirmishes during the opening of America's wide frontier. There were no definite patterns to the Cavalry-Indian wars. None of the battles assumed the monmouth proportions of the giant, surging armies that mauled each other during the Civil War. But for the cavalryman, who fought in small, bitter patrol-sized skirmishes and whose reward might be a lonely bleached wooden cross under rolling western skies, each battle had the awesomeness of a Gettysburg.

A few months after Major Forsythe's fateful clash with Roman Nose, as a raging blizzard howled across the plains of northwestern Oklahoma territory, another cavalry officer, Colonel George Armstrong Custer of the 7th cavalry regiment, led his shivering troopers in seven-below-zero weather against a Cheyenne village. Custer was trying a new method of Indians fighting. Instead of fighting the Indian in the summer and letting him rest during the winter, Custer was continuing his warfare the year round. At dawn, to the tune of Gary Owen--for Custer was not one to leave martial music and glory solely for the parade ground--his troopers charged into the village. They slaughtered 200 braves and scattered the survivors into the frigid hinterland.

Further west as the first vestiges of the spring of 1855 spread over the Great Bend country of the Arkansas river in Kansas, units of the 1st cavalry regiment fought one of their most bizarre battles. It was against an enemy numbering in the thousands.

Scouts for Major John Sedgwick, who was leading four troops against the warring Cheyennes, noticed a billowing cloud of smoke like a prairie fire or sand storm rolling off to the north. Suddenly the cloud veered and headed toward the cavalry unit. In minutes the prairie in front of them disappeared under miles of shaggy, bay colored buffalo. It was as if a heaving, amber colored woolen blanket had mysteriously dropped from the skies covering the prairieland. As far as the cavalrymen could see in depth and along the flanks there was only the erie brown mass of surging fur, horns and hoofs. Sedgwick, a 20-year army veteran of artillery service in the East, watched stunned and disbelieving, the ground trembling beneath his horse's hoofs. His second in command, Capt. S.D. Sturgis, who had spent most of his professional career as an Indian fighter on the Great Plains, shouted in his commanding officer's ear, "Better turn the command over to me for a little while. I'll steer you through."

"Take command, Captain, take command. Give your orders," Sedgwick replied.

U.S. Signal Corps 111-SC-82449

Snorting horses and eager men of the 9th Cavalry line up in the field, sometime in 1889.

Sturgis sent his orderly racing back to the quartermaster instructing him to form the wagons into a tight corral with the cattle inside. The stampede had started two miles from the cavalry column. Now the thunderous roar, like a giant waterfall overwhelmed the troopers. They could barely hear Sturgis' commands.

"Dismount! Dismount! Fight on foot," Stugis yelled.

In a semi-daze the men followed his instructions to form a "V" 100 yards in front of the wagons. The stampede was on them. The earth shook. A solid rumbling mass of terrified charging buffalo engulfed the small command. So close were the animals packed that a veteran later remarked that it seemed impossible that they would have room to separate. Sturgis gave the signal to commence firing. The troops frantically poured their fire from their Sharps repeaters directly into the tidal wave of animals. The herd suddenly did the impossible. Desperately the animals climbed over one another to avoid the cutting

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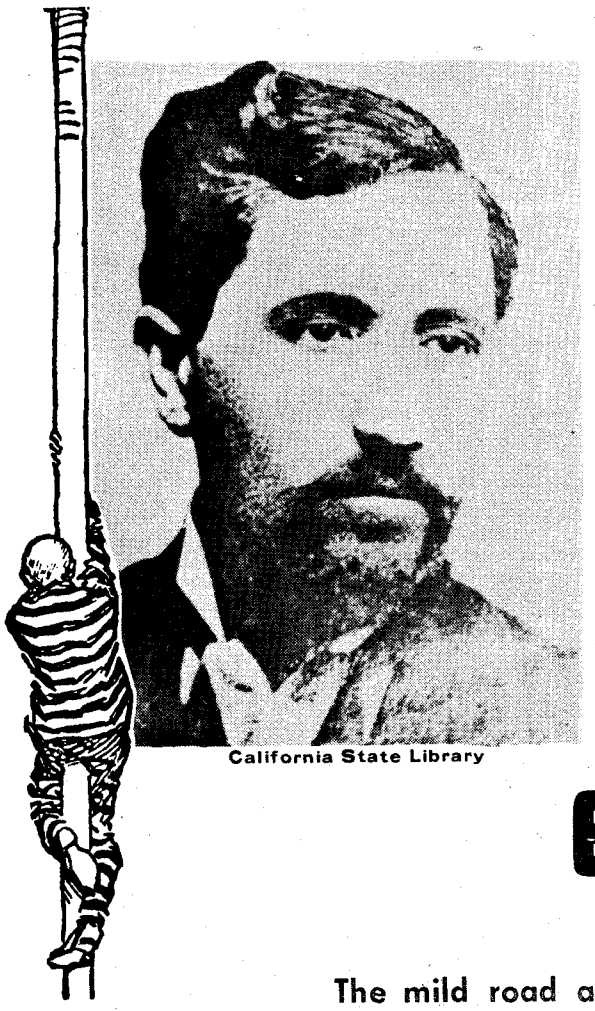

California State Library

MILTON SHARP, NEVADA'S ELUSIVE BANDIT

The mild road agent got caught every time, and the only thing faster than his capture was his immediate escape from jail.

by James E. Monman

IT WAS A COMMON PLACE stage hold-up. Old Bill Frameman, driving the stage south from Carson City, Nevada saw the tree across the road just in time to pull his racing horses to a skidding stop. Spike Cumberston, the shotgun messenger, was jolted badly on the seat by the stopping of the stage and before he could get squared around, a pleasant voice said to him, "This is a hold-up. Don't be a fool. I got a bead on your head. Drop your shotgun."

Cumberston had no desire to die to save Wells Fargo some gold and the shotgun dropped from his hands to the ground. He looked around, saw a tall masked bandit. The tall bandit said to him, "Get down and bring the strong box with you."

Then he motioned to the driver, Frameman, to get down, which the old man did gingerly. In the meantime, the second masked bandit, a short stocky man, had ordered the passengers from the stage, three men and a young lady.

The first bandit made a gracious bow to the passengers and said: "A thousand pardons for the inconvenience I have caused you, but you see we need some gold. So resume your seats and the driver and shotgun messenger, without his gun, will get back to their seats and will continue you on your journey. After, of course, your driver and shotgun messenger remove the tree from the road."

Frameman and Cumberston pulled the tree off the road, got back in their seats. The passengers had scrambled inside the stage coach and the stage moved down the road. The tall masked bandit blew the lock off the strong box with his six gun, took the gold bars and the money and the two bandits leaped on their horses and disappeared in the woods.

The tall masked bandit, Milton Sharp, was not to go down in the history of the old West as a great road agent. His gracious bows were a part of the technique of a number of road agents. Sharp's lack of fame as a hold-up man lay wholly in the speed with which he was apprehended after a hold-up.

He got by with this first hold-up and the second and third, but on the fourth, the Wells Fargo, tired of losing gold, planted two of their men as passengers, and when the gracious bandit stopped the stage, the two Wells Fargo men killed Sharp's partner. Sharp escaped but not for long. The Wells Fargo called in their ace detective, J.B. Hume. Sharp's dead partner was identified as Fred Sparkey, who lived in Sacramento.

It didn't take Hume long to learn that Milton Sharp also lived in that city and was a close companion of the dead Spakey. Hume went to Sharp's home, found him there with some of the gold taken from the stage hold-up before the last unsuccessful one.

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HISTORY OF THE COWBOY BOOT

(Continued from Page 25)

make old cowboy movies today was that when a cowboy's boot was in the stirrup, a low boot would pull down in back making like a funnel for all the junk that the horses hooves kicked up. Today, with the tight jeans covering his boot while working, the average height is 11 to 12 inches although some parts of the country prefer a 14 inch leg.

The high heel evolved out of sheer necessity. If the cowboy was going to fight bulls he was going to need a built-in stabilizer or brake. With the high, underslung heel he could brace his feet in the stirrup, and on the ground he had firm footing when roping or braking, or just escaping.

When heels first came into vogue, centuries ago, they were considered a mark of nobility and not allowed on shoes of peasants or workmen. From this came the expression, "well heeled." When the cowboy devised his boots he made sure he had plenty of "nobility".

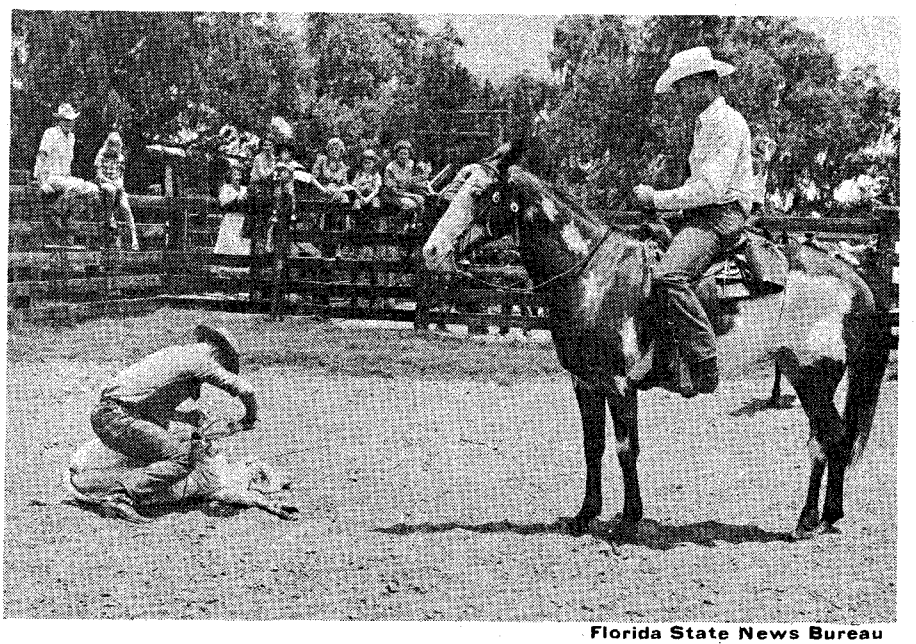
Only the dudiest dude would think that a cowboy wears classic looking boots for good looks or fashion or to induce a callipygian strut. But after he's garnered a lot of practical work out of them he does take a powerful lot of pride in just wearing them.

A cowboy was a pretty knobby creature what with the hard knocks of weather and wrestling the smelly cow around the prairie; but one thing he had was pretty feet. When he was a mere stripling he got the hankering for a cowboot and he was lifted like a Chinese missy into a pair when his bones weren't growed and he probably wore the boot way past his fittin'time, and grew to manhood with a pointed foot that could kick a gnat out of a woodpecker's teeth.

When he ordered a new boot he ordered them close to the skin; he wanted them tight fitting and he didn't care how much they'd shrink when he stepped into a creek or in a cowflop since he could always use soap, axle grease and flour to slide his foot out of the torture chambers he carried on his feet. One hundred and eighty pound cowboys would snuggle into a size 5 or 6 boot. Some old time cowboys would stretch their boots with wet oats and allow the oats to expand.

Most cowboys had a Sunday pair of boots for town visiting. He would glory in wearing his boots at a dance, and hearing his heels pop. It is rumored that an important cattleman in Texas had a special pair of patent leather high-heeled boots made to order to wear with his tuxedo.

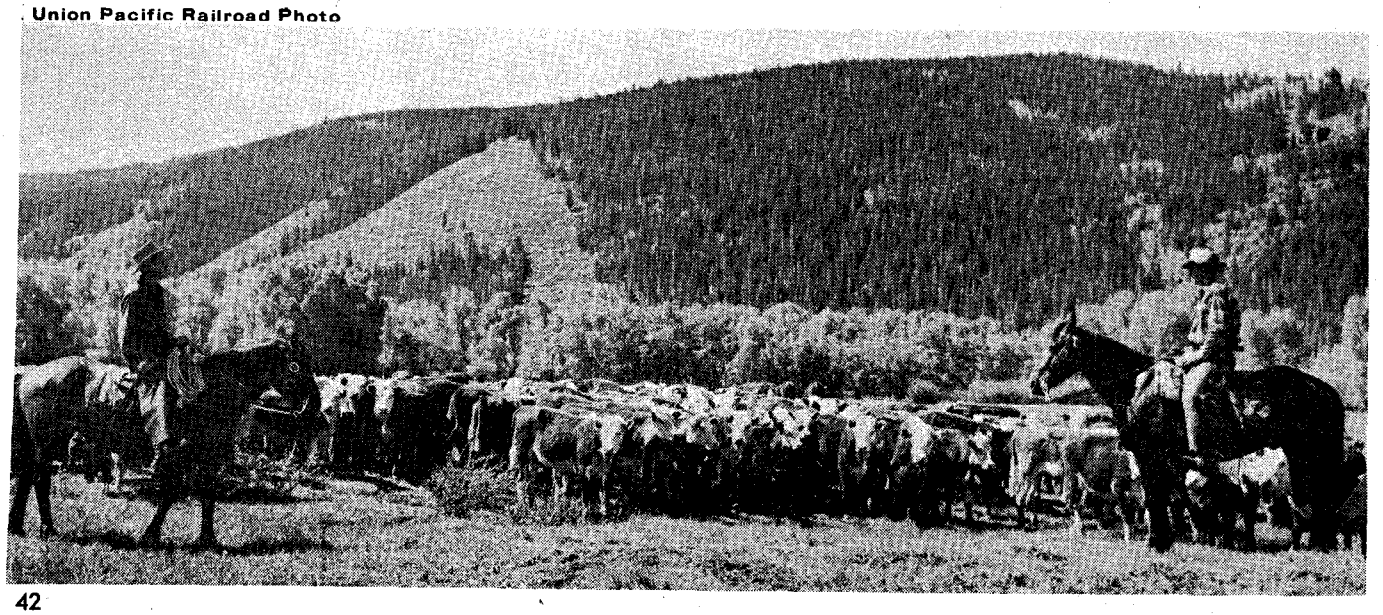
No true cowboy would ever buy a factory-made boot. He has his made to order. Boot companies issue order blanks on which a cowpoke stands and traces his steaming feet. A tape measure comes with every order sheet and he takes a measure of the low instep, high instep, ball of the foot, the heel, the calf, and the height of the boot wanted. He also made a request on the type stitching, boot tops, style of toe, height of heel. In the old days it took six months for the new boots to reach the cowboy. Some pioneer companies keep all measure-



Florida State News Bureau

On the range or in the arena, the cowboy needed clothes that would help him do his job. He relied most on his boots for safety, balance and protection which ordinary shoes could never give in wild country.

Union Pacific Railroad Photo



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ments on file and can go back to 1875 to find a customer's record.

It takes about 200 parts to put together a pair of cowboy boots, and just under ten feet of leather for one pair of boots, which does not include the bottom stock.

The best skins for boots used to come from the north as cold climates produce thinner skins of close fiber. In either climate, however, the older the animal is, the heavier the hide it will produce.

Through the first World War, ninety per cent of all the leather used in boots was an imported French calf. Since then, the cattlemen began to demand lighter weight boots. Today they make boots from a variety of leather such as horsehide, kidskins, kangaroo, sheepskin, elephant grain, armadillo grain, sealskin--in every shade and color.

The stitching was mostly for good looks, with a smidgeon of practicality--it helped make the boot more durable and rigid so it didn't curl down like a wet sack.

The first inlaid boots were set with diamonds around the tops about 1914 or 1915, requested according to one bootmaker by "some darned fool cowboy." However, he made them and from then on, they were flooded with orders for this type.

The second inlaid boot was made of hearts, spades, clubs and diamonds around the top and this really set the cowboys "on fire." Soon they got into elaborate inlays of all kinds. "We cannot think of anything that we have not inlaid at least once: oil derricks, steer heads, horse heads, buffalo heads, human heads, profiles, etc," said one maker. One pair had five dollar gold pieces fastened around the top for decoration, others had heels and toes with sterling silver covering.

The boots had thin soles so he could feel the stirrup (even though most cowboys like to ride with the foot well into the stirrups.) If a boot is repaired it must be full-soled since the edge of the half sole might catch in the stirrup.

The square toes at first were from 2 to 2 1/2 inches wide. The round toe was the most popular until the First World War. The square toe has been the most popular although much narrower today. Today, the square toe is popular in the West and Northwest but in the South and Southwest, a needle sharp toe is the most popular.

Mostly a boot would last a couple years but a lot depended on who was wearing them. Boots sometimes have been made as tough as the pants the cowboy wore; in fact, a cowboy needed everything he wore of tough material. Henry B. Voights of Nampa, Idaho, offered proof to a boot company that he ordered a pair of boots 50 years ago and was still wearing them.

Over 1,300,000 cowboy boots are made annually and sales are increasing to such distant lands as Europe and Australia. Such boots really act on a man like narcotics: once you acquire the habit you find it impossible to stop wearing them. They give you the confidence of the whole daring and fearless heritage of the West.

RW

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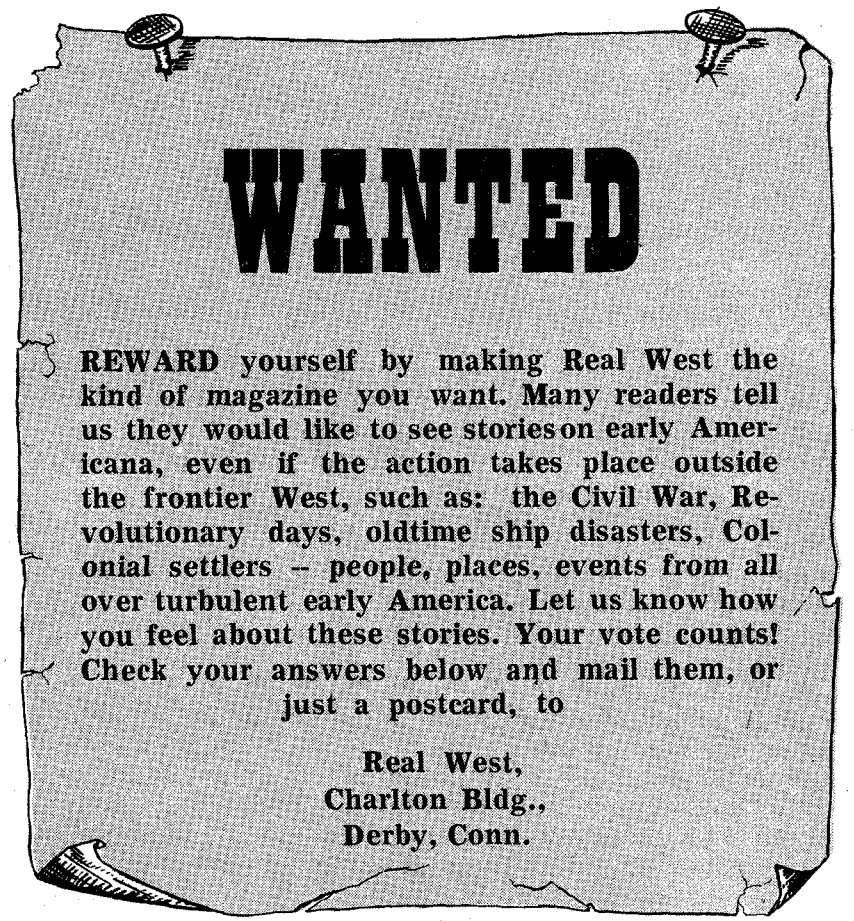
SHERIDAN GOLD CAMP WAY BACK IN ROARING '77

One of the loveliest lakes in the Black Hills now covers the site of the first court held in the area. Named for a Civil War general, Sheridan, on Spring Creek, was a roaring, roistering old camp when Judge Granville G. Bennett in 1877 held the first term of federal court. Shortly thereafter, he moved on to Deadwood. Sheridan, as the gold mining played out, was reduced to a few log buildings when the water covered its 400 acres to make it one of the most popular recreation spots in the Hills.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THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO FIRE
(Continued from Page 23)

noon all the dead and injured had to be vacated as the crackling flames approached. As nurses and physicians deserted the building, eager crowds followed them to the Presidio and the Childrens' Hospital where they renewed their search for missing loved ones.

By evening of the first day, eight square miles in the business section was burned over, and the flames roared on unchecked. It looked as though the entire city was doomed. Nearly every famous landmark that had made San Francisco famous the world over was laid in ruins. Never was the fate of a city more disasterous.

One of the strangest scenes revealed after the fire was in the ruins of San Francisco's Chinatown. No great heap of burned buildings marked this portion of the city. Instead, the area was seen to be pitted with deep holes and underground passagways. White men had never dreamed of the depth of Chinatown's underground city. Now it could be seen that the wooden buildings had only been a mask. In places the tunnels penetrated 100 feet underground. Here, many women slaves and their jailers were caught like rats in a huge trap. Their bones were eaten by the flames and there remained only the holes which pitted the hillside like a multitude of ground swallow nests. Their dark secrets would never be known as the hungry flames sifted its red hot ashes into the depths and then licked everything clean except the earth itself.

The stricken city was put under martial law by General Frederick Funston in command of the military department of the Pacific. The hardest hit portion of San Francisco was divided into six districts, four of them guarded by the military, one by the marines; and one by the navy. Other parts of the city were patrolled by the National Guard and the city's police force. But, in spite of these prompt arrangements, there was some goulish looting.

At the United States Mint and Sub-Treasury Building there was stored $39,000,000 in coin and bullion. Employees of the mint, re-enforced by soldiers, banded together for the protection of this huge fortune. For seven hours, as the sea of fire raged around them, this little bank fought the flames. At length the mint was pronounced out of danger from the fire but later 34 white men were shot and killed while attempting to loot the building.

Enraged citizens also made short work of looters. On the first afternoon a group of workers in the ruins discovered a Barbary thug in the act of robbing a corpse of its jewels. Without delay he was seized, a rope was found, and he was strung up to a beam which was still standing. No sooner was he hoisted up than another looter was captured. Within minutes he too was dangling from a rope.

At the corner of Market and Third Streets, three soldiers and a group of uniformed patrolmen came upon a man in the act of cutting the fingers from the hand of a dead woman to secure her rings. Immediately, a fuselade of shots crackled. The looter crumpled with eleven bullets in his body.

The second day was the worst. Fire swept unchecked in a dozen directions. A heavy haze of smoke hung over the entire city. Nob Hill, which had excaped the flames of the first day, was destroyed by fire and dynamiting. With it went the great mansion of Mrs. Stanford, the priceless Mark Hopkins Art Institute, the Fairmont Hotel and the homes of one hundred millionaires.

Now almost all the buildings of the business district were gone, and one-half the residential section. Of San Francisco's population of 400,000, nearly one-half were homeless. The city waited in a stupor.

The stricken people wandered through the streets in pathetic helplessness, or sat upon their scattered belongings in dumb despair as the city dissolved before their eyes. The flames leaped on exultantly. It seemed that nothing could stop them. Many people retreated toward the Pacific, and took refuge in the open spaces of the Presidio and Golden Gate Parks.

General Funston was the ruler of the city. He had not slept since the holocaust began. He ordered that all the military tents be set up in the Presidio. In the tents they placed first the sick and injured, second pregnant women and third, the nursing mothers. On Frdiay, Gen. Funston ordered all the dead to be buried at once in the Presidio grounds. The bodies, which had been carted about the city ahead of the flames, were becoming a great health hazard. The troops had not men to spare to dig graves and the general ordered that the old men and weaklings dig. Some indignantly refused. But the soldiers forced them at gunpoint to take up shovels and picks. It was ruled that every man physically capable should dig for one hour. When the first shallow graves were ready the men, under the direction of the troops, lowered the bodies several to a grave, and the strange burial began.

The third day was, in many respects, the most spectacular of all. Dawn found thousands of men, women and children awaiting morsels of food at the street bakeries which had not been

Market St. was a scene of skeleton buildings and searching people.

Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berekley

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destroyed. The police and military ruled that each person was to be allowed only one loaf. A big bakery was started on the outskirts of the city with the announcement that it would turn out 50,000 loaves of bread before night. The news spread and thousands of hungry persons crowded before its doors before dawn. Here again the authorities kept order and rationed out one loaf per person. Earlier, bread had sold for as high as $1 a loaf, and two loaves and a can of sardines brought as high as $3.50. Mayor Schmitz took swift and drastic steps to stop this black market. By his order all grocery and provision stores which had escaped the flames were entered by the police and their goods confiscated.

There was also a great, crying need for water, both for fighting the fire and for drinking purposes. In the Latin quarter on the slopes of Telegraph Hill the only available water supply was found in a well dug in early days. At a critical moment the pump suddenly sucked dry. The water supply was exhausted.

"There is one last chance," shouted an Italian resident, and they crashed in their cellar doors with axes and began rolling out barrels of red wine.

The cellars gave out barrel after barrel until there was fully 500 gallons ready for use. Sacks were dipped in wine and used for beating out the fire. Beds were stripped of blankets and these were soaked in wine and hung over exposed portions of the cottages. Men on the roofs drenched the shingles and sides of houses with wine.

In the parks, authorities doled out water a cup at a time from water wagons. In spite of all efforts to relieve the distressed populace, there was much suffering. Women and children who had happy homes a few hours before, were now sleeping at night - if they slept at all - on hay on the wharves, on sand lots near north beach, or in the parks. Thousands of members of families were separated, ignorant of one another's whereabouts and without means of finding out. On Friday the police opened up a bureau of registration to bring relatives together.

By dusk of the third day, the fire was raging over 50 acres of the waterfront. But it had been checked in many places. The authorities were confident that they had the situation under control. Mayor Schmitz issued a proclamation:

"To the citizens of San Francisco. The fire is now under control and all danger is passed...." But late that afternoon a new horror struck.

Library of Congress

One woman seems ready to faint while another gets first aid treatment.

A fierce gale of wind from the northwest set in. By seven o'clock the conflagration, its energy restored, was again roaring unchecked. The darkness and howling wind added fresh terrors. The authorities swore in 1,000 special policemen and fresh companies of the national guard were swiftly brought in to help fight the blaze.

All night long the massive struggle continued. Already exhausted men fought fire until they dropped. Hundreds of sailors from U.S. warships, and hundreds of soldiers joined the battle. Fire tugs drew up along the water front and threw immense streams of water on the flames of burning factories, warehouses and sheds. Blocks of buildings were blown up with powder, guncotten and dynamite, or torn down by men armed with axes. Mayor Schmitz and Chief of Police Dinan, although without sleep for 48 hours, remained on the scene all night to assist army and navy officers in directing the fight.

At seven o'clock Saturday morning the battle was won. A great black, staggering body of men weaved their way to the parks and threw themselves down to sleep. They dropped in utter exhaustion all along the route and were rolled out of the driveways by the troops. Women gave up their blankets to cover the weary men who slept as though they were dead. What remained of the "City of a Hundred Hills" was saved.

But this was only a pathetic, semicircular fringe. Most of San Francisco lay desolate with 20 square miles of its best area in ashes. In that blackened area lay the ruins of 60,000 buildings.

Men who had once numbered their fortunes in the hundreds of thousands of dollars now camped on the ruins of their fine homes, eating and thinking as primitive man once did. Men overworked to the breaking point, and women unnerved by hysteria dropped down on the cooling ashes and slept soundly for the first time in days. At last, it was over. More than 500 people were dead. Property damage amounted to one-half a billion dollars - 250,000 people were homeless.

But heroic San Francisco did not rest for long. Almost immediately, with generous help from the rest of the nation and world, the massive job of re-building was begun. Within three years a new and greater city arose from its own ashes - a modern, shining city of the 20th century. But the old flavor of wagon trains, pioneers and bonanza kings was gone forever.

RW

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HOW TO PAN
FOR GOLD
(Continued from Page 29)

Searching for gold was a serious, full time project for the early miners.

four or five for good results. This means a drop of five to seven feet in thirty feet of box.

Yet, it allows the prospector to work more sand and gravel per day than either a pan or cradle. The gold-bearing dirt is simply shoveled into the head of the line of boxes. Water and gravity do the rest.

Getting the dirt to the box is the hardest part. At the end of the day, the riffles are cleaned. The fine sand, gold, and iron dust are separated from each other by panning.

I have found an old spoon is handy to pick up the mixture. Also, I do my panning over the washtub. Then, if I lose some fine dust over the edge it is not gone forever.

Where the sluice cannot be used, a cradle or rocker is very useful. It is nothing but a box with riffles placed on a pair of rockers. It resembles a child's cradle and is actually rocked back and forth when used.

Usually the cradle is near a stream or pool of water. The rockers are placed on two heavy planks anchored to the ground. Without a nearly level surface to rock upon, the machine is really a mankiller to operate.

To operate the rocker, the hopper is filled with fine gravel. All the coarse rock is rejected and tossed aside. One stands with one hand on the handle and the other holding a long-handled dipper.

Then water is ladled onto the mass and the cradle is rocked from side to side. The water and the motion carry the finer and heavier parts through the screen and onto the shelf below. The gold is caught by the riffles as the dirt is sluiced on down the shelf.

If two people are working together, one loads the hopper and the other dips and rocks. At frequent intervals the hopper is emptied, and the rock too large to go through the screen mesh thrown away. The riffles are cleaned and the heavy material put aside to be "panned out" later.

The process is slow, but very effective. Two men can clean about three cubic yards of sand and gravel a day. With a sluice and plenty of water, fifteen yards can be worked in the same time. Yet, it beats panning by a long sight. One half yard per day is back-breaking using only a gold pan.

Final panning is done over a washtub to catch fine particles that escape.

The drawings show a simple and tested cradle--one which fits easily in the back of a pick-up. With the sluice or rocker, gold pan, pick, shovel, and old washtub a week-end prospector is all set to go.

A word of caution must be added--when out "Jackassing" around for gold, you must respect private property and "No Trespassing" signs.

It might be someone's claim.

There are plenty of other streams and bars available, and many of these contain the precious yellow metal.

Back in '98 men made as much as $5,000.00 in five days, panning on the Klondike. In 49, the creeks of the "Mother Lode" yielded even more. The methods and equipment just discussed are the key to the shifting sands and their elusive treasure.

Week-end prospecting can be fun; the gold is waiting.

You just might be the lucky one to hit a rich bar where over $1,000.00 in dust is yours for a few hours labor.

The golden lure of El Dorado still calls to man.

RW

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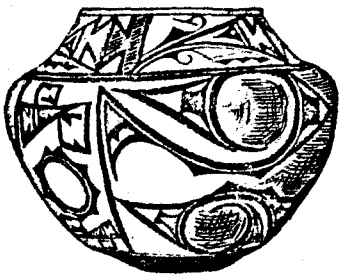
SAVIOR OF SAN ILDEFONSO



by Lance Robbins

Times were bad for the Indians of San Ildefonso pueblo in 1908. Only 90 remained in what had once been a prosperous native village of 150.

Maria Martinez had lost her first baby and now she and her young husband, Julian, hardly knew where the food would come from to feed them and their remaining child through another year.

Julian was sensitive and artistic, as was Maria, and the couple grieved to see their beloved pueblo steadily deserted and falling into neglected ruins. White lumbermen had stripped the surrounding area of trees so completely that every rain brought raging floods to wash away the top soil of the once fertile fields and smash irrigation ditches built by the patient toil of generations of Indians. Fields that had been richly productive were barren. The starving and shabby Indians moved to other villages or even, in desperation, to far-off Colorado, Utah or California. Ancient San Ildefonso was becoming a heap of crumbling, deserted ruins.

Maria and Julian could not bring themselves to leave the home they both loved and were glad to earn a few dollars working for a team of archeologists excavating near their pueblo.

Some beautiful ancient pottery was unearthed. Upon returning to their home for the winter, Maria and Julian experimented until they were able to reproduce the clay bowls. Maria worked very hard to find the finest clay and sand for making the pottery, which was beautifully painted by her husband, then fired in outdoor pits with cedar wood and cow dung.

The first pieces were brown or red, and so superior that tourists bought them eagerly; but it was after Maria's unusual black or black-on-black pieces became famous that real prosperity and fame found the talented Indian woman and her beloved village.

In fact, Maria is credited with saving the dying Indian pueblo. Many of Maria's neighbors also learned the revived art of making pottery for sale, and prosperity brought the natives back to San Ildefonso and other near-by pueblos.

To Maria, however, came fame and recognition as well as the knowledge that she had saved the home of her ancestors from desolation. As the years passed, honor after honor were heaped on the bright-eyed, dark-skinned little "potter of San Ildefonso" whose bowls and vases won prizes everywhere.

Maria and Julian toured Europe and America, appearing at exhibitions and Fairs in nearly every large city.

All this was good and Maria was happy, but she never faltered in her love and longing for her people and the mesas and fields of San Ildefonso.

Finally, she refused further invitations and went home. Maria is an old woman now, but she still makes her famous black pottery in San Ildefonso, watching her children and grandchildren grow up and her village thrive.

BOB POTTER

(Continued from Page 27)

than his brilliant mind and eloquence of speaking asserted itself.

In the House of Commons of 1826-27, Robert Potter introduced one of the most statesmanlike measures ever advocated in an American legislative body. Potter intoduced a bill to create a "Political College."

The College would give free education to worthy and intelligent young men. Each county in North Carolina was to have at least one student. The more populous the county, the more students they would be allowed in the College. These students were to be apprenticed to the State for six years; and, the State for that period was to assume their entire support. The State was to have complete control over the students. For three years they would be instructed in the ordinary college manner; the remaining three years they were to be sent out into various parts of the state under the authority and supervision of the college faculty. The students would work under employers who would train them in political leadership.

Potter supported his bill in a long speech of extraordinary ability, eloquence, candor and courage. He pointed out the dense popular ignorance the backwardness of the people and the lack of national prominence that North Carolina had in that day's national affairs. He cited by name three members of the national Congress, Daniel L. Barringer, Willis Alson, and Lemuel Sawyer, as being examples of what members of Congress ought not to be.

Potter's idea of a "Political College" was doomed in advance because it was beyond the thought of that day and the average person could not understand its merit.

In 1827 Potter left Halifax and returned to his native Granville County. When he left Halifax he wrote a bitter poem denouncing the entire community. This is the first time his vindictive nature started to show. Below is part of the poem:

Sad Village! As along the winding shore
Of thy bold river I revolve thy fate:
Recall the splendors of thy day of yore,
And View thee now so low and desolate;
I muse in sorrow o're the work of Time,
Whose scythe on thee so cruelly hath dwelt;
Thy Eden once is now a land of crime,
And Swindlers rule where Chiefs and Sages dwelt.

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No Longer in thy hospitable halls
Wit, Grace, and Gallantry sustain their Court,
But low-bred, stupid churls make up the balls,
And Pass the night in idiotic sport
Here Faction broods, in dark and fiendish state,
Enthroned amidst her most devoted fools;
The only object of their lives to hate,
Their only knowledge petty, party rules.

When Potter arrived back in his native Granville County he found himself very popular with the voters. They elected him to the House of Commons in 1827.

Potter continued to make a good name for himself and the Granville electorate sent him to the United States House of Representatives in 1828. He was reelected to Congress in 1830 without opposition. Young Congressman Potter was doing fine in Washington but his explosive nature was just waiting for the spark to set it off.

Congressman Potter was home from Washington on Sunday, August 28, 1831, when he was visited by the Reverend Louis Taylor, his wife's second cousin. Taylor, a 50-year-old married man, came to visit Potter not suspecting that Potter had suspicions of him. Potter accused Taylor of dating his wife while he was away in Washington and when Taylor denied this, Potter cruelly beat him and then castrated him.

Potter was in a mad rage. He went to the house of Louis Wiley, a young preacher, whom he suspected of dating his wife. He did the same thing to Wiley that he had just done to Taylor. Louis Wiley was a 17-year-old youth.

Shortly after this incident, Potter's wife divorced him and changed the names of his two children to Pelham, her mother's maiden name. All the rest of their lives Potter's two children would live under the names Robert T. and Susan Pelham.

The fiery young congressman was arraigned in court for mutilating the two preachers. He was fined $1000 and sentenced to two years in prison. Potter couldn't pay the $1000 fine so he was forced to spend an additional year in jail.

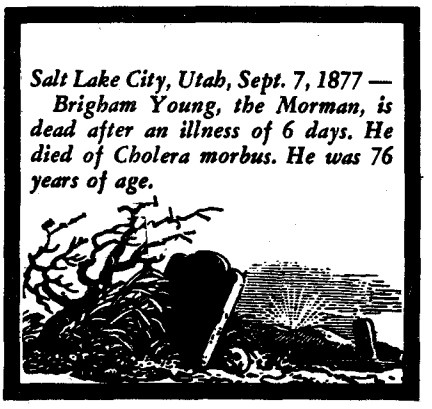
While in prison Potter wrote political pamphlets and conducted a campaign for the House of Commons from his cell. He was released in 1834 and was immediately elected to the House. Potter's career was on the upward swing again but he could not escape his temper. In a few months he was to go into another mad rage.

On Christmas night, 1834, Potter was playing cards with the Chatham County member of the House of Commons, a man named Carney Cotton. Cotton won heavily from Potter and the turbulent young legislator couldn't take it. Potter covered Cotton with a pistol, beat him cruelly, and took all the money on the table.

Potter's conduct was reported to the House of Commons. He was expelled from the House on January 2, 1835.

POTTER WANTED to make a new start where no one knew him so he migrated to Texas. He went alone. His wife had already divorced him and she had custody of the children. Potter spread the story in Texas that he was a widower with no children.

The "mad genius" arrived in Texas just in time to get in on the birth of the Republic. Using his political genius he got himself elected to the Texas Congress from the Nachodoches district. From there he went on to do big things in Texas.


Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 7, 1877 — Brigham Young, the Morman, is dead after an illness of 6 days. He died of Cholera morbus. He was 76 years of age.

As a member of the Texas Congress Potter was a signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence. On March 18, 1836, he was named the first Secretary of the Navy for the Republic of Texas.

At a cabinet meeting, shortly after the Battle of San Jacinto, Potter and the Secretary of War, Lamar, strenuously opposed making any treaty with Santa Anna. Potter and Lamar asserted that Santa Anna was utterly perfidious and, by his conduct in connection with the massacre of Fannin's whole command in cold blood after they had surrendered, had shown himself unworthy to be treated with. Both cabinet members also held that Santa Anna, being a prisoner in the hands of Texas, could make no treaty which would be binding on the Mexican government. When the treaty was finally concluded, Potter and Lamar refused to sign it. In a letter explaining his position, Potter wrote: "It is my clear conviction, therefore, that Santa Anna and his officers should be hanged, and the privates condemned to servitude for life."

Santa Anna wasn't the only one to whom Potter was opposed. Potter had been in the cabinet only a short time when he tried to get Sam Houston removed from command of the Texas Army. This did not, of course, make him any friends in the Texas government.

The final battle for Texas Independence was fought between the present cities of Houston and Galveston. Since the Mexicans were using only a land army, Potter was given the assignment of gathering up all the women and children in the vicinity to carry to the Island of Galveston. The Island was five miles offshore and the Mexican army couldn't get to them.

Potter found a Mrs. Solomon Page who had been deserted by her husband. She was found out on the plains of Houston living off wild fruits and vegetables.

Shortly after finding Mrs. Page, Potter took a trip from Galveston to New Orleans on a government vessel. He took Mrs. Page on this trip and they fell in love on the voyage. When he returned to Texas Potter took Mrs. Page to his home on Caddo Lake. They lived there without benefit of clergy and Mrs. Page became Potter's common law wife. In his will he mentions her as "Mrs. Page."

Everything was going too smoothly for Potter again so he went out and made some new enemies. Among these enemies was a man named Captain William Rose, who was known as "The Lion of the Lakes." A feud arose between Potter and Rose when Potter prevailed upon President Lamar to offer a reward for Rose because of his part in the Regulator-Moderator War. Potter was a Texas Senator at this time.

Potter organized a posse of about 25 men. They surrounded the home of Rose with the intention of capturing, chastising, and probably killing him. Rose was nearby with some slaves clearing a woodland and when he saw Potter's men, he lay upon the ground while one of his slaves piled brush over him and concealed him from view.

Foiled in their purpose, Potter and his men returned to Potter's home. They were followed by Preston Rose, a son of Captain Rose. Preston Rose saw them disband and only nine remained at Potter's home.

That night Captain Rose secured a "warrant for trespass" against Potter. This warrant was placed in the hands of a constable, who summoned a posse, consisting of Captain Rose, Preston Rose, J. W. Scott and 13 others.

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The posse reached Potter's home at midnight and surrounded it.

In his American Notes of 1842, Charles Dickens comments on lawlessness in the United States: "From the Caddo Gazette, of the 12 inst., we learn the frightful death of Colonel Robert Potter...He was beset in his house by an enemy, named Rose. He sprang from his couch, seized his gun, and, in his night-clothes, rushed from the house. For about two hundred yards his speed seemed to defy his pursuers; but, getting entangled in a thicket, he was captured. Rose told him that he intended to act a generous part, and give him a chance for his life. He then told Potter he might run, and he should not be interrupted till he reached a certain distance. Potter started at the word of command, and before a gun was fired he had reached the lake. His first impluse was to jump in the water and dive for it, which he did. Rose was close behind him, and formed his men on the bank ready to shoot him as he rose. In a few seconds he came up to breathe; and scarce had his head reached the surface of the water, when it was completely riddled with the shot of their guns, and he sank, to rise no more."

Potter's body was recovered and he was buried on the shore of Caddo Lake. The spot is now called Potter's Point.

Fourteen years after Potter's death, in 1856, an attorney appeared in the County of Red River, Texas trying to get part of the Potter Estate assigned to Robert Potter's son, Robert Pelham. Even though he was not a minor, Robert T. Pelham was represented by a guardian. Robert was an inmate of the state insane asylum in North Carolina.

Robert Potter committed some cruel acts which indicated he was "mad." But, nevertheless, he contributed much to Texas history. He was the first Secretary of the Navy of the Republic of Texas and therefore served in the first cabinet. He was a signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence, and he was a Texas Senator. The lawless one helped to legislate laws.

Texas thought enough of this man who played a part in their early history that when Texas observed the Centennial of the Alamo in 1936, they moved Potter's remains from his burial spot on Caddo Lake to the State Cemetery at Austin.

RW

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HARDSCRABBLE, TRADING POST...

(Continued from Page 33)

Indians. A mongrel group of Americans, French, Mexicans, and half-breeds inhabited the place. Most of them had wives, some two. Actually squaws, they included Arapaho, Assinaboins, Arikaras, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Sioux, Snakes, and Pawnees. There also were Mexican, and at one time, several American women, the latter being Mormons.

The settlement probably sprang up about the time the price of beaver fell off, and the old trappers' fort on nearby Adobe Creek, known as the Crow's Nest, was abandoned. At any rate, most of the men living in the village were old trappers and hunters. Taking up farming, they raised wheat, corn, beans, pumpkins, and various other vegetables.

Consequently, when Fremont treked up the Hardscrabble, he was able to purchase all of the supplies that he needed.

Surprisingly enough, considering the year, there was a ranch of sorts some distance beyond the cluster of mud huts. It belonged to Carson's old friend, Matthew Kincaid. He is referred to as Kin Cade, in connection with earlier events, in DeWitt C. Peters' 1858 account of Kit's life, The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson.

Kincaid's presence on Hardscrabble Creek tends to indicate that it was Carson who urged Fremont to seek provisions at the settlement. Certainly, Kit was no stranger to the area. Near the mouth of Hardscrabble Canyon, early Fifty-Niners found his name inscribed on a large boulder. Unfortunately, the significance of the laborous name-carving is unknown.

In addition to keeping cattle, Kincaid was also engaged in buffalo farming. This involved capturing the young calves, while dodging disapproving Indians and infuriated buffalo, and adopting them to domestic cows. Unique as it may seem, calf-hunting was commonplace. The year before on the plains east of Fort Pueblo, Fremont had seen newly captured buffalo calves being fostered by domestic cattle.

Some time after Fremont's departure, perhaps that fall, a new adobe post was built about six miles up Hardscrabble Creek from the Arkansas. This was the short-lived Hardscrabble Trading Post, often called "Simpson's Factory." It was established by George S. Simpson, who with two other ambitious traders named Alexander Barclay and Joe Doyle, had built Fort Pueblo late in the summer of 1842.

Ultimately, the Hardscrabble post consisted of a number of squat, earth-roofed, dirt-floored adobes on one side of a square plaza, the rest of which was enclosed by an adobe wall. Besides the foul-smelling living quarters, there undoubtedly were storerooms, and possibly a trading room. All of the adobes were windowless, having instead numerous gun ports.

With others, including Alexander Barclay, coming to live on the Hardscrabble, adobes and jacal cabins were soon scattered along the creek for a distance of nearly twelve miles. Albert Boone, Old Daniel's grandson, lived

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State Historical Society of Colorado

George S. Simpson

there for two years, 1844-1846, reputedly in charge of the trading post.

At best, the mode of living was unimaginably raw, and with a bootleg liquor called Taos Lightning the chief article of trade, it grew steadily worse. The inhabitants argued and fought; frequently, debauched Indians rolled drunkenly on the ground, vomiting all over themselves and in the creek.

Inevitably, there was violence! A grisly American named Tom Whittlesey suspected that his Mexican woman, Candelaria, was having an affair behind his back with La Fontaine, a Frenchman. Surprising them together in the plaza one day, he killed La Fontaine, then hacked the girl to bits with an ax. Thereafter, the Mexicans called him Tomas el matador, "Thomas the murderer."

Eventually, a number of men were killed fighting over dark-eyed, tawny-skinned senoritas. Jim Waters killed an Ed Thorp; a Frenchman called Sixhommes was killed by a John Brown. When Fremont again marched by the Hardscrabble, late in the summer of 1845, the place had become a gathering spot for renegades, desperados, and Mexican cut-throats -- in short, the scum of the plains.

SHORTLY AFTER Fremont had pushed on, there was a brawling fight on the Hardscrabble. A roving gang of Mexican traders had pitched camp a short distance beyond Kincaid's place. With Taos whiskey, they enticed a band of Arapaho in to trade. About the time they got the Arapaho drunk enough to cheat, a large party of Utes hoved into sight.

Instinctively, the Arapaho shouted insults and shrieks of defiance at their old enemy. With like hatred, the Utes attacked. All during the fight, the sound of the shooting could be heard in the settlement. Hoping to make off with the robes, pelts, and the remaining liquor, the Mexicans allied themselves with the groggy Arapaho.

Howling Utes immediately routed them from their camp. Escaping with only their swarthy hides, the Mexican traders fled eastward with the Arapaho. The surly Utes seized the robes and pelts, and promptly dumped the whiskey into the creek. That evening in Simpson's plaza, the local traders put on a feast and everybody celebrated. The Utes, their victory; the local traders, riddance of the Mexican interlopers.

Later that night, gazing at the dying embers of the bonfires, George Simpson may have realized that the Hardscrabble was nearing its end. War with Mexico would erupt in the spring, killing the traffic in Taos Lightning. It was just as well.

Recently, Taos liquor had been turning up as far north as the upper Missouri River. Goaded into action by self-righteous traders, Bent & St. Vrain for one, the government had undertaken to stamp out the smuggling.

Andrew Drips, a crusty veteran of the frontier, was named agent. Zigzagging southward, he managed to trace the liquor to the Arkansas, where he found the spigots through which it flowed. They were the two Simpson, Barclay, and Doyle posts -- Fort Pueblo and the Hardscrabble Trading Post.

It couldn't have mattered less; the Hardscrabble was being abandoned. Matthew Kincaid probably had pulled out already. Many flocked to the Greenhorn Range, where there was money to be made working for army suppliers. Simpson, Barclay, and Doyle soon followed the conquering Americans into New Mexico, where early in the summer of 1848, they began building baronial Fort Barclay.

When Fremont led his ill-fated fourth expedition up the Hardscrabble, late the following year, snow blanketed the ground. Most of the cabins and huts were deserted; only a few hangers-on remained on the creek. One of them was Dick Wootton. He went along up through craggy, snow-drifted Hardscrabble Canyon, saw the shimmering whiteness of the towering Sangre de Cristos, watched as the men trudged off to their rendezvouz with disaster, and backtracked to a cozy winter at Bent's Fort.

Ten years later, wandering Fifty-Niners found a scattering of crumbling adobes along the creek, all that remained of a place called Hardscrabble.

RW

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"ONE-EYED CHARLIE"

by Lance Robbins

There were many picturesque and well-known "jehus" or stagecoach drivers in California in the 1860's and '70's, but one of the most popular was soft-spoken, dependable old Charlie Parkhurst.

Called "One-Eyed Charlie" after a horse-kick in the face, this jehu did some farming on the side, worked in the woods and showed an endurance and industriousness which everyone admired--but Charlie always lived alone. With a knack of handling reins and a knowledge of dark and dangerous roads little short of miraculous, Old Charlie took stage after stage over his route with no passenger ever known to be injured.

Charlie liked "chewin'," moderate drinking and a little dice-throwing for cigars. He used to say he knew when he was on an unusually bad road because he "chawd more 'backer" when scared!

Finally, with the passage of years Charlie grew emaciated, his rheumatism was worse and one eye was lost. He retired to a small farm in a friendly California community where he died on Dec. 29, 1879.

Friends found the body and in preparing it for burial discovered that Charlie Parkhurst was a woman and had, in fact, been a mother.

Nothing more has ever been found of "Charlie's" strange history--her grave may be visited in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at Watsonville, Calif.

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FRONTIER SURVEYORS, FORGOTTEN TRAILBLAZERS

(Continued from Page 17)

death that came to many surveying parties. Five surveyors were in a covered wagon, drawn by a team of oxen in the Lone Tree neighborhood twenty miles West and forty miles south of Dodge City.

Captain Short was in charge of the surveying party, and on that morning, as all mornings, they had separated into groups of five and six and started for their work, going in different directions. Captain Frank Kelley with a detachment of troops from Fort Dodge had warned Captain Short the day before that he and his troop had seen signs of Indians to the West. Captain Kelley added that he couldn't remain to give the surveyors protection as he was ordered to report to Fort Dodge the next day.

Captain Short was thinking about the warning as he and his group of five surveyors - his 14 year old son, Daniel, Jim Shaw, 51, and Shaw's son Allen, John H. Keuchler, 17, and Harold Jones, 18, both students at the University of Kansas - drove West into the country where Indian signs had been seen, but as they got deeper into this area and near their scene of operation, they saw no signs of Indians, and they felt relieved.

Then it came, suddenly and almost soundlessly, the attack of fifty Cheyennes under Chief Medicine Water. They came on ponies over a slight rise and as they appeared, their guns, many old fashioned muskets, sent a barrage of bullets at the wagon. Captain Short and his five surveyors returned the fire. Their aim was much better than the Cheyennes. Three Cheyennes tumbled off their horses.

The attack continued as the oxen team was goaded into running, but they were so slow that the Cheynnes had no trouble surrounding the wagon. Thirty minutes later the running battle was over. Twenty Cheyennes were dead. Four of the surveyers including Captain Short were dead. Shaw and young Keuchler were mortally wounded but still alive. Chief Medicine Water ordered their heads bashed in, which was done quickly and all six of the surveyors were dead.

In that same year Paul Winters and his ten surveyors were attacked near Lamar, Colorado by a band of Utes and all were killed. Then there was the disappearance of Nelson Buck and his eleven surveyors. There was no doubt but that they were attacked by Indians, but no trace of them was ever found.

After that came the massacre of Amos Butler and his men in Nebraska and the attack on the Henderson party in Wyoming. The attacks by the Indians were so numerous that it would take a volume to list only a part of them.

This party of young surveyors rode in their wagons for five days before they got to the place where their labors would start. They were under a deputy surveyor. The first job on arriving at the working area was to establish a camp. This was always done along a creek, even if that required traveling several miles to their work.

The next job for the deputy surveyor was to find the corner of the previous survey. As this was on the praire lands of the Dakotas, this would be marked by a stone. In timber land it could be a tree or a post driven in the ground. On the prairie they worked in groups of five. There was the compass man with his instrument, who guided the work, the flagman in his red shirt carrying rods and flags, two chain men with their tape, chain, and tally pins, and the axeman, who on the praires carried a shovel instead of an axe and was called the moundman.

The chainmen measured the distance along the line and informed the compass man when forty chains or a half a mile had been covered. Most mistakes made in the surveying came with the counting of the chains and every precaution was made to prevent these mistakes. One chainmen would double check the other. Experience showed that the chainmen were less accurate in the afternoon than the morning. So most deputies gave their chainmen a rest during the heat of the day and mistakes were prevented.

A two party crew of five surveyors each could survey a six mile square township in from five to seven days, providing everything went well. When you consider there were millions of square miles to be surveyed, you can get some idea of what a gigantic job it was. The Commissioner of the General Land Office in Washington had charge of this job. The West was divided in several thousand districts, and the job of surveying each district was in charge of a Surveyor - General, who in turn let the work out by contract to Deputy United States surveyors. In the state of Minnesota, the contracts were let to cover 300 persons, which gives you some idea of the number of surveyors needed to handle all states of the west.

The cost of surveying the West ran into millions of dollars. In 1854 surveyors were allowed $12.00 a mile for the base and principal meridian lines in Kansas and Nebrasda territories. The southern boundry of Minnesota was surveyed at a cost of $124.00 a mile in 1852.

Surveyors got $5.00 a day, a team $3.00 a day, hands $.50 a day and board. Few surveying teams had extra hands. Most of them were required to do the cooking and camp chores themselves, each taking a turn. The main cooking task was baking bread. This was done by spreading a blanket on the ground. Flour was poured on it and a hollow in the flour was filled with grease. Salt and soda dissolved in warm water were added and the flour stirred to a proper consistency and then kneaded. The loaves were baked in frying pans.

Dried beans, rice and salt pork were the staple foods, with onions, potatoes, dried fruit, tea and coffee added. Game fish and wild game enriched this plain diet.

Indians and prairie fires were not the only dangers these surveyors faced. In neighborhoods where many settled and lived, the survey would sometimes take a part of a farm away from one settler and give it to another, or it happened water was taken from one farm, the fight usually ended in gun fire and the surveyors were often the ones blamed. Of this group of ten young easterners, three died before that summer was over. Carl Mimmon of New Haven died from a violent form of dysentary, which was one of the dangerous diseases on the plains.

John Highman and Fred Symthe, both of Providence, R. I. were killed when Indians attacked the party in August, near the Powder River country. The other members of the party escaped but lost all supplies and horses.

Highman and Symthe were only two of the hundreds of unsung heros that died on the prairies as surveyors. It was the most dangerous of all occupations in the old West and one you have read the least about.

RW

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MANDANS, VIKING DESCENDANTS

(Continued from Page 32)

sagas can be summarized as follows:

In 986 A.D. one Bjarni Herjolfsson sailed from a Viking colony in Iceland, but instead of reaching Greenland as he intended, was blown far south of his course and ended up probably in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He worked his ship northward along the vast and varied shoreline of North America and finally got to Greenland. Bjarni never went back to the new land, but fifteen years later Leif Eiriksson bought a ship from Bjarni for the purpose of going to have a look at the shores the older explorer often spoke of. Thirty-five men went with Leif. First they came to a rocky, glacial shore which he called Helluland ("Stony-land," our Baffin Land), then sailing farther south they saw low forested land and Leif called that Markland ("Forestland," which we call Newfoundland). Still farther south they sailed into a strait and then a river, beautifully wooded, and there they spent the winter. Vines with ripe grapes grew on that shore, so Leif called the place Vinland ("Windland," probably Quebec on the St. Lawrence River). They built shelters but apparently saw no natives, and in the spring returned to Greenland.

In the year 1004 Leif's brother Thorvald Eiriksson sailed to Vinland with thirty men and spent two winters at Leif's old camp. They explored extensively and for the first time came upon some natives, but the encounter led to fighting and Thorvald was killed. In the next few years other expeditions set out for Vinland. One, led by an Icelander, Thorfinn Karlsefni, had three ships and 160 men with their women and cattle. Their colony was not a success but they did trade with the natives, exchanging red cloth and cow's milk for the Indians' furs. They called the natives Skraelingar. But, inevitably, fighting broke out -- the Vikings could never get along with anybody -- and that colony too was a failure.

But Viking longships with their great square sails of bright red or broad-striped red and blue still coasted North America. There must, of course, have been many exploring and colonizing parties other than the few recorded in the Viking sagas and it is more than likely that some of them lasted more than a season or two and had more intimate and less violent relations with the Indian natives. The map found by the Yale scholars was made in 1440, over 400 years after Leif Eiriksson's first explorations, and the very fact that Vinland is on it implies that the place was well known, probably from colonizing ventures of then-recent memory. The only colonizers appear to have been Vikings.

And, possibly, not all the colonists returned to Greenland or Iceland or Norway. There are tales of lost colonies, and others of battles among colonists after which some wandered away never to be seen or heard of again, never to return to the old world. It seems entirely possible that these defeated Scandinavians had learned their lesson and joined the Indians rather than trying to fight them. They found they could live, breed and later migrate west with them.

If it is true that some of these Viking colonists joined the Indians, and the tribe they joined later became known as the Mandans, the next step in making the connection would be to show remnants of Norse customs and traits in the Mandan way of life. Unhappily, the Mandans are no more and their way of life is gone, except in descriptions of 18th and 19th century travelers who visited them. The Mandans were different enough from other Indians to draw particular attention from all such travelers.

Of all Plains tribes, they were noticeably the fairest-skinned and many were remarkable, as has been noted, for their light hair and eyes. Anthropologically speaking, they are not very different

The Mandan earth lodges were remarkably similar to the type of house built by the Scandanavians of the Viking Age.

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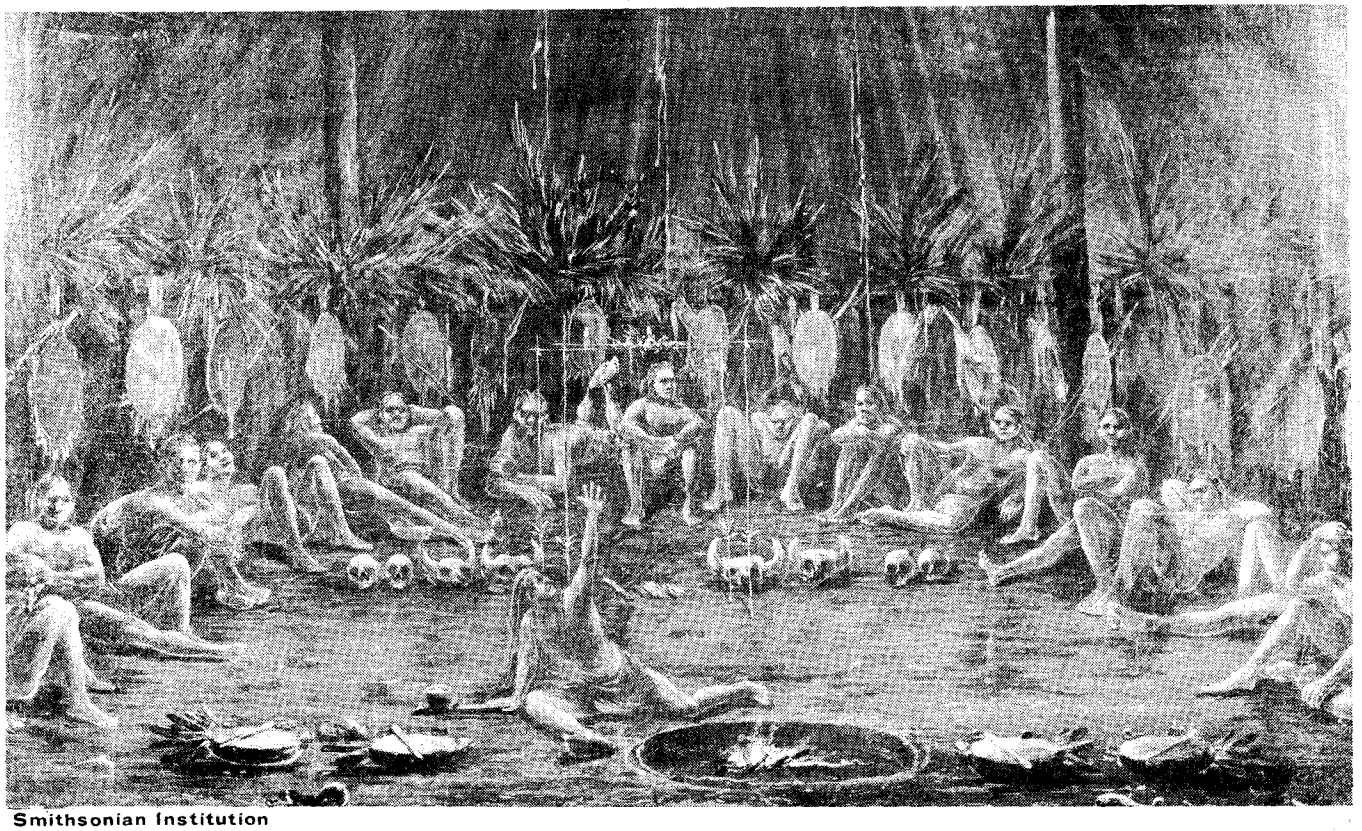

Smithsonian Institution

Catlin was allowed to make this painting inside a Mandan mystery lodge during a religious ceremony.

from other Indians, but outwardly they appear to be so.

"So forcibly have I been struck with the peculiar ease and elegance of these people," wrote artist George Catlin in the 1830's, "together with the diversity of complications and various colors of their hair and eyes, and their unaccountable customs, that I am fully convinced that they have sprung from some other origin than that of other North American Indians, or that they are an amalgam of natives with some civilized race... There are a great many of these people whose complexions appear as light as half breeds; and among the women there are many whose skins are almost white, with the most pleasant symmetry of features; with hazel, gray and blue eyes...there may be seen every color of hair that can be seen in our country, with the exception of red and auburn...and in some instances almost white. About one in ten of the whole tribe are what the French call cheveux gris or gray-hairs."

Other than physical traits which suggest the Mandans may have had a Viking background, it is curious to find that they resemble each other most as a people in the way they built their houses. The great Mandan earth lodge was one of the most distinctive of all Indian dwellings. How it developed no one can say for sure, but it is not only a highly complex and beautifully organized dwelling house but also remarkably similar to the type of house most commonly built by Scandinavians of the Viking Age.

Wherever possible, the Vikings built their houses of timber, as one would expect in well-forested Scandinavia. Larger buildings were constructed of stones or turf. But whenever timber or stone houses were not practical, the much easier and more common wattle-and-daub technique was used. That is to say, a structure of sticks or branches overlaid with thatch of grass or rushes and then earth. This construction implies a small, hut-like house, but the difficulty of size was overcome by both the Vikings and the Mandans with the use of freestanding center posts to support a large dome-like house with no windows, large enough to shelter both a human family and its domestic animals. Materials utilized by the Mandans were willow and cottonwood braches, grass from the prairie or rushes from the edge of the Missouri, and earth.

Artist Catlin wrote: "There are several hundred dwellings and they are purely unique... The living, in everything, carry an air of intractable wildness about them, and the dead are not buried but dried upon scaffolds. On the tops of the lodges are to be seen groups standing and reclining, whose picturesque appearances it would be difficult to describe..."

No Viking houses remain, only foundations which show the ground plan and shape, so no one knows whether they were actually domed like a Mandan earth lodge. But the foundations show them to be approximately oval, perhaps, archeologists think, in simulation of their ships but with the pointed ends cut off. Mandan houses were round, like the bull boats they used on the Missouri River.

The Mandan towns, heavily palisaded and strategically placed for defense, are strikingly similar in plan to Viking towns and camps. The town of Hedeby in Denmark was guarded on three sides by a high semi-circular earthen rampart and on the fourth by a protected waterway; the Viking army fortress-camp at Trelleborg was completely circled by an earth wall which made it easily defensible. The walls, like the log palisade of a Mandan town, make a perfect circle. The Mandans found this technique of defense useful against the Sioux and other enemies, and they taught it, along with earth lodge building, to their neighbors. The Aricara, for example, learned to build a palisaded earth lodge town, and it will be remembered how impregnable it was to the combined forces of the Sioux and Leavenworth's guns in their famous (and disastrous) Aricara Campaign of 1823.

Any scoffer can easily point out that these resemblances between the Mandans and the Norsemen appear to be superficial. Any dark-featured people, they may say, can produce some fair-skinned, light-haired individuals. Any Indians might have learned how to build huge earth lodges with the

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Mandans horseracing outside their village, as sketched by Catlin.

materials at hand, and palisade their towns for protection against enemies. Many Indians developed a settled farming-hunting type of culture, with fine handicrafts and elaborate religious rituals.

And we may just as easily answer: Why then was the Mandan culture more highly developed at an earlier period? Why were the Mandans the first to build intricate and elaborate earth lodge dwellings? Why were they the first Plains Indians to use defensive walls? Why was it the Mandans had more light-skinned people with brown, red or blonde hair and blue eyes?

There are still other resemblances not mentioned, for example the trading abilities of both peoples --Scandinavians have always been great nations of tradesmen and the Mandans were the most skilled traders of the Plains, as indicated by their early (17th century) acquisition of iron, guns and horses. Where did the Mandans acquire such a skill?

But there is no point in stacking up a further list of similarities. It's unlikely that the relationships between Mandan and Viking can ever be proved without doubt.

"In taking this final leave of them," Catlin wrote in a final summary of his opinion of the Mandans, "which will be done with decided feelings of regret, I shall look back upon them and their curious modes with no small degree of pleasure; inasmuch as their hospitality and friendly treatments have fully corroborated my fixed belief that the North American Indian in his primitive state is a high-minded, hospitable and honorable being."

The Mandan Nation was destroyed by the white man's smallpox in 1837. All the river tribes, and most on the Plains, were badly hit in the epidemic, but the Mandans were the hardest hit of all. The handful of survivors soon moved away, the earth lodge towns fell into decay and the Mandan life ways vanished.

Still, the idea of white Indians intrigues us. It's going to tease us for a long time to come, this question of whether the forefathers of that mysterious and magnificent lost tribe we call the Mandans were fighting Viking sailors, the first European discoverers and settlers of North America.

Curiously -- is it the irony of Providence? -- the Mandan country is that part of the United States most settled by immigrants from Scandinavia in the 1880s and '90s. Most of the original modern settlers of the North Dakota wheat lands came from Norway, home of those Vikings who came to North America long before them.

RW

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DENVER'S MILLIONAIRE SLAVE

(Continued from Page 16)

White Bone was so impressed by this strange discovery that he displayed Ford in three other Cheyenne villages. "He was a man of compassion and influence," Ford recounted. "in the last village a youthful warrior advanced upon me with a blade. White Bone restrained him whereupon began an intemperate harangue. I interpreted the warrior's gesticulations to mean that he did not intend to kill me but that he wished to use the blade to ascertain if my blood was the color of my skin. I beckoned him for the blade and, receiving it, inserted the point into my forearm. The Indian seemed astonished that the blood was not black."

White Bone released Ford after this demonstration, giving him back his horse, pack mules and gear. The indomitable ex-slave waved farewell and resumed the journey to his strike near Breckenridge.

The week after his return to Denver he began construction at Sixteenth and Blake Streets of the four story Inter-Ocean Hotel, a curious name for an edifice 1200 miles from the nearest ocean. Featuring such back-East conveniences as a bathroom with pull-chain commodes at the end of each corridor, this swank establishment (which is still in use) lured the carriage trade.

Ford and his family--there were now two children, Louis and Sarah Elizabeth--occupied a suite on the fourth floor. But after another daughter (Frances) was born Ford decided the family needed a house. He built one of Denver's costliest homes at Champa and E Streets.

By this time his income--according to memoirs of Denver financier William A.H. Loveland (archives Colorado Historical Society)--was the eleventh largest in Denver. When one considers that this city was the residence of men who had made millions in mining this was an impressive statistic; clearly the ex-slave had come a long way.

This was the era of the Civil War and a steady, though not large, stream of fugitive slaves--taking advantage of the chaos--trickled into Denver. These people, bewildered by their new environment, looked upon Ford as their leader and spokesman.

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He accepted this responsibility with diligence and on March 11, 1864 when the Territorial Legislature extended the vote to "every male person of the age of 21 years or upward not being a Negro or mulatto," Ford was infuriated.

A few weeks later a movement to gain statehood for Colorado was launched by the Territorial Legislature. Gov. John Evans and mining magnate Jerome B. Chaffee were appointed to be U.S. Senators if the movement succeeded. Then the legislators drafted a constitution for the proposed new state. It denied the vote to 'non-Caucasians'.

Determined to make incorporation of the Negro disenfranchisement grounds for denying statehood, Ford went to Washington and prevailed upon the Abolitionist politicians whose acquaintances he had made during his affiliation with the Chicago underground--among them, influential Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts.

Because of the efforts of these powerful men President Johnson vetoed statehood for Colorado.

Later an attempt was made to impeach Johnson. It failed by one vote. If Colorado had become a state, Evans and Chaffee--both of the faction urging impeachment would have voted for impeachment. Johnson would have been thrown out and the United States would have had a new president. Thus if Ford had not opposed Colorado's statehood American history would have been changed.

As a consequence, Ford was looked upon as a man to be courted. The statehood maneuvers, though, had made enemies--among them Jerome Chaffee, whose ambition for the U.S. Senate Ford had frustrated. Embittered, Chaffee began to refer to Ford as the 'Baron of Colorado.' Soon friends as well as foes applied this exalted title to the ex-slave.

But an incident six weeks after the impeachment proceedings revealed that not everyone in Colorado appreciated its most influential citizen. Ford and five other men, including pompous St. Louis drummer Edward Hammond were passengers in the Georgetown-Denver stage. Three miles east of Idaho Springs a dingler (stage robber) named Art Pinney and three other hardcores rode out of the forest which flanked the trail.

Pinney forced the passengers to line up beside the stage. Then, .44 in hand, he went to Hammond, who was first. "Drop your poke and watch and rings in Poncho's hat," Pinney said, indicating the outlaw who trailed him.

"Yes, sir!" Hammond squeaked.

Ford was next. Pinney said, nodding toward Hammond, "Is your boss holding anything out on me?"

"No, suh! He done give you everything, mistah bad man," Ford drawled in the accent of a deep-south Negro.

Several minutes later Pinney and his men leaped onto their horses and rode away. "Damn you," Hammond said, turning to Ford. "You let that trash think you were my servant!"

"It was his idea," Ford said, removing a dollar cigar from his pocket and applying a match to it. "Now if you'd just been a Negro, too, think how much better off you'd have been."

Hammond's face became apoplectic. His month opened and closed as he tried to think of a cutting rejoinder. Failing, and trying hard to pretend he didn't hear the guffaws of the other passengers, he strode pompously as ever to the coach and climbed into it.

After the driver got underway Ford removed his money belt, and gave each of the others, including Hammond, five double-eagles ($20.00 gold coins). "This," he said, will enable you to purchase lodging and food until you can recoup."

FORD'S COMPLEXION, an asset during the robbery, got him into trouble soon after his return to Denver.

He went into the bar on the second floor of The Peoples' Restaurant and ordered his favorite and invariable drink, whiskey and water. "Maybe you Yankee trash don't mind drinking with a darkie but, by God, I do!" an ex-Confederate major named Barringer said drunkenly. He began to pull the .44 from his holster.

"You sodden Reb," someone shouted, "Mr. Ford's got a right to drink here.....he owns the place!"

"You mean I've been drinking in a Negro's place?" Barringer said incredulously.

Assured that he had, Barringer suddenly went beserk. This precipitated one of the grisliest shoot-outs in the history of the Old West. When it was over seven men had been wounded. Barringer and three colleagues were dead. So was a lawyer named Frank Hanley and a patron who was never identified.

Blaming himself for failing to realize that embittered ex-Confederates were beginning to appear in Denver, Ford embarked on one commerical venture after another. If he kept busy he reasoned, he would not have time for social contacts and there would be no repetition of the Barringer tragedy.

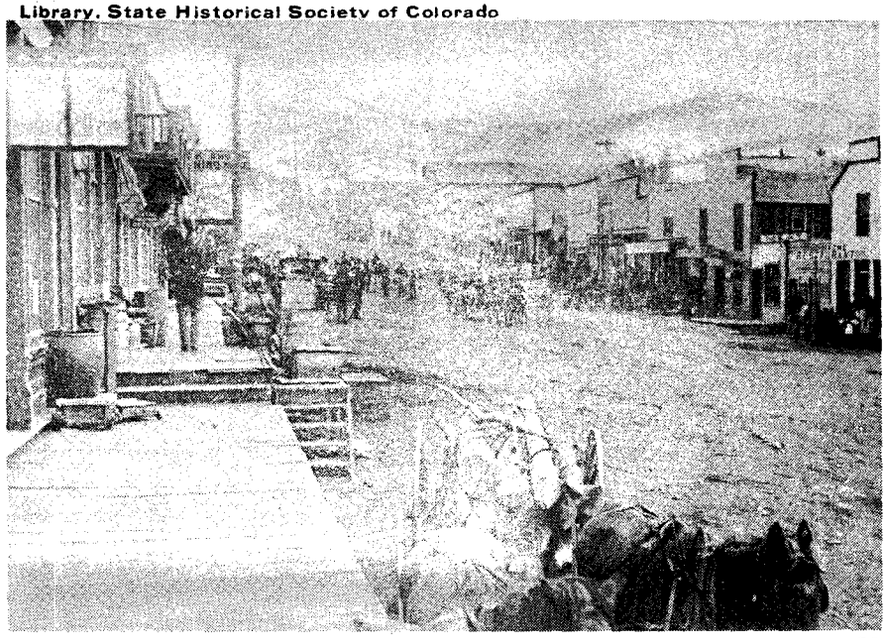
He organized the Dimes Savings Bank in collaboration with William N. Byers, Rocky Mountain News publisher, and Daniel W. Witter, brother-in-law of Schyler Colfax, vice-President of the United States.

The bank was barely in operation before he promoted a rail line from Cheyenne to Denver. Then he established a restaurant at 42 Blake Street, across the street from the railroad depot. The day the first train steamed into Denver the cafe--the only one in the vicinity--began to enjoy lucrative patronage.

Before the year was out Ford organized a mining corporation named

Cripple Creek, 1892, a town where Ford had many real estate holdings.

Library, State Historical Society of Colorado



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Oro which acquired legal claim to his gold strike near Breckenridge. He retained 17/32nds of the stock of this company and sold the rest to a New York syndicate for one million dollars.

Now wealthy beyond his most extravagant dreams he built a mansion at 1569 High Street in Denver's elite Capitol Hill district. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, campaigning for the presidency in 1868 was a guest in the house along with Generals Tecumseh Sherman and Philip Sheridan (who died five weeks later).

It would seem at this point in the former slave's incredible career that he had surmounted all the blights of his ignominous origin. But someone in Denver's Negro community learned about the stud farm.

Several days later two men and a woman, all in their midtwenties, went to Ford's office. "You're my father," the woman, whose name was Corabelle Jones, said. "You loved my mother when she was a slave on Tom Lindsay's plantation."

"You're my pappy, too," one of the men who had accompanied Corabelle said.

"And mine," Corabelle's other male companion said.

Then Ford, a generous man, did an indiscreet thing: He gave Corabelle and her friends each a thousand dollars. "Because you might be my children," he said.

They couldn't spread word of this bonanza fast enough. Soon myriads of Negroes claimed that Ford had sired them and they demanded money, some as much as $50,000, as their rightful due.

Ford realized that this could swiftly pyramid into economic disaster. He refused to pay and the claimants brought legal action.

Federal Circuit Judge William Bertley said, "No man could sire so many. A few I might have believed and perhaps some are his offspring. But since there is no way to establish the facts I am dismissing every claim."

This incident inspired a white woman named Cynthia Lund with a vicious scheme. She brought paternity charges against Ford, who was now middle-aged.

A mob broke into the courthouse during the trial and dragged Ford into Larimer Street. This outfit was comprised of Negro-baiters, ne'er-do-wells who despised anyone successful in any venture, and indolents who had come along for the excitement. "We're gonna learn you to go around lovin' a white woman," an unshaven lout named Billy Plumb said, dragging Ford onto the balcony of the McNair Inn. While Plumb tried to throw a rope onto the flagpole, which extended over the street, Ford pleaded with the mob. He was a man of dignity and these unsophisticated people were impressed. "I implore you...." he said, "Wait to see if her baby is black." (Author's Note: it wasn't).

Apparently this thought hadn't occurred to anyone. "By jingoes, that's what we better do!" a burley tobacco chewer said. Soon, in the impetuous way of mobs, everyone endorsed this delay.

After this harrowing escape Ford became more determined than ever to obtain the franchise for Colorado's Negroes. If Negroes were allowed to vote, he reasoned, they would retire the officials who had made no attempt to break up the mob which had almost lynched him.

He plunged deeply into politics. His first goal: To determine that men sympathetic to the Negro cause controlled both houses of the final Territorial Legislature. Second: To persuade these legislators to pass an equal suffrage law. Third: To request his former house guest, President Grant, to urge Congress to grant statehood to Colorado if the legislators passed the suffrage law.

He accomplished all objectives and Colorado went into the Union with every male over 21 priveleged to vote.

Ford, now more than ever the man behind the scenes, virtually handpicked the three Colorado presidential electors in the 1876 national election, instructing them to vote for Rutherford B. Hayes.

The election gave neither Hayes nor Samuel Tilden, his opponent, a majority but the Electoral College, by one vote, declared Hayes president.

If it hadn't been for the Ford men from Colorado, who cast their votes for Hayes, he would not have become President. Thus for the second time the incredible ex-slave had determined the President of the United States.

After this coup Denver's Social Register listed the name of Mrs. B. L. Ford--the first and last Negro recognized by this means.

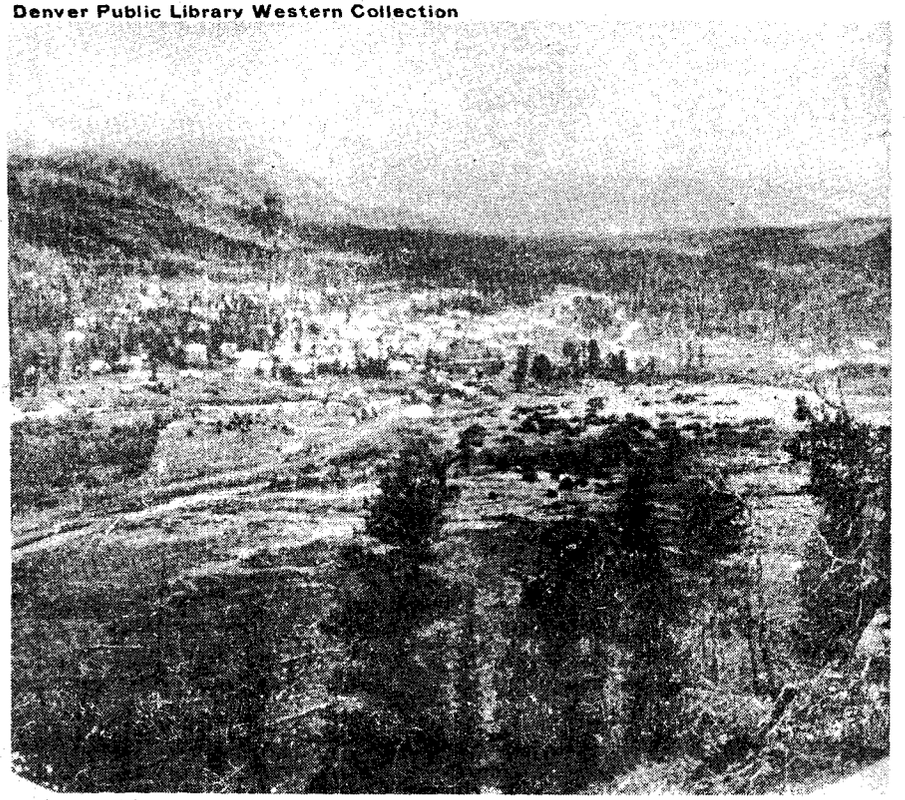
In 1913 Mrs. Ford died.

Ford suffered a stroke on the night of December 13, 1918. He died the next day in St. Joseph's hospital.

RW

Brechenridge. Fortunes were found in the town's surrounding hills.

Denver Public Library Western Collection



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FRONTIER ECHOES

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF TRUTH

Vol. 1 No. 4 REAL WEST FINAL

Caldwell Commercial
March 6, 1880

Track laying on the Santa Fe road between Wellington and Caldwell was resumed on Monday. The iron is being laid at the rate of a mile and a quarter per day, and if the weather continues fair, ten days from this our people will be gratified with the long-looked for sight of the locomotive.

Daily Conservative
March 8, 1868

Leavenworth City Omnibus Line. Omnibusses will be at the arrival of trains to convey passengers and baggage to the hotels, or any part of the city; and will call for passengers and baggage by leaving orders at either of the Railroad Ticket Offices, or Omnibus Office, in the Planter's House. Omnibusses always in readiness for parties and on reasonable terms. J.M. Terry, Af't K.S. Co.

Harper's Weekly
March 11, 1876

The trial of General O.E. Babcock, President Grant's private secretary, for conspiracy in the whisky frauds in the West, ended, on the 24th ult., in his prompt acquittal by the jury.

Harper's Weekly
March 11, 1876

Local newspapers published in the various towns of Colorado and Wyoming indicate that the Black Hills mining fever is raging high in that section of country, and appears to be affecting more or less the unemployed population of the whole West. Expeditions to the new land of gold are constantly being fitted out from St. Louis, Sedalia, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Cheyenne, Sioux City, St. Paul, etc. The mild winter has served to swell the throng of enthusiasts, to whom the idea that every man may dig out his own gold in dust and nuggets is a tempting gilded picture. Many of the Western papers fan the excitement by publishing statements purporting to be from successful miners who are taking out gold at a rapid rate.

The Union
March 13, 1862

This most unceremonious method of expressing one's disapprobation was perpetrated in this city last Monday night by a body of persons supposed to be soldiers. The Kansas Frontier newspaper establishment was broken in, and the most indiscriminate destruction dealt out to the contents. Such action was so unexpected, so sudden, and so admirably arranged by those engaged, that not a citizen dared interfere to protect the property or rights of those at stake.

The Liberator
March 17, 1854

Lectures on Woman's Rights. Mrs. C.I.H. Nichols, of Brattleboro, gave two lectures at the Meionaon in this city, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, of last week, on Woman's Rights. The first lecture was well attended, -- the second, owing doubtless to the very unpropitious weather, not so well. The lectures were highly interesting.

The second, especially, was a very clear and convincing argument to show the indisputable necessity that women should claim and obtain for herself the right to vote. This was supported by an array of facts which rendered the lecturer's position impregnable. The speaker's manner was natural and modest, and at the same time ernest and spirited. Some, who came only for curiosity to know what a woman would say, declared themselves perfectly convinced of woman's right to vote, and of the absolute necessity that she should enjoy that right. A strong wish was expressed by many that Mrs. Nichols would, at a not distant day, repeat her lectures in this city.

The Western Monitor
March 25, 1830

A man was found dead, by Mr. Fenamore, on Thursday the 18th ult. about 20 miles this side of Prarie du Chein supposed to have frozen to death. His name was Caleb Cook; a letter from his brother John Cook, dated Ohio, was found in his valise. He was about 25 or 27 years of age, and supposed to have perished ten days previous.

KANSAS PACIFIC HOMESTEAD 1878

WAGES IN KANSAS

Carpenters, per day	$2.50 to	$3.00
Bricklayers and Stone Masons, per day	3.00	3.50
Plasterers, per day	3.00	3.50
House Painters, per day	2.50	3.00
Blacksmiths, per day	2.50	3.00
Wagonmakers, per day	1.50	2.50
Harnessmakers, per day	1.50	3.00
Shoemakers, per day	1.50	2.00
Tailors, per day	2.00	3.00
Farm Laborers, per month, with board	15.00	20.00
Laborers, in cities and towns, per day		1.00
Clerks, per month	25.00	100.00
Printers, 25 to 35 cts. per 1000 ems; per day	1.50	2.50
Bookbinders, per day	2.00	2.50

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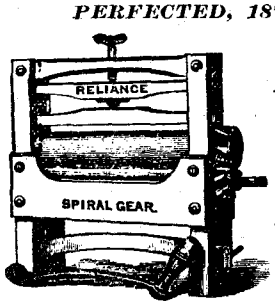

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BROKEN-HAND FITZPATRICK

(Continued from Page 13)

at the fort a week later. No trace of the ninth member of the party, Frank O'Brien, was ever found and it was assumed he had been killed by the Indians.

The discovery of South Pass by Fitzpatrick had a stunning effect on the fur business. The Missouri River was no longer all-important. South Pass was a grassy gateway to the Green River valley, and in this valley what was later to be known as Pierre's Hole, Colter's Hill, and the Three Forks of the Missouri on the North, while on the south there was Bear Lake, Cache Valley, Ogden's Hole, and the Great Salt Lake valley.

Ashley had representatives who met trappers at the different rendezvous. His base was at Henry's Fork on the Green River. Fitzpatrick was placed in charge. He had only forty-three men under him, but each man was an expert horseman and a crack-shot with the musket.

The next year Fitzpatrick made the base at Henry's Fork a regular rendezvous, and his men on horseback were instructed to lure the trappers and Indians there. They came in great numbers, loaded down with furs. Rival companies hastened to set up posts near the rendezvous and the competition for the trade was lusty and with no scruples.

It was in this year, 1826, that a musket in Fitzpatrick's left hand exploded at the breech and tore two fingers from his hand. Because of this accident the Indians dubbed him "Broken Hand, Chief of all Mountain Men." Fitzpatrick's reputation among the Indians as a warrior was so great that they dubbed him, "Broken Hand, the man you couldn't kill."

As Fitzpatrick knew the area from the Platte River to the mountains through his trapping expeditions, Ashley selected him to pioneer the route from the Platte River to the mountains, which he did, and twenty years later this same route became the Oregon Trail. Fitzpatrick had another honor added to his name. He was later called, "The Father of the Oregon Trail."

In 1827 Ashley had political ambitions so he sold his fur business to Jed Smith, Favis Jackson, and William Sublette. Ashley's partner, Andrew Henry, had withdrawn from the business several years before. The Jed Smith outfit was not a success and in 1829 Smith, Jackson, and Sublette sold their interests to Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette, Jim Bridger, Henry Fraeb, and Jean Baptiste Gervais. They were known as the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

Of this company, Chuttenden wrote, "The history of this company during the four years of its existence is difficult to trace. It carried on a wild and roaring trade, and its numerous bands of trappers overspread the entire mountain region...Fitzpatrick, Bridger, and Sublette, with a party of two hundred men moved north through the Bighorn basin, crossed the Yellowstone River, and continued in a northwesterly direction until they reached the Missouri River in the vicinity of the Great Falls. Turning south they ascended the Missouri to the Three Forks, and then followed the Jefferson Fort to the Divide. The expedition was a success, and a large quantity of furs were taken, while the formidable appearance of the party kept the Blackfeet from attacking.

Fitzpatrick's ruthless tactics as a trader were demonstrated when they got to Ogden's Hole on the northeast shore of the Great Salt Lake. Peter Skeen Ogden, a Hudson Bay Company trader, was there with his trappers, who had a large pack of pelts. Hudson Bay didn't allow liquor at any post or with their men. Fitzpatrick wasn't bothered with any such rule. He got Ogden's trappers roaring drunk and got all their pelts for practically nothing.

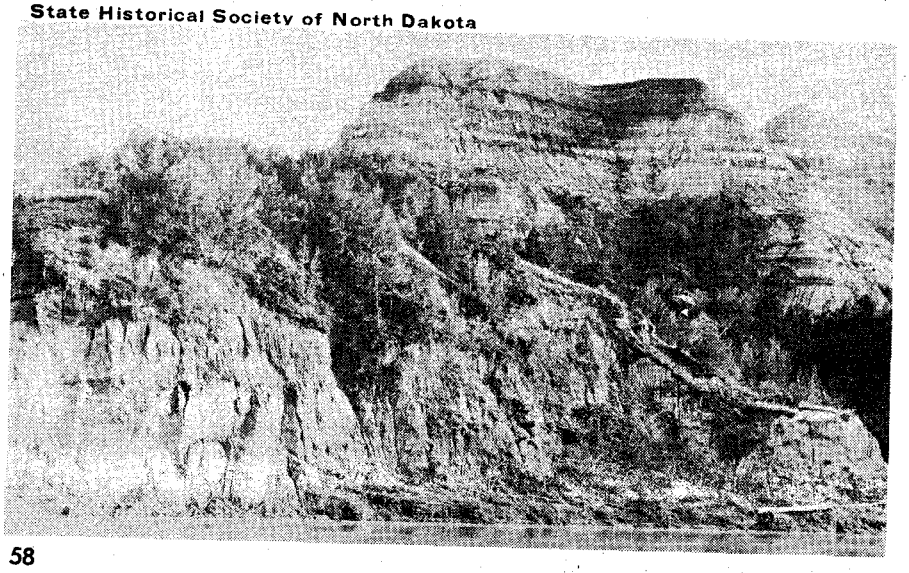
It was the next year when Fitzpatrick was hurrying to contact his supply train that he rode into that death trap in the narrow valley and made his miraculous escape from the Blackfeet.

Fitzpatrick got a taste of his own tactics in 1833 when he and his supply train was robbed of a large amount of pelts and property by the Crow Indians. Fitzpatrick knew that the Indians had been hired to do that by the American Fur Company. In all probability he would have done the same thing under the same circum-

Library of Congress

Above: At Fort Utah, Fitzpatrick refused to pay for supplies his partner ordered. Below: Headwaters of the Missouri he tried to reach.

State Historical Society of North Dakota



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stances, but he got raging mad at the loss of his property and wrote Ashley, who now was a congressman, that unless something was done about the unscrupulous tactics used by the traders, the Indians in their disgust would all become hostile to the white man.

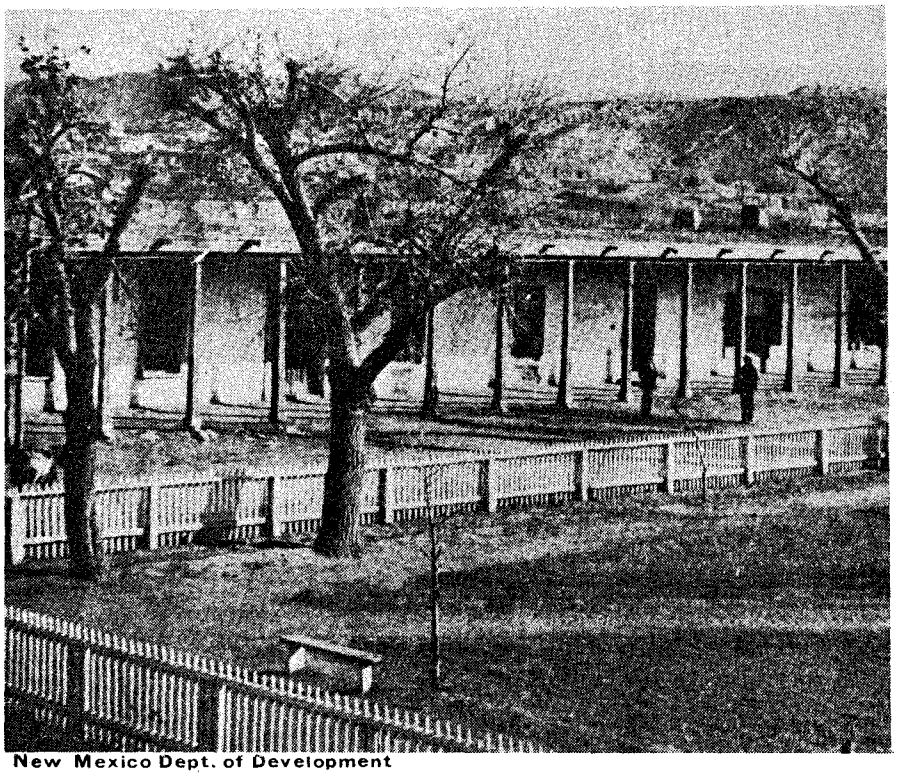
Nothing was done to change the situation, and certainly Fitzpatrick showed no change of heart. When his partner, Milton Sublette, contracted for several thousand dollars in goods from Nathaniel J. Wyeth, Fitzpatrick refused to accept or pay for the goods. This prompted Wyeth to make his famous remark: "Very well, gentlemen, I will roll a stone in your garden." This stone was Fort Utah built by Wyeth in Utah, which proved to be a thorn in the side of Fitzpatrick's company and when the Hudson Bay Company bought it, it almost ran Fitzpatrick and his partners out of business.

But by the mid 1830's the fur trade was struggling along on its last days. The beaver had thinned out and settlers were coming across the plains. Fitzpatrick went to Independence to buy new supplies and there me Jedediah Smith, David Jackson, and Milton Sublette. It was arranged for Fitzpatrick to accompany them to Santa Fe.

To Jedediah Smith the Santa Fe trail was an old story, but this was the last trip he was ever to take over that or any other trail. They took the deadly short-cut between the Arkansas and the Cimarron and ran out of water. Fitzpatrick and Smith went in search of some. Fitzpatrick saw Smith go over a ridge and that was the last any white man saw of this famous mountain man. Later it was learned that the Comanches had killed him.

In Santa Fe, Fitzpatrick met the young Kit Carson and signed him up as a trapper. But by 1841 the fur trade was completely dead. Fitzpatrick and the other mountain men turned to acting as guides for wagon trains and parties going West. In 1841 Fitzpatrick guided the Bidwell-Bartelson pioneer train west, and in 1842 he guided Father De Smet to Oregon. He was guide to Fremont's second expedition and during the Mexican War served as a scout for General Kearney.

His greatest achievement came in 1846. On October 14th of that year Fitzpatrick rode up to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River to learn that in April of that year he had been appointed Indian agent for the Cheyennes, Arapahos, and some Sioux.



New Mexico Dept. of Development

These are some of the old traders' stalls used by "Broken-Hand" and his companions. Here, not only money and goods was exchanged, but harrowing tales of escapes from Indians, grizzlies, death.

In charge of Indians, his character underwent a complete change. Bernard De Voto, the historian, said that it was like, "turning black into white."

The ruthlessness and often dishonesty with which he treated his competitors in the fur trade disappeared completely in his relations with the Indians. He was honest in all his dealings with them. He worked tirelessly for a council of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Sioux, which finally took place in 1851 at Fort Laramie and a fair treaty was signed by the Indians and the United States Government.

What aided Fitzpatrick greatly in his dealings with the Indians was his marriage in 1849, when he was 51, to a teen-age, half-Indian girl, daughter of John Poisal, a trader, and an Arapaho woman. Fair as the treaty was, and the honesty with which the Indians kept their bargain, the United States Government as represented by the Indian agent and officials stole from the Indians and broke every promise made to them.

In 1853 Thomas Fitzpatrick made a swing through the Indian country and he wrote, "They are in abject want of food half the year....the travel of the settlers on the roads drives the buffalo off or else confines them to a narrow path during the period of emigration...The women are pinched with hunger and the children constantly cry from hunger....."

In 1854 after an extended tour of Indian agencies throughout the West, he became sick in Washington, D.C. and died. David Lavender wrote, "He was buried in an unmarked grave in the Congressional cemetery - an unfitting end for one of the best men the mountains produced..."

RW

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THE U.S. CAVALRY

(Continued from Page 40)

rifle fire. They broke around the men and wagons like a dirty brown river at flood tide boiling against an island.

Ammunition carriers raced from the wagons with more loaded rifles and ammunition. The dust was blinding, choking. The roar of hoofs deafening. Even after the first minutes of success most of the troopers were convinced they were doomed. Grudgingly the thin blue "V" was forced back as the thousands of buffalo charged on. Finally, like a ship riding out a hurricane, the troopers could feel the storm abating. The dust thinned. The thunderous din lessened. Older bulls and cows straggled behind the main herd. Thirty minutes after the battle began Sturgis gave the command to cease firing. The dazed and stunned dismounted cavalrymen, completely covered with a white dust, viewed the battle ground, now littered with dead buffalo and wounded animals trying to follow the herd. The troops mercifully finished off the wounded buffalo. They cut up and stowed away a full supply of meat. Captain Sturgis returned the command to Major Sedgwick and the four troops of the 1st cavalry regiment moved on to fight another day.

Some 300 miles due north, along the Platte river, a small cavalry patrol headed by Captain J. M. McIntosh trotted easily through the greening prairieland of Nebraska territory. Near the end of an uneventful day, the cavalrymen headed for a tree-sheltered ravine. On a routine patrol with his sixteen men, the captain's instructions were to observe and report on any Indian activity. The troopers looked forward to making camp after more than 12 hours in the saddle. Overtired and lax, none of them interpreted the whinnying of their horses as anything more than a sign of the animals' being anxious for their evening feed, rest and fresh water.

As they approached the ravine a faint whisper, like the swish of a silk dress or the flutter of a pheasant's wings greeted them. An arrow sliced through the air. Its razor sharp head tunneled into the throat of 19-year old trooper Martin Lynch. He slipped silently from his horse bathing himself and his saddle in his blood and quietly died. Trooper George Cade spilled from his saddle and died as an arrow knifed into his chest.

Without ever seeing their enemy in the brief skirmish, the cavalry patrol's casualty report read:

George C. McEawen--rifle wound through arm and chest (dangerous).

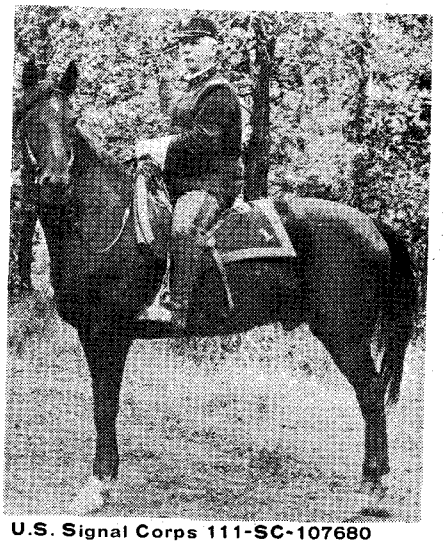
Franz Piot--arrow wound entirely through chest (dangerous).

Francis T. Freer--arrow wound deep in hip.

Alexander Wilkey--arrow wound in face, slight.

This was the life of the Indian fighting cavalryman. His role on the American frontier lasted roughly from the days when the 2nd dragoons slogged through the swamps of the Florida everglades in the Seminole campaigns of the 1840's until a half century later when the 7th cavalry regiment ended the Indian wars by slaughtering 300 Indians at the Battle of Wounded Knee in 1890.

During that half century the horse soldier faced death from disease, arrows, firearms, stampedes, horse injuries and a dozen other violent modes of termination for $8 a month. In Civil War years, when it was popular to march off with your regiment to save the Union, the private's pay was raised to $16 a month. After the war an economy-minded government reduced the pay to $13 a month and cavalrymen by the hundreds deserted their posts along the Western frontier.



U.S. Signal Corps 111-SC-107680

1st Cavalry Colonel in field uniform.

Cavalry life was equally demanding on the trooper's horse. In the Sioux campaign of 1876 one cavalry brigade lost 600 horses. The 7th cavalry regiment lost more than 300 horses in the same campaign.

During the post Civil War years, when the frontier was in chaos from marauding Indian tribes, barely 12,000 cavalrymen were stretched in a parchment-thin blue line from the Canadian to Mexican boarders, trying to bring order to some three million square miles of Indian territory. General Sheridan claimed he needed at least 100,000 horse soldiers to patrol the vast Indian lands.

Poorly educated, except for the West Point officer corps, the cavalryman was usually an immigrant German or Irishman. His basic philosophy was similar to that of the French Foreign Legion: "I know no country but the cavalry. The cavalry is my motherland." They understood little of the broad issues at stake. Often caught between the red tape of a distant Army headquarters, the Indian Commission, the Indians themselves and cattlemen and settlers, the cavalryman performed his job and if he survived often signed up for two or three more hitches.

Frustrated on one hand by the Indian Commission whose philosophy was to pacify the Indian by teaching him to raise crops, and by the Army's own instructions to use all conciliatory methods possible before using force, one cavalry officer grumbled, "Those Cheyennes don't want to raise corn

One of the few all-Indian troops in the Cavalry performs saber exercises.

U.S. Signal Corps 111-SC-104128

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and potatoes; they want to raise hell and hair."

One vexed cavalryman, Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, a veteran of service in the Mexican war, knew how to combat both the Washington red tape as well as the wiliness of the Indians. Operating under orders prohibiting the cavalry from firing the first shot against the Indians, Sumner spotted a raiding party of Cheyennes on a distant ridge. He ordered one of his friendly Indian scouts to ride ahead and fire at the Cheyennes. His bugler then sounded the charge. After the battle he wryly commented to his aide, Lieutenant David Stanley, "Bear witness, Lieutenant Stanley, that an Indian fired the first shot." In his official report to the Department of the Army in Washington, Sumner pointed out that the Indians had fired first. He merely left out some unessential details about which side the Indians were on who fired the first shot.

Arrayed against the U.S. Army horse soldiers were the finest light cavalry units in the world. For the Indians, especially the Comanches whose love of their horses matched that of their own children, mastered the quick surprise attack against the slower cavalry troops. The Comanches of Texas were considered the most dangerous of the tribes. Expert horsemen, they carried thick rawhide shields capable of deflecting bullets. They capitalized on the Army regulations that had cavalry horses loaded with nearly 100 pounds of equipment plus the trooper himself. Although the Army paid a relatively high price for its horses, $125 a piece, they discovered that their soft, grain-fed horses were no match for the hardier, swift Indian ponies unencumbered with sabers, blanket rolls, and heavy tack. The Indian horses were more enduring, faster and lived solely on the grasses of the plains. The swiftness of the Indian pony was a constant source of irritation to the cavalry. A cavalry lieutenant and his troop newly assigned to Indian fighting duty spotted a party of 40 braves a mile ahead of their column. Spurring their horses the cavalrymen chased the war party and after an eight-mile chase were further away from the Indians than when they had started. "This demonstrates beyond a doubt that our horses after marching a thousand miles over a country for the most part a desert cannot compete with the fresh and fat horses of the Indians," the lieutenant complained in his report back to headquarters.

Through hard-learned lessons the cavalry finally issued orders to its recruiting offices in the East that it wanted its recruits to weigh no more than 165 pounds, preferably only 135 to 150 pounds so that their mounts would be more evenly matched with those of the Indians.

The mounted units of the United States were originally designated as either companies of mounted riflemen or companies of dragoons. Finally all of the Army's mounted units were officially designated with the term "cavalry" at the beginning of the Civil War.

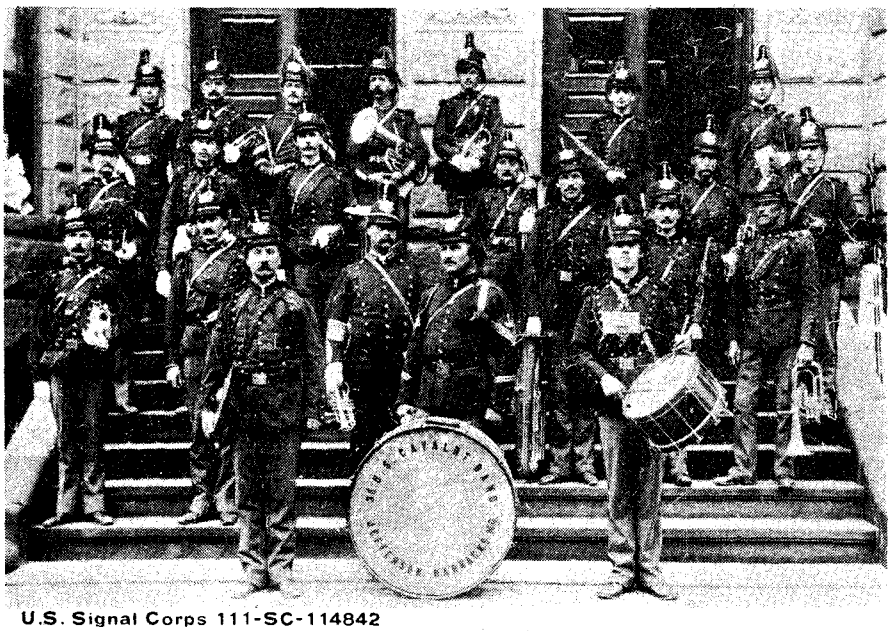
The U.S. cavalry units were always light cavalry formations, as compared to some of the heavy cavalry units which formed part of European armies. At one time the Army attempted to form light lancer units but the American horseman seemed to show little aptitude for this weapon. Briefly, even a camel corps was attempted shortly before the Civil War. But probably because of the strong-minded Irishmen who formed the backbone of the cavalry and would have nothing to do with the "Infidel's form of transportation," the camel corps failed.

The farther one moved from the frontier, the more sympathy was generated for the Red man and the more frequent were the newspaper attacks on the cavalry as being made up of heartless and brutal mercenaries. Besides fighting the Indians the cavalry was burdened with such unpleasant chores as supervising frontier elections, driving off cattlemen who deliberately and illegally let their cattle graze on Indian reservations, and stopping Indian Commission wagon trains sent into the reservations to supply firearms to the Indians for hunting purposes.

The irregular, guerrilla type of Indian cavalry easily traveled from 40 to 60 miles a day with their scouts screening the main body from 10 to 20 miles in every direction, making surprise attack by the cumbersome Federal cavalry almost impossible. The most successful of the Indian fighters, such as General George Crook who fought virtually every Indian tribe in the West, adopted the informal and irregular fighting style of the Indian. His troopers dressed in whatever was comfortable and discarded most of the official Army equipment when mounted. Crook followed the basic tenet of "no red tape when Indian fighting."

The most savage of the Indian tribes were the Apaches. Cunning, bitter and mean fighters, they fought more as mounted infantry than as cavalry. Across the bleached mesas and sun-baked deserts of the Southwest the cavalryman quickly learned that when in battle with the Apache there was no surrender. He must fight until only one survived--the trooper or the brave. For, while the prisoner's life would be a short one, it would be one of indescribable torture.

Oddly enough it was during the 1880's that a small mirror-like device introduced by the cavalry was credited with a major role in bringing the Apache nation to its knees. General Nelson A. Miles, who commanded several cavalry regiments at Fort Huachuca and Fort Apache in the heart of the Indian territory, introduced to his troopers the heliograph. This



U.S. Signal Corps 111-SC-114842

Every Cavalry post, no matter how desolate or distant, had a regimental band.

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was a portable mounted mirror, capable of sending Morse code signals for 50 miles or more by reflecting sun beams.

The Apaches, realizing how the cavalry had to dissipate its strength by spreading its columns across the territory to try to surround the elusive Indian bands, were totally mystified at the bits of flashing light coming from various distances. It wasn't until after their final surrender that they discovered how Miles' cavalry units co-ordinated their attack and surrounded the Indians through communicating those relatively great distances.

With the closing of the nation's frontier, cavalry posts with such nostalgic names as Fort Apache, Fort Yuma and Fort Reno as well as a hundred others ranging from the small 60-to-70-trooper outposts to the large 700-man forts faded from the headlines of newspapers to the pages of history books.

As a network of railroads spanned the nation, as stockaded forts burgeoned into thriving cities, as teeming herds of buffalo melted from the prairies, and as the proud warrior nations retreated docilely to their reservations ending a half century of Indian wars, the vital role of the horse and horse soldier in the nation's development came to an end.

Their regimental flags and troop pennants furled, their drum rolls silent, and their plaintive bugle calls no longer cutting across the Great Plains nor sounding "boots and saddles" over desert outposts, each trooper and his mount have long since taken that last, long and lonely march to their well earned Valhalla.

RW

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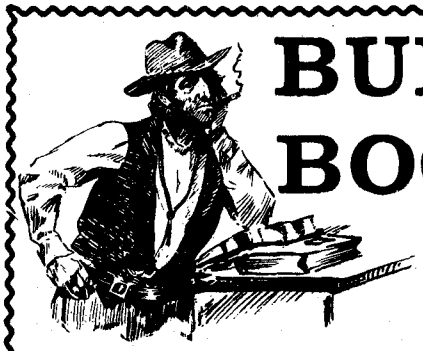

BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE FRONTIER WEST
by Ralph W. Andrews
Superior Publishing Company, Seattle
182 pages - $12.95

If one picture is worth a thousand words then this book is worth a million words for it is filled with numerous photos of the early frontier, selected works from the outstanding pioneer photographers -- Frank Nowell, Arnold Genthe, Darius Kinsey, Edward S. Curtis, A. W. Ericson, Thomas M. McKee, Henry G. Peabody and Lee Passmore. Author Ralph Andrews brings out rare pictures by men who were as daring as any rugged adventurers of the wild West. Instead of guns, they carried clumsy cameras and heavy collodion coated glass plates. But they scaled mountains, explored the unknown and battled the elements and dangers to record the unique scenes of a rough and changing period in America. The fascinating scenes include the Mesa Verde Ruins; Alaskan, Plains, West Coast Indians; Grand Canyon; San Francisco earthquake; logging in the Northwest; old time ships; and many other subjects, all accompanied by interesting text. But words can't describe this book. Buy a copy and get the big picture.

THE WHITE PATH
by W.E.S. Folsom-Dickerson
Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas
148 pages - $3.95

"Thus I lived and wrote of the unique Alabama-Koasati Indians," says the author in his preface to this unusual book. This tribe was the only one that was not driven out of Texas. In fact, they lived in peace with the white man for four centuries. Though Christain, they did not lose their beliefs in tribal medicine and ceremonies. They are the only Indians living as a nation within the borders of Texas. The University of Texas instituted a study of their customs and background to see how the tribe had been affected by the American environment. The author, with his wife and children, moved in with the Indians and became a part of their lives. His book records every aspect of their culture -- religion, language, marriage, government -- in a readable and often humorous style.

MY LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS AND ON THE PLAINS
by David Meriwether
Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman
301 pages - $5.95

Seldom have mountain men or plainsmen kept records of their personal lives or set them down in detailed autobiographies. This fact makes the story of David Meriwether's life that much more enjoyable and appreciated. Besides providing interesting reading, this personal account now gives us a hitherto unknown picture of the frontiersman who became territorial governor of New Mexico after a thrilling career as trader, explorer, pioneer. Here, published for the first time, is the life of an extraordinary man who played an active role in the growth of an era. You'll read of his boyhood in frontier Kentucky, adventures on the trails, captivity by Mexicans, life among the Indians and a thousand daily occurrences that would make a fabulous hero in fiction and which, in truth, attests to the character and strength of the men who helped settle the rugged frontier.

THE GATHERING OF ZION
by Wallace Stegner
McGraw-Hill Book Comp. New York
331 pages - $6.95

An adventure of epic size, the Gathering of Zion is the story of the Mormon Trail, begun in religious bloodshed and marked with disease, hardship and sudden death. From Nauvoo Illinois to Salt Lake City the faithful began their orderly trek in 1846, walking, riding, pulling handcarts across the plains. Though death stalked them every mile of the way, wondrous signs convinced them they were headed for Zion, for heaven on Earth. Rivers froze over to permit safe passage, quail fell into their starving camps and the sick were suddenly healed. Regardless of the reader's religious beliefs he will thrill to the challenge of this amazing march. This was part of the Westward movement, a disciplined, determined movement that continued for twenty two years. It is actually an American success story and so much a part of old West history that it cannot be passed over by anyone seriously interested in the frontier years.

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INDIANS LOVED SPORTS

(Continued from Page 19)

with the success of an Indian race as his speed or the address of the rider. Great pains are, therefore, taken in training, and a pony thoroughly up in his tricks is highly prized.

The Indian is an arrant jockey, and understands all the tricks of professional horse-racing as well as any veteran of Jerome Park. He rarely comes in competition with whites, because his passion being for trick races, as those described, he dislikes to come down to a square and fair race over a straight track. Besides this, it is really exceedingly difficult to hit on a fair distance between the Indian and American horse. The start being always from a halt, the small, quick pony is almost sure to win it from one hundred to three hundred yards, while the long stride of the American horse is equally sure of carrying him in winner from six hundred yards to two miles. A mile or two is then doubtful, after which it is safe to back the endurance of the pony.

A BAND OF COMANCHES under Mu-la-que-top, once camped near Fort Chadbourne in Texas, and were frequent visitors and great nuisances as beggars at that post. Some of the officers were decidedly "horsey," several owning blooded horses, the relative speed of each being known, by repeated trials almost to a foot. Mu-la-que-top was bantered for a race, and, after several days of manoeuvring, a race was made against the third best horse of the garrison, distance four hundred yards.

The Indians bet robes and plunder of various kinds, to the value of sixty or seventy dollars, against flour, money, sugar, etc. to a like amount. At the appointed time all the Indians and most of the garrison were assembled at the track. The Indians "showed" a miserable sheep of a pony, with legs like churns; a three-inch coat of rough hair stuck out all over the body; and a general expression of neglect, helplessness, and patient suffering struck pity into the hearts of all beholders. The rider was a stalwart buck of one hundred and seventy pounds, looking big and strong enough to carry the poor beast on his shoulders. He was armed with a huge club, with which, after the word was given, he belabored the miserable animal from start to finish. To the astonishment of all the whites the Indian won by a neck.

Another race was proposed by the officers, and after much "dickering," accepted by the Indians, against the next best horse of the garrison. The bets were doubled; and in less than an hour the second race was run by the same pony, with the same apparent exertion and with exactly the same result.

The officers, thoroughly disgusted, proposed a third race, and brought to the ground a magnificent Kentucky mare, of the true Lexington blood, and known to beat the best of the others at least forty yards in four hundred. The Indians accepted the race, and not only doubled bets as before, but piled up everything they could raise, seemingly almost crazed with the excitement of their previous success. The riders mounted; the word was given. Throwing away his club, the Indian rider gave a whoop, at which the sheep-like pony pricked up his ears, and went away like the wind, almost two feet to the mare's one. The last fifty yards of the course was run by the pony with the rider sitting face to his tail, making hideous grimaces and beckoning to the rider of the mare to come on.

It afterwards transpired that the old sheep was a trick and straight race pony, celebrated among all the tribes of the south, and that Mu-la-que-top had only just returned from a visit to the Kickapoos, in the Indian nation, whom he had easily cleaned out of six hundred ponies.

In practising with bow and arrow, the Indian has a short loop of rawhide attached to the pommel of his saddle, which he passes over his head, and under his arm when he wishes

Jauelin throws had rough competition.

to throw himself on the side of his horse. This, with the leg holding the cantle, gives him firm support, and leaves both arms free. He can, however, use only the right side of the horse. In pistol-practice, the loop is not necessary, and needing only one hand with the weapon, he can shelter himself on either side, holding on to the pommel with the left hand.

With all his power of endurance, his life in the open air, and his constant and violent exercise, the Indian is not physically a powerful man. He has not the slightest knowledge of the use of his fists. A squaw man and Indian near this post, got into an altercation about the use of a horse. The white man finally struck the Indian with his fist. The latter, though apparently much the more powerful man, made no effort to return the blow, but went at once to the chief with a claim for damages. I have never heard of a fist-fight between Indians.

Even the old women amused themselves with games of chance.

North Dakota Historical Society

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The boys wrestle a good deal, but without rule or science, a mere scuffle. An average white man will "get away" with the strongest and most active Indian, either in a wrestling-match, or in a foot-race for short distances. In a race for miles the Indian endurance will win against any ordinary white man, but no Indian, in his natural condition, could compete with one of our trained "go-as-you-please" racers. Having no idea of the effect of training on horses and men, the Indians cannot be made to believe that a man can get over five hundred and fifty miles in six days.

All Indians swim, as it were by instinct, and evince great courage and skill in the passage of the Plains rivers, dangerous from their swift currents, and terrible from their treacherous quicksands.

Among the middle Plains tribes there are no games of ball, nor any approach to the games of white children, except the game of "tag" mentioned; but among the Nez Perces and other western tribes the women are extremely fond of a game of ball similar to our "shinny" or "hockey" and play with great spirit.

The women ride astride, mount on the right side, use the same saddle, and are almost as much at home on it as the men, though, not having the same constant drill, they cannot perform the same marvellous feats.

Where no one can commit a moral wrong, there would appear to be no opportunity for what we call scandal, yet every act, incident, accident or condition is common talk for the whole band, to be discussed broadly, and without reservation, by old and young, male and female. The broad caricatures of the tattle of a New England village are merely faint conceptions of the capabilities in this direction of an Indian encampment. Each band being scarcely more than one large family, every individual in it is interested in everything to such an extent, that it is scarcely too much to say that there is absolutely nothing secret.

All persons who have been much among Indians are astounded at the wonderful speed and accuracy of Indian rumors. Something occurs to-day; it is known to-morrow at distances that appear incredible. In September, 1880, an outbreak occured at Fort Reno, sixty miles from this post, (Cantonment, I. T.) The Indian scouts here knew and informed me of it before I heard of it by the telegraph line between the two posts. So, also, when Ouray was sick; his condition was known every day by us, though we were quite a hundred miles away, and the country between us exceedingly difficult.

In civilized communities, whether rightfully or not, old maids and widows have credit for the monopoly of the gossip and tattle. Among Indians it belongs to the old men; and from the appearance and qualities of the youngest colt, to the number and color of the stripes on every woman's shawl, these old fellows know and talk of everything.

An unmarried woman must never be found alone, and it would be the height of impropriety for her to go anywhere with any man except her father. They are exceedingly found of gadding about, and easily overcome the difficulties thrown in their way by custom. Half a dozen girls and young married women will place themselves in charge of some old lady friend, under whose chaperonage they go when and where they please and usually with perfect safety.

I have heard frequent descriptions of the squaw-fights of the Indians on the Pacific coast, in which every woman of the band is engaged, each apparently on her own account, while the men stand around laughing, applauding, and encouraging. No such performances take place among the Plains Indians. Men, women, and children, all are less disposed to quarrel and wrangle than any people I have ever seen.

The little girls are very fond of dolls, and their mothers take great pains and show considerable skill in making them. Their dresses are frequently accurately copied, even to the minutest particulars, from the ceremonial dresses of the parents or friends.

The baby-houses are miniature teepes and until large enough to be put to work most of the waking hours of the girls are spent in this play.

Smithsonian Institution

Chippewa men playing moccasin game in village of Sagawamick, Minn. Note elm-bark hut in background.

RW

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from Page 6)

Q: What was the "holligan" wagon on cattle drives? Mrs. Clara Upjohn, 109 Main, Westport, Mass.

A: This was the wagon on the cattle drive used to haul wood and water. All cattle drives didn't have this wagon unless the drive was large, with a large number of men employed, making large supplies of food necessary. Extra wagons weren't used and the chuck wagon carried all the wood and water, as well as food supplies.

★ ★ ★

Q: What can you tell us about an Indian chief named Spirit Walker? Edmund G. Garner, Dallas, Texas.

A: He was a Wahpeton Sioux chief, born near Lacqurparle, Minnesota, 1795. He was converted to Christianity and in the Sioux uprising in 1862 in Minnesota, he fought against them. After the battle of Little Crow he fled West to the Wyoming territory.

★ ★ ★

Q: I know there was a Fort Henry in the South and one in the east during the early days, but is it true there was also a Fort Henry in the West? Mrs. Thelman West, Beatrice, Nebraska.

A: There were nine Fort Henrys in the country. With the exception of Fort Henry in Randolph County, Missouri, all but one were in the east and south. The one western Fort Henry was located on the present site of Hope, in Kootehuai County, Idaho. It was first called Kullyspell House and was a trading post. Later it was changed to Fort Henry and garrisoned by U. S. troops whose job was to protect trappers from the Blackfeet Indians, the most bitter enemies of the white men among the Indians. The fort was named after Major Andrew Henry of the Missouri fur company.

★ ★ ★

Q: What was Pat Garret's background before he was appointed Sheriff of Lincoln County? John Bracer, Helena, Montana.

A: He was born in Alabama, in Chambers County. His parents were fairly well fixed and he got the usual education of those years. When the family moved to Louisiana young Pat kept on going and got a job as a cowboy in Texas. He was six feet five inches tall, skinny, and his legs were so long that it was said he had to buy two pairs of pants and have part of the legs of the second pair sewed on to his pants to cover his long legs. He hunted buffalo and then drifted into New Mexico where he got a position as stock detective. It was this experience that caused him to be appointed sheriff of Lincoln County during those bloody years.

★ ★ ★

Q: What can you tell me about the Sioux Chief Little Thunder? George Carpenter, Springfield, Missouri.

A: He was a Brule Sioux chief and was six feet six inches tall and had a strong and dominating personality. He took command when chief Singing Bear was killed in the Gratten Massacre near Fort Laramie in 1854. Under Little Thunder's command Lieutenant Gratten and all the men with him were killed. But Little Thunder refused to lead the Sioux against Fort Laramie.

★ ★ ★

Q: What is a "throw back" when a bronc is being broken? Spike Mallory, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

A: This is usually called a "back-throw". It is the action of a wild bronc who rears and throws himself backwards. This is usually done by a killer horse and the rider has to act fast to save himself. If he can't slip off the saddle, he can only hit the horse on the head with his loaded quirt in the attempt to stun the horse.

★ ★ ★

Q: Why was the Bitter End Knot so popular with the cowboys? Jenney Freeman, Pickering Road, Phoenixville, Penn.

A: This knot was used to tie off the end of rope to prevent its unraveling. It had several other names, such as "The Terminal Turk's Head Knot." To make the knot, a back splice was used to splice the ends back on the rope.

★ ★ ★

Q: What is the legend behind the canyon or lake called Purgatory and which figured so much in the days of the Bents and the Mountain men? Art Fieldman, 334 Central Park West, New York City.

A: Northeast from the Spanish Peaks of Colorado flows a small creek to the Arkansas River. Miles from its mouth the canyon walls drop off into rich bottomlands, some swampy. This canyon and the watery land has been called "The River of Lost Souls in Purgatory", for almost four centuries by the redman and the white man. The myth that created this name happened in 1594 when a party of rebellious Spanish soldiers camped in the canyon and all were killed by the Indians, except a mullato girl and a man named Alonzo Sanchez who later became a chief of the Cheyennes. Because of the bloody massacre of soldiers in rebellion, this canyon and spot got the name, "The River of Lost Souls in Purgatory."

★ ★ ★

Q: Is it true that Indians could talk to horses? Charles Misson, 189 Broadway, Wichita.

A: There has always been a legend that an Indian could make sounds the horse understood, but as far as talking to them, this never happened. White men knew many sounds that ease horses. The Indian was far more gentle with their ponies than the white men and it is possible they could use more sounds that affected horses than the white man.

★ ★ ★

Q: What was the origin of the Spanish legend of the Seven Fabled Cities of Gold? Frederic Moonsome, 655 Butler, Providence, R. I.

A: The Spanish were always searching for gold and that was all they hoped to find, but the legend of the Seven Cities was due largely to the vivid imagination of one Cabeza de Faca {translated means "Head of a Cow"} who in the 1500's led an expedition up through Mexico to the Southwest, and when he returned to Mexico City, he told a wild tale of having been captured by the Indians who told wondrous tales of the Seven Cities of Gold. His story, a pure fabrication, started the Spanish looking for these Seven Cities, but they were never found.

★ ★ ★

Q: What was the knife duel in the old West? Milton Hartack, Lancaster, Ohio.

A: This was copied after the famous knife duels between the South American cowboys, with one exception. The American version did not aim to kill but to slash the body so badly that the loser would faint from the loss of blood. For the duel, the two contenders would strip to the waist, wrap towels around their free hand and wrist, and then slash at each other. It is sometimes called the Helena duel because it started there. It never became very popular in the West.

★ ★ ★

Q: Can you give me the exact burial plot for Pearl Younger, daughter of Calamity Jane? Ethel Cashman, Hutchinson, Kansas.

A: We have answered this before, but here it is again. According to Carl Breihan she was buried as Pearl Read {not Younger or Reed} in Calvery Cemetery in Douglas, Arizona, lot 7, sec. 6. She died July 8, 1925 at Douglas.

RW

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WAS CUSTER THE VILLAIN AT WASHITA?

(Continued from Page 37)

Indians from hearing them. Every man was tense, and anxious thoughts tumbled through Custer's mind. Were the first two columns in position? Had they been discovered? Were they walking into a trap?

The river of the village was reached and advance in line was made toward the heavy timber. Lodges appeared like dome-shaped ghosts, their wispy columns of smoke curling up through the trees. And the dead silence! It was unearthly, and grabbed at the men's ears like a sucking vacuum. Did it mean the village was deserted? Had the Indians heard them and fled?

Custer scowled and drew rein slightly, and as if to answer him a war whoop and rifle shot rang out. Instantly a carbine cracked in reply. Custer whirled in his saddle and signaled the band leader, and the gay notes of Garry Owen filled the air. Loud cheers broke from across the village and told Custer the two detachments were there and ready to pounce.

The battle of the Washita was on!

Bugles trilled and the charge crashed upon the village. The sleeping Indians rallied quickly, leaping from lodges with rifles, bows and arrows, springing behind trees, and some reached the stream that flowed through the village and used the banks as a rifle pit. Their defense was vigorous and determined. Cheers of the troopers mingled with defiant war whoops. The very heart of the village was gained and Indian rifles and carbines exchanged crackling shots. The Indians, behind logs, trees, and the stream banks, had managed a stronghold from which mounted troops could not possibly dislodge them. Command was shouted to fight on foot and take cover and fight in Indian style.

The Indians, secure behind the banks of the stream, fought desperately as did warriors protected by a ravine just outside the village. Their rifles cracked with deadly aim and inflicted heavy loss to the military, but slowly one by one the Indians were picked off when they exposed themselves for a sure shot. Finally there was no response from the banks or the ravine, and upon careful approach of the two places only dead warriors were found.

Many of the squaws had remained inside the lodges and the interpreter was sent to tell them they and their children would not be harmed, and they were to assemble in the center of the village. They had to be forced from the lodges and their faces were frightened and whimpering children clung to their skirts. As they were rustled into line and pushed to the center of the village, the squaws started a death chant, evidently expecting the same kind of treatment that they were noted for in dealing with whites on the frontier and the luckless victims brought back to camp as captives.

California Joe was sent to bring in the herd of ponies and he rode off with a whoop and swinging his lariat. He was back within the hour moving the herd toward the village with the help of two squaws he had captured who had tried to escape on a pony.

CUSTER'S LOSSES were severe. A burial detail was hard at work, and a temporary hospital was set up in the center of the village. Dr. Lippincott's uniform was smeared with blood as were his hands as he moved from one man to the next giving what surgical aid he could under the makeshift circumstances. Silence fell as four troopers carried in Captain Hamilton. Lippincott bent to him and then raised his eyes to Custer and shook his head. Cocky Captain Hamilton and his love of horseplay were silenced forever. He had been at Custer's side when the battle opened and Custer recalling his words wondered if they had been his last. Keep calm men. Fire low....

Custer's eyes went to his brother Tom who sat waiting his turn to have the bullet yanked from his shoulder. Tom's face crumpled before he dropped his head, and Custer knew the look for what it was, that fierce hurt a soldier feels when his friend drops in battle.

Black Kettle was dead. His whoop and rifle shot and the answering carbine had actually tiggered the attack. An arrow had found a fatal mark in Blucher and Maida hovered over him, howling dismally. Colonel Barnitz appeared to be in dying condition, and Custer knelt to him and the man smiled wanly and whispered a message or two for Custer to relate to his family. Custer turned from Barnitz and could hardly believe his eyes. One of the buglers, a yong lad, had caught an arrow in the forehead and it had broken through over his ear. Shot clean through the head! Custer caught his breath staring in wonderment. How was it that the boy still lived? And alive he was, wiping the blood occasionally from his face as he sat calmly on a pile of fur robes waiting his turn with Lippincott. Custer made quick inquiry of the doctor and learned that the arrow had traveled under the skin. The lad would live if he could bear the pain of having the arrow withdrawn.

Ah, yes, the pain of battle. The aftermath with its stink of blood, groans of the injured, but worse yet was looking upon the dead who, with eyes wide open, seemed to be waiting patiently and listening to the methodical scrape-scrape of the shovels.

And Major Elliott? What about him and his men? A careful search of the advance lines that had been held by the Indians was made. No sign of Elliott or his men. Other officers were questioned and the answer was the same. Finally a scout reported that right after the attack had begun he had seen a few mounted warriors escaping through a gap that had existed between Elliott's and Thompson's lines. Elliott and a small party of troopers took off in hot pursuit. Custer sent parties in the direction the scout indicated and after a careful search of two miles or more they returned.

No sign of Elliott.

Custer was puzzled. It was as if Elliott and his men had disappeared into thin air. A check was made of the rest of Elliott's detachment. The men could give no explanation.

Explanation came when Custer noticed a party of Indians had collected on a knoll about a mile below the village in the same direction Elliott had taken. Doubtlessly they were the Indians who had escaped and had succeeded in overpowering Elliott.

But were they the same Indians? Even as Custer stared others joined the group. Custer took out his field glasses and to his dismay saw they were armed and in full war costume. Their numbers were increasing steadily by a stream of arrivals coming up the hill behind them. Custer was dumbfounded. Who were they? Where did they come from?

Custer whirled and sent for the interpreter, and upon interrogation of Black Kettle's sister, Mah-wis-sa, Custer learned that the village he had captured was only a part of the Cheyennes. Below the village were other hostile tribes: Comanches, Arapahoes, Kiowas, a portion of Apaches, and the remaining numbers of the Cheyenne band. Their villages extended through the timbered valley from a distance of two miles to ten miles.

"A fine kettle of fish," California

Continued on Page 68

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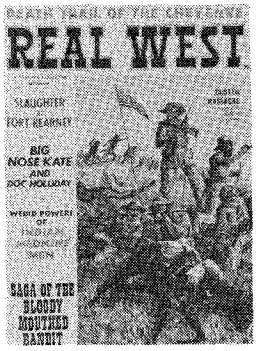

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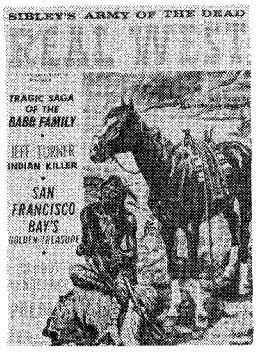

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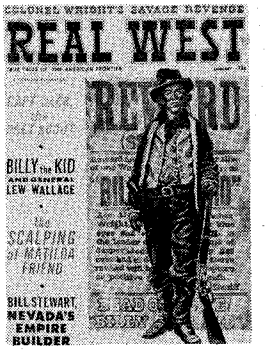
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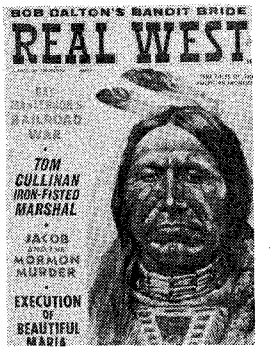

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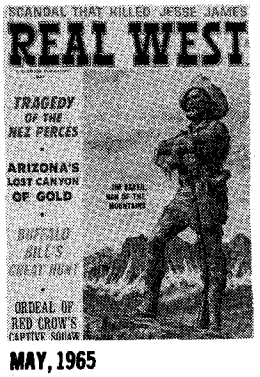
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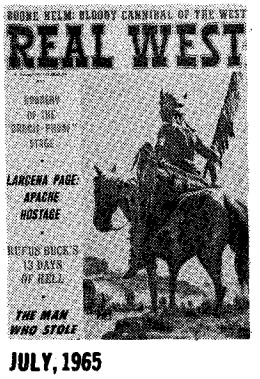
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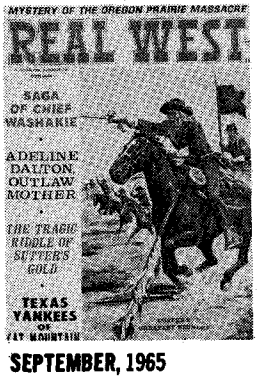
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Joe remarked when news of the predicament spread through the village. They would be attacked, of course, and by superior numbers. Custer hastily collected and reformed his command and posted them ready for the attack he was sure would come in an all too short time. He could not possibly hope for victory and neither could he escape. The wounded, the prisoners, and the great herd of ponies would impede an offensive against the lower villages. Besides an offensive would mean a division of forces and Custer was doubtful if he could muster enough strength to repel the attack and their escape was another miracle, but the loss of overcoats and rations was a blow.

Fortunately, the attack was not the usual bold variety that comes when Indians encounter inferior numbers, and the timber and ravines of the village were a great help to Custer's defense. It was apparent that the Indians' design was to draw them out of the village. Custer seeing the attack was not going to be an all out massacre, decided on offensive action. The village would be destroyed. The huge herd of ponies was a serious impediment, so wild and fearful of white men that

Colonel Weir had taken over Hamilton's squadron, and he with Colonels Benteen and Myers were ordered to advance and attack the enemy, but at the same time to be mindful of ambuscades. The Indians resisted every step taken by the skirmishers, charging and counter-charging, appearing in large numbers at unexpected times and places, but the squadrons acting in support of one another and the men being kept well in hand soon forced the Indians line at any point attacked. Finally, the warriors were forced to abandon the field, but they retreated no further than forced.

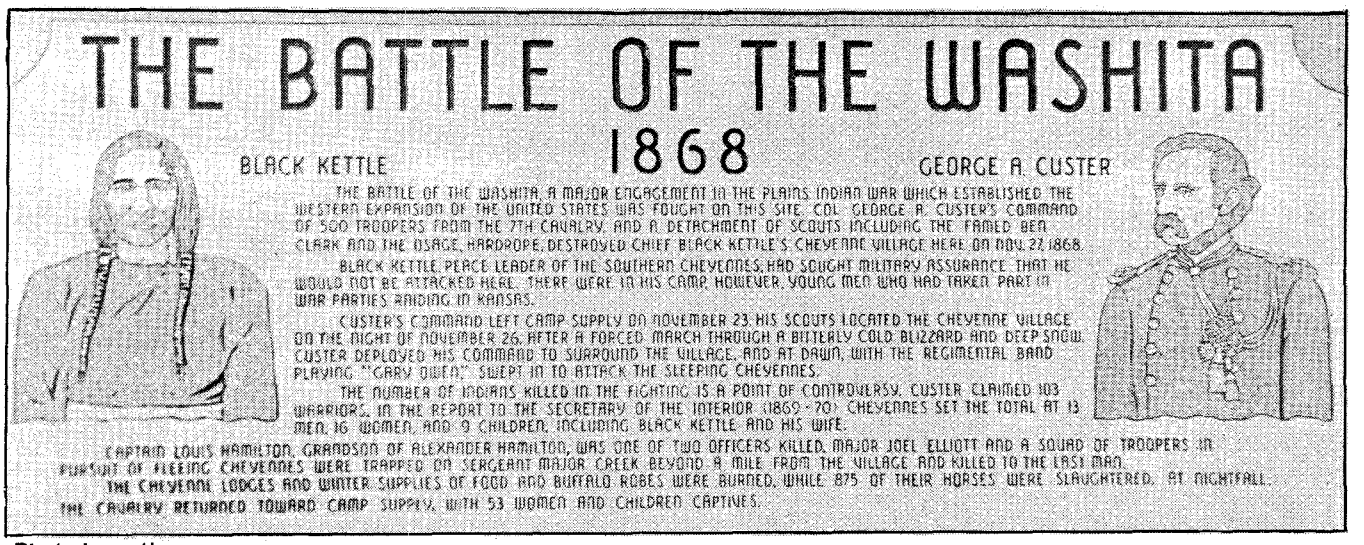
THE BATTLE OF THE WASHITA
1868
BLACK KETTLE
GEORGE A. CUSTER
THE BATTLE OF THE WASHITA, A MAJOR ENGAGEMENT IN THE PLAINS INDIAN WAR WHICH ESTABLISHED THE WESTERN EXPANSION OF THE UNITED STATES WAS FOUGHT ON THIS SITE. COL. GEORGE A. CUSTER'S COMMAND OF 800 TROOPERS FROM THE 7TH CAVALRY, AND A DETACHMENT OF SCOUTS INCLUDING THE FAMED BEN CLARK AND THE OSAGE, HARDROPE, DESTROYED CHIEF BLACK KETTLE'S CHEYENNE VILLAGE HERE ON NOV. 27, 1868.
BLACK KETTLE, PEACE LEADER OF THE SOUTHERN CHEYENNES, HAD SOUGHT MILITARY ASSURANCE THAT HE WOULD NOT BE ATTACKED HERE. THERE WERE IN HIS CAMP, HOWEVER, YOUNG MEN WHO HAD TAKEN PART IN WAR PARTIES RAIDING IN KANSAS.
CUSTER'S COMMAND LEFT CAMP SUPPLY ON NOVEMBER 23. HIS SCOUTS LOCATED THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 26. AFTER A FORCED MARCH THROUGH A BITTERLY COLD BLIZZARD AND DEEP SNOW, CUSTER DEPLOYED HIS COMMAND TO SURROUND THE VILLAGE, AND AT DAWN, WITH THE REGIMENTAL BAND PLAYING "GARY OWEN," SWEPT IN TO ATTACK THE SLEEPING CHEYENNES.
THE NUMBER OF INDIANS KILLED IN THE FIGHTING IS A POINT OF CONTROVERSY. CUSTER CLAIMED 103 WARRIORS. IN THE REPORT TO THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR (1869-70) CHEYENNES SET THE TOTAL AT 13 MEN, 16 WOMEN, AND 9 CHILDREN, INCLUDING BLACK KETTLE AND HIS WIFE.
CAPTAIN LOUIS HAMILTON, GRANDSON OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, WAS ONE OF TWO OFFICERS KILLED. MAJOR JOEL ELLIOTT AND A SQUAD OF TROOPERS IN PURSUIT OF FLEEING CHEYENNES WERE TRAPPED ON SERGEANT MAJOR CREEK BEYOND A MILE FROM THE VILLAGE AND KILLED TO THE LAST MAN.
THE CHEYENNE LODGES AND WINTER SUPPLIES OF FOOD AND BUFFALO ROBES WERE BURNED, WHILE 875 OF THEIR HORSES WERE SLAUGHTERED. AT NIGHTFALL, THE CAVALRY RETURNED TOWARD CAMP SUPPLY, WITH 53 WOMEN AND CHILDREN CAPTIVES.

Photo by author

Stone monument at the battle site does not reflect the suffering that took place there a century ago.

by the combination of tribes. Ammunition was low, and on all sides they were surrounded, forced into the precarious position of defenders.

Custer wondered if his officers, behind their polite attention, were censoring him. He could admit to himself that he had made a slip. Never should he have attacked without a thorough scouting of the vicinity. But he had been so eager to prove himself. Now a miracle was needed.

Something like a miracle happened whe Major Bell, the quartermaster, pounded in with a fresh supply of ammunition. He was no more than safely landed when the Indians attacked from the very direction he had come. Providence had arranged the miracle, for the Indians had been so watchful of the movements inside the village that they had failed to notice Bell. The ammunition was quickly distributed and just in the nick of time, for the Indians saw their mistake and let go with an onslaught on all sides. During the commotion, the troopers who had been left to guard the overcoats and rations came galloping in, they could not be driven, and to lead them was impossible as there were not enough men to do so. To leave them behind would be a boon to the enemy. Custer took quick steps to put his plan into action. He ordered two hundred men to pull down the lodges and stack them and any other captured property in huge piles for burning. The interpreter was sent to the group of squaws to instruct them to select a pony for their use on the march. Then four companies were summoned to act as a firing squad for the extermination of the herd.

Everything was in rediness and Custer signaled. The torch was put to the lodges, the carbines lifted and aimed at the herd. The fire leapt into a giant blaze and the carbines cracked and pony after pony fell. By three o'clock the village was reduced to heaps of blackened ashes and the ponies were a pile of motionless animals. All the while the Indians had been watching and finally understanding the strange movements for the destruction it was, they were enraged, and attack became general along Custer's entire line.

It would still take some tall doing to get the command out safely, and Custer decided on surprise, that maximum stratagem of war, do what the enemy leasts expects.

The command was drawn in and united near the village, and a fresh force of skirmishers was sent ahead, and Custer led out down the valley in the direction where the other villages had been reported. The column moved forward in one body with colors flying and band playing. The prisoners, mounted on the ponies of their choice, were under sufficient guard immediately in rear of the advancing troops.

The Indians were at a loss as to Custer's objective and they sat silent spectators, but were aroused to commotion when they were convinced he was headed for their villages where everything they possessed lay undefended. The chiefs could be seen in the dim twilight galloping here and there to pow-wow with one another. They could not fire upon Custer without endangering the squaws and children, and they were in a dither as to how they could

Continued on Page 70

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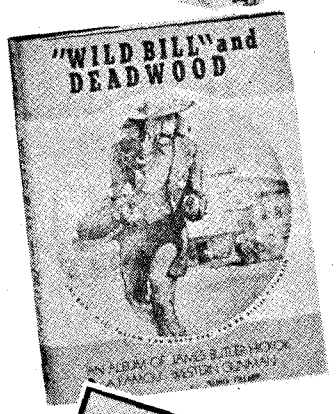

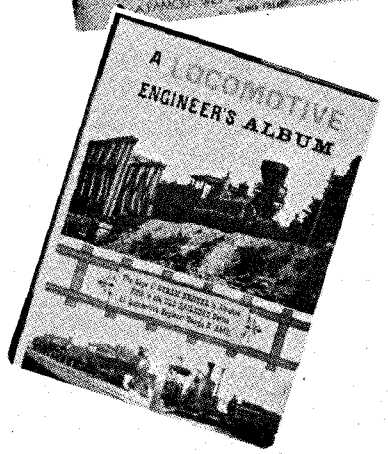

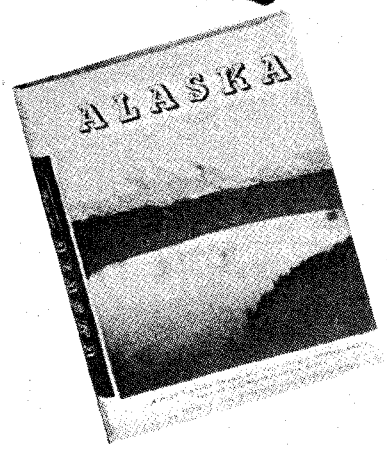

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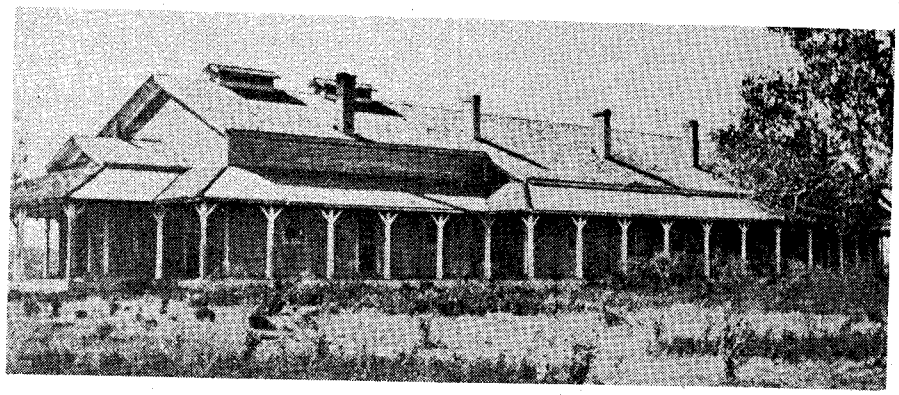
stop him. They assembled outlying detachments as rapidly as possible for a quick movement down valley in advance of Custer, sure he was headed to overtake their squaws, children, and herds, and deal them the same treatment as had been done the upper village. The main body of Indians disappeared leaving behind a few warriors to hover over the military flanks.

Custer continued, pleased with the reaction he had wanted. He pushed on until well after dark and reached a point several miles below Black Kettle's village, and now with the night to shield them from the Indians who had dogged his trail, he faced his command about, his objective being to reach the train, wherever in tarnation it was.

The night was bitter and the men without overcoats shivered, even though the march was at a brisk pace. By ten o'clock they were again in the battleground of the village and without halting they took the trail they had used in striking the village. At two o'clock the command was halted to bivouac and Colonel West's squadron was sent forward to meet the train.



Fort Supply, Oklahoma, where the Washita prisoners were first taken.

DAYLIGHT FOUND the men in saddle winding their way hopefully toward the train, and when it was sighted about ten o'clock, excited whoops filled the air. Without stopping for breakfast the march was resumed, Custer heading for that point where he had first struck the timbered valley and from there he intended to send a dispatch to Sheridan. Late in the afternoon Custer reached his objective. Pickets were posted, tents pitched, and every means possible was taken to make them secure against attack, and comfortable with supplies from the train. Custer sent for California Joe and told him he had been selected to get the dispatch to Sheridan, and he could take as many men as he wanted.

"I'm counting on you, Joe. You know the country well and after having made the march once you ought to get back fast to Sheridan."

Joe appeared undisturbed by the prospect of such a dangerous errand. He was lost in thought a minute, wiggling his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other. "Wal' now, General. Yer' words is kind, ter be sure. But I best talk over this business with my 'pardner Corbin."

Joe was back shortly. "I put it ter him, General. Me and him figure the safest way is ter strike out the very minute it's dark. Say, General, did I tell yer 'bout that time when first I meets up with ol'Corbin. I recall it plain as if it ware' yestiddy. It ware' in Oregon--"

Custer waved him away. "You better see about your tobacco, and I'd better get busy with the dispatch."

It would be more than even the Lord could arrange for Joe to accept an order without spinning a long tale.

Promptly at dusk Joe was back at Custer's tent, and not one to 'hanker after ceremony,' he parted the flaps and stuck in his head. "Me and Jack aims ter put fifty miles or more 'tween us and this place by daylight. So effen' yer'll hurry 'em papers, General."

The dispatch was ready, and so were Joe and Corbin, armed with two revolvers under their great coats and cape, and Joe with his inseparable Springfield breech-loading rifle while Jack preferred a Sharps carbine. Custer shook their hands and wished them God-speed. They mounted, Joe on his mule and Jack on a fine gray charger. Jack never spoke unless a direct question was put to him, and then he replied with a nod or shake of his head. He was content, apparently, to leave the speech making to Joe, but this time Joe had to cut his words short.

"Wal, I hope and trust yer won't have any scrimmage whilst I'm gone.

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I'd hate mightily ter miss anythin' since I've stuck ter yer this fur--"

Custer resumed march at daylight and after a night's rest and the much needed supplies from the train, both men and horses were fortified. The wounded had received every possible care, and Colonel Barnitz who had appeared mortally wounded showed signs of recovery. By easy march the column wound its way toward Camp Supply, and compared to the previous days and nights it was easy with full bellies and blankets to replace lost overcoats. Custer rode in advance with the Osage guides, and had just started to descend the slope leading into the valley of Wolf Creek when a party of three horsemen were sighted in the distance moseying along on the fringe of the timber.

Custer and guides halted and fastened grim attention on them. Were they white or Indian? If Indian, there were sure to be more around somewhere. Custer turned in his saddle. Where in tarnation was that orderly with his field glasses? Custer signaled him and as he waited impatiently the three men noticed they were being observed. They whirled and made a wild dash for the timber. The orderly galloped to Custer's side and jerked the glasses from their case and in his fumbling haste almost dropped them. Custer made a grab and managed a quick glimpse before the trio disappeared into the timber.

He lowered the glasses, chuckling to himself at the comical pose of California Joe trying to urge the same speed from his mule that the other two men on chargers had managed easily. Evidently Joe had mistaken Custer and the Osages for hostile Indians.

Would Joe's face ever be red. How his tongue would wag as he would try to squirm out of that one! But, by glory, it was something to know the old cuss had made it. And Jack Corbin with him, and the other man was probably a scout sent by Sheridan for good measure.

Custer put his spurs to his mount and galloped down the slope and pounded across the plains. When he was half way to the timber, California Joe rode out cautiously, shading his eyes with one hand, peering intently at the horseman flying toward him. Then he let go with a whoop and jerked the sombrero from his head and waved it in joyful recognition. His long legs flew straight out and came back quickly and made sharp contact with the mule's flanks. The

{Continued on next page}

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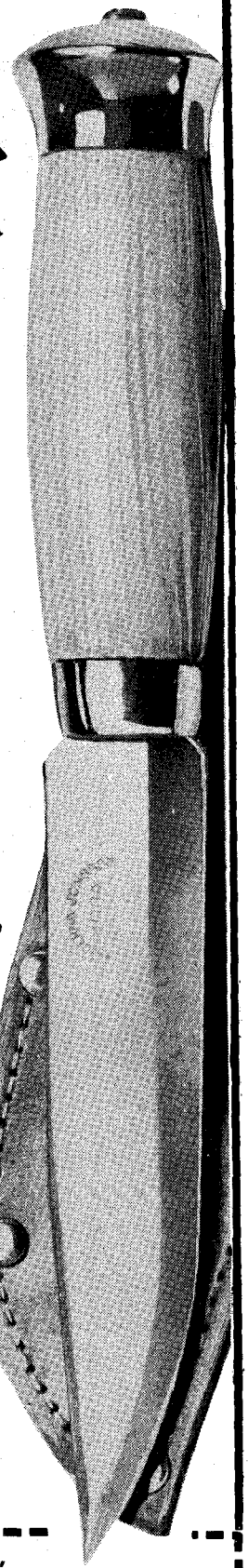

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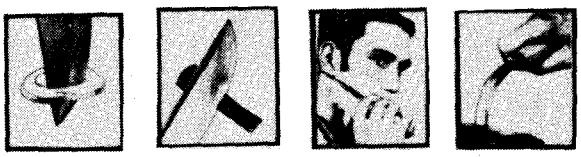

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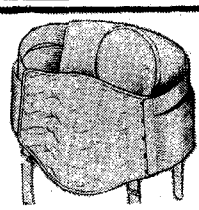

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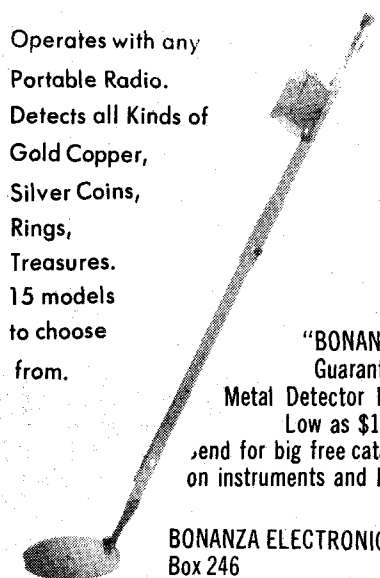

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startled animal leapt into a lumbering gallop and the space between the two men was swallowed up in a matter of minutes.

The joy of reunion was not all it could have been so far as Joe was concerned, and amid the uproar of everyone talking at once, his voice boomed, but with decided sheepish overtones.

"Shecks, General, I knowed it was yer all the time. Still I had ter be sure with Sheridan's scout in my care and Jack 'pendin' on my judgment and all. And effen it warn't yer I calculated the best place ter make a stand would be in the timber. Foller me, General? We ware gettin' ready ter give it ter yer when I says to myself. Yes siree, Joe, yer ware right. It's the General. And here's some dockiments from Sheridan. He's mighty proud of yer. That's fur sure, after I told him 'bout the lickin' yer handed 'em Cheyennes."

Custer retreated, leaving the field to Joe for speech making. Never had he been blessed with such golden opportunity as now with officers, troopers, scouts, and Osages clustering around him and clamoring for news from Headquarters.

Custer ripped opened the larger envelope and found both the official dispatch from Sheridan and personal letters. He read the letters eagerly, but read several times the General Field Orders Number Six which began with the impressive words, Headquarters Department of the Missouri, in the field, Depot on the North Canadian at the Junction of Beaver Creek, Indian Territory, November 29, 1868, and ended with congratulations to the Seventh Cavalry's distinguished commander, Brevet Major-General George A. Custer, for the efficient and gallant services rendered which have characterized the opening of the campaign against hostile Indians south of the Arkansas.

Custer lifted his head and gazed across the boundless plains. Indeed, the campaign was open and far on its way after the resounding success of the Battle of the Washita.

RW

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Reference Library University of Oklahoma
Files and records of the Oklahoma Historical Society
My Grandfather's diary. He served under Custer as a water boy.

MILTON SHARP, ELUSIVE BANDIT

(Continued from Page 41)

Sharp was taken to Aurora, Nevada and placed in jail. The Grand jury brought a quick indictment against him and he was tried just as quickly and found guilty. That didn't worry Sharp. That night he tunneled under the brick wall of the jail to his freedom. Five days later a tall masked bandit with a gracious bow held-up the Jackson Nevada stage. He didn't take anything from the passengers, and was very considerate of Mal Mallon, the crippled driver.

Hume didn't question the passengers and the crippled shotgun messenger long until he knew the tall masked bandit was Milton Sharp. He got to Sacramento as fast as he could, went to one of Sharp's favorite bars, and there the tall Sharp was standing at the bar, drinking whiskey.

"Hello, Sharp," Hume said. "Nice little hold-up you pulled three days ago over near Jackson."

"Hold-up?" Sharp questioned. "Have a drink. You're a little mistaken. I never pulled any hold-up."

"The passengers and the shotgun messenger can decide that for us," Hume said. "In the mean time, you are wanted for a small matter of breaking jail. Come with me."

Hume recovered the stolen gold and took Sharp back to Carson City where he was placed in the Wells Fargo building for safe keeping. To make sure he couldn't escape, an Oregon boot torture instrument was placed on his foot and he was chained to the wall.

But the next morning Sharp was gone and the Oregon boot was found outside the building, near the rear door. The amazing escape of Sharp sent police officers all over the state searching for him. Public reaction had turned in favor of this master jail breaker. After all, he wasn't a blood thirsty killer and he had treated the passengers on the stage coaches he held up with courteous charm.

"Don't worry," Hume told the officers. "We'll hear from him. He needs money and he'll holdup another stage. As a road agent, he isn't too smart and we will catch him."

Hume was right. Four days later the stage coach near Sweetwater Station was held up, by a tall, masked, and bowing bandit, whose consideration for the passengers and the driver and

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shotgun messenger was touching. Hume rode to where the hold-up had taken place. One thing the passengers noted about the bandit was the red clay on his boots. Red clay could be found in Jasper's Hole, an old abandoned trapper's rendezvous, not far from Sweetwater station.

Hume and two deputies rode out to the old abandoned redezvous, found Sharp in the shack with the gold he had taken from the strong box. He didn't put up any fight when the three men had surrounded the shack.

"When you going to give up, Milt?" Hume Asked. "As a road agent, you are not much of a success."

"A man has to eat," Sharp countered "When I got out of that Wells Fargo building, I was broke and holding up stage coaches seems to be the easiest way to make money."

"Tell me, Milt," Hume asked. "how in the world did you get out of those chains and the Oregon boot."

"Chain me up again and I'll show you," Sharp answered.

He was taken to Carson City. The news of his arrest had preceeded Hume and his prisoner and a large crowd was out to greet them when they rode into Carson City. The cheers were mostly for the amazing Milton Sharp and his feat of getting out of the chains. Newspaper men questioned him. He gave them the same answer he had given Hume.

NAMES WERE UNUSUAL

The names of the stage stations along the trails to the Black Hills were comic and tragic, nostalgic and prophetic. They read like poetry – Running Water, Eagle's Nest, Swing Stop, Rawhide Buttes, Red Willow, White Earth, Ten Mile, Hay Meadows, Diamond Water, Cedar Canyon and Sulphur.

What to do with the prisoner was the big problem. Nobody suggested putting him in chains and nobody suggested locking him in a cell alone. The final solution was to put him in the city jail with four armed men guarding him and with four others to take over when the first four had stood watch for twelve hours. In this way Milton Sharp was prevented from making any daring escapes, although the public was sure any minute to hear that he has escaped.

The eight man guard was continued through his trial, which was brief, and he was found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years in the state prison, just outside Carson City. Twenty men took him under guard to the state penetentiary and Hume, Wells Fargo, and the police heaved a sigh of relief when the doors of the prison were closed on him.

This relief was short lived. A week later the news was flashed over Carson City and Nevada that the amazing Milton Sharp, the West's most successful prison breaker, had escaped from the state penetentiary by climbing up the wall, lying on the top of it, out of sight until the search was over and then dropping outside to his freedom.

And again Hume and the Wells Fargo detectives waited for Sharp to strike again. They waited weeks and then months. No sign of Sharp was ever seen again in Nevada. Where he went was a mystery, a mystery Wells Fargo had no interest in solving.

Long as he was out of their way, they were happy.

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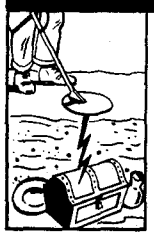

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(Continued from Page 8)

The different Missions, and later large Spanish Rancheros, held huge rodeos wherein the many Vaqueros would compete, as in our present day rodeos.

I should also like to add that in the early California Mission Vaquero made his own rawhide, riata, or lasso.

There was also the quarter inch thick calf rawhide riata used for calf, sheep, and all light or small stock.

Speaking of the early day Spanish Vaquero, or cowboy being in California in 1775-1776, isn't that some kind of a "first" in cowboy work on the American Continent? Or is it? Should anyone dispute this, I have proof that says the Spanish Vaquero, in California was *The First real working American Cowboy.* Come on you, Texans!

Sincerely,
Pat Boyle,
1095 Mission St.
San Francisco, Calif.

FROM AN ENGLISH READER

Dear Sir,

I am one of your many readers in England and find your magazine an invaluable aid for both general readers and those interested in Americana, like myself.

I am particularly interested in the James Brothers, Jesse and Frank, and wonder if any of your other readers have any books for sale on these outlaws. I would be very pleased to hear from them.

Thanking you in advance if you find the space to print this letter.

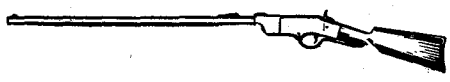
Yours faithfully,
R.J. Wybrow
2 Norwood Court,
307/309, Norwood Road
London, S.E. 24, England

DEFENDS CUSTER

Dear Editor;

When I read the story, "Custer's Greatest Blunder," in your issue for September it made my blood boil. When I was young every story of the white man versus the Indian on the high plains represented the white man always right and the Indian always wrong, which was of course an exaggeration. But today we seem to have developed an entire school of writers who are not only sure the Indian was always right but that all history more than 10 years old is wrong and needs to be rewritten.

From a broad reading of the history of the high plains, where I was born in 1884, and several years experience at the Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency in Oklahoma I am inclined to believe Custer was right in the altercation between the army and the Indian Department. General Grant was President at the time and historians are generally agreed that he gave us one of the rottenest administrations in the history of the nation. It was general knowledge that traders often furnished the Indians better weapons than those issued to the Army and that unscrupulous Indian Agents were often in partnership with such traders.



The reference to "needle guns" as worthless is silly. The so called needle gun was the single shot Springfield first issued to the Army about 1866. My father got one from a drunken soldier at Fort Fetterman about 1888 and used to kill all his game in Wyoming. A long barrel long range 45-70 was probably as good as anything available at the time except for speed in loading.

History leaves little doubt that Rain in the Face boasted loudly of the butchering of the two unarmed men, and it would be in harmony with Indian standards that he should so boast. His killing the men would have

Continued on Page 76

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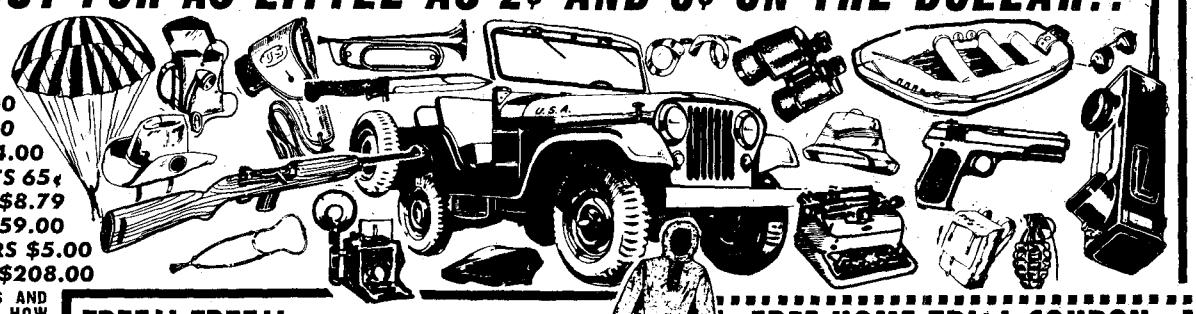

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been devoid of glory unless he could take trophies and boast of the deed. It would also be in harmony with Indian custom that he should have mutilated the body of Tom Custer and boasted of it after Tom's death on the battlefield because Tom had made the actual arrest, but to insinuate that General Custer committed some kind of crime in arresting Rain in the Face or that the arrest had any bearing on Custer's ill starred battle on the "Greasy Grass" is simply absurd.

Yours respectfully,
D. Ivan Fritts
Ontario, Oregon

ADMIRES THE PIONEERS

Gentlemen:

As a native of New York State but spending most of my seventy three years traversing these United States, the pioneering of the west still awes me to the extent of almost un-belief. The rigors of what those great adventures experienced can hardly be believed, yet we know it to be factual and we also know there are few if any left who have the courage to migrate into this land of nowhere.

For the past year .I have traveled through the Rockies and the barren lands of New Mexico where most of my patrons are Apache Indians. Right here I want to state that these people are the grandest people I have ever met. They are honest, industrious, and loyal to the memory of their ancestors. I have some three hundred Indian customers in the states of New Mexico, Arizona and Southern Colorado, and for the most part my clientele are Arapahoes, Apaches, and Navahoes.

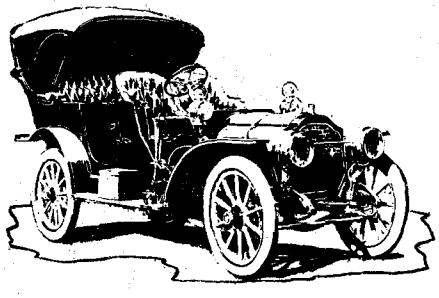
My trips run from a week to ten days and I enjoy every mile of my trip as I dream of those who made this country. I can see in my mind's eye the great herds of Bison that once roamed these far reaching prairies and the Indians who depended on these great animals that supplied these once contented people with their existence and security. The white man's greed did a great wrong.

Various historians have erected many markers along our highways marking the sights of battles, gun fights, trails and other places where tragedies had occurred during the pioneer's migration west. While the west is gradually giving way to modern civilization, the scars of strife still remain in evidence of the insecurity faced by these hardy adventurers of long ago.

My first trip across the United States occurred in 1909, driving a Packard two cylinder-engine of seventeen horsepower. Me and my partner were six months traveling from Stamford, Connecticut to Los Angeles, California. Through the States of Illinois, Missouri and Kansas we were powered by either oxen, mules, or horses. It would take a book to tell all the incidents concured on this trip.

Your reader of Real West from issue to issue for too many years to remember.

Sincerely yours,
E.J. Van Tassell
740 Pearl St.
Boulder, Colorado



WHO WAS JOHN MARTIN

Dear Mr. Kish:

When I saw your excellent presentation of my "Massacre on Sappa Creek" in the November issue I was dumbfounded. Somehow, when my historical pictures collection was worked over in 1964, someone goofed. The photo erroneously labeled "Fort Wallace, Kansas" used on page 57 is actually one of old Fort Lyon, Colorado, then some miles west of Wallace. Please let readers know I am sorry for letting this happen, and should you care to show an actual photo of Fort Wallace, I will gladly lend one for this purpose.

Dr. Alan Elliott, whose letter appears in the same Real West, should be sorry also. After 89 years of controversy over matters both minor and major, the Custer subject is so encrusted with myths and poppycock that it needs another fantastic claim like Custer needed more Indians. What the doctor says about his claimant to Custer fame is so similar to scores of identical claims made in past years to support local deceased "heroes" that, but for one thing, it is not worth debunking. The one thing is that he says Patricia MacLaine's letter in the May Real West contained a major error, and offers his version as the real McCoy. Since I -- as she said -- gave Patricia, my daughter, the historical data she quoted, I feel obligated to qualify it.

Doctor Elliott states that the John Martin who carried Custer's last message to Benteen was not Italian and not buried in Brooklyn. He was English, and is buried in the doctor's own city of Plymouth, Indiana. His -- Martin's -- descendants reside there, loaded with documentary proof that generations of Custer historians and War Department records are all wrong, a matter the doctor insists should be corrected once and for all. Not only is the Plymouth "hero's" headstone marked officially "Custer's Last Message Bearer," but he also rode Pony Express, was Buffalo Bill's sidekick, lived with the Indians, and was a Dodge City lawman.

The doctor doesn't miss any bet to prove his point, but consider this: Why, in all these years, hasn't at least one historian of the Old West mentioned this "hero" who supposedly cut such a notch in western history? Undoubtedly the doctor is correct, in that a John Martin locally accredited with everything claimed for or by him lies in the Plymouth cemetery. The doctor has a right to his opinions, and to worship whatever heroes he chooses. But he cannot buck the facts.

The John Martin who carried Custer's Last Message was Italian. He was born Giovanni Martini in Rome, Italy, in 1851. At 14 he was a drummer boy in Garibaldi's Army of Liberation. He left Italy for America in 1873, enlisted in the cavalry here in 1874. Like so many emigrants, he changed his name to the American form -- John Martin -- upon enlisting. This is notated in his first enlistment record, now in the Old Army Section, War Department files, and is also variously mentioned in reports and writings by army personnel who knew him well. He was a trumpeter in H Troop, commanded by Captain Benteen, and with the Custer expedition to the Black Hills in 1874. He was the only John Martin in the regiment on 25 June 1876 -- the roster shows this.

Martin did retire from the army in 1904 after thirty years service, and settled in the Italian quarter of Brooklyn. The famous Custer authority, Colonel Graham, talked with him there shortly before John Martin died on Christmas Eve, 1922. He wrote Martin's story in his source book, The Custer Myth -- pages 287 to 300. It shows photos of Martin in 1879, when he testified at the Reno Court of Inquiry; in 1904 when he retired; in 1922 shortly before his death. He certainly looks Italian, incidently.

If -- as Dr. Elliott claims -- discharge

Continued on page 78

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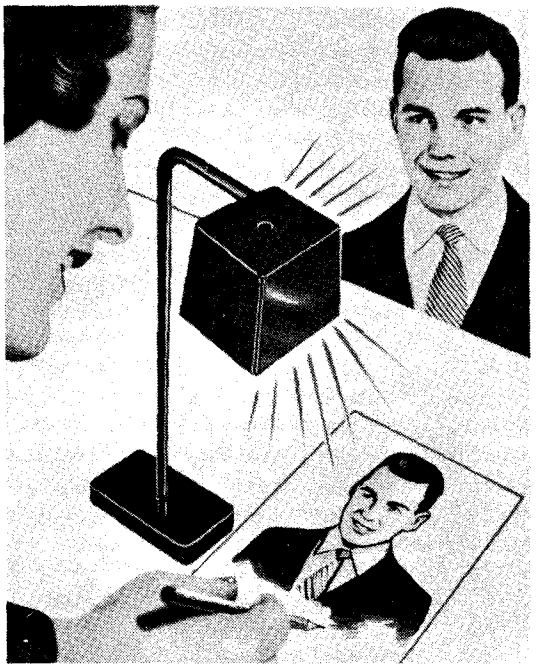

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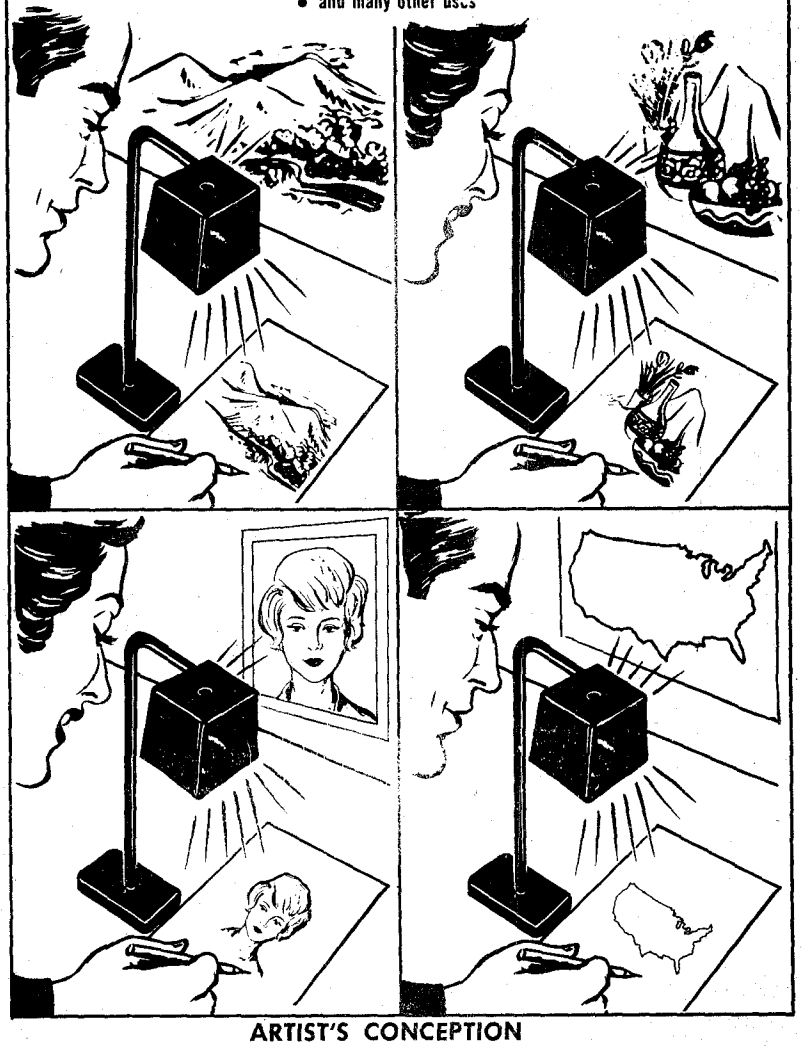

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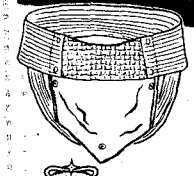

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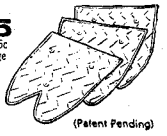

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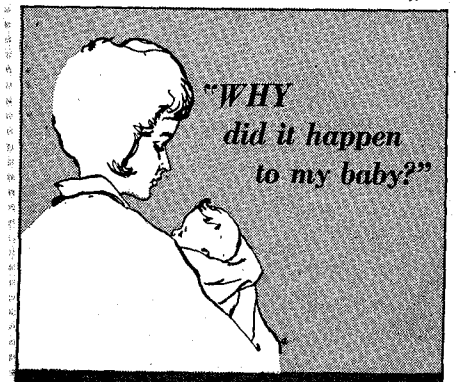

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photostats and the like reposing in the National Archives prove the Plymouth Martin the message bearer, then answer this doctor. Since such records would have to show that he served 30 years in the army, from 1874 to 1904, because the actual message bearer unquestionally did just that, as such discharges would verify, then where did he find time to live with Indians, Buffalo Bill, police Dodge City, and ride Pony Express? True, the Pony Express existed for 18 months, after its start in 1860. But those discharges would show the real message bearer, Plymouth or Brooklyn version, was 24 on the day of Custer's downfall in 1876. This would make him nine years old in 1861, rather young for Express riding.

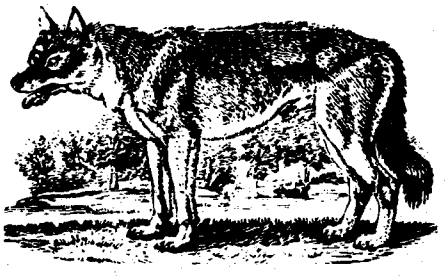
But so what? It's fables like the doctor's that keep Custer "alive."

Sincerely,
Robert B. MacLaine, Sr.
4603 N. Cheyenne St.
Tacoma, Washington 98407

LOBO WOLVES

Dear Sir:

I have just read your November issue of the Real West. What gripes me is that so many people are wondering what is a "Lobo Wolf." "Lobo" is simply spanish for wolf. So why say, "Wolf, Wolf?"



They are larger than a coyote pronounced Ki-yo-te in spanish. Their heads are broader. I caught one that weighed 150 lbs. and measured six feet from the tip of his nose to the roots of his tail. They will kill calves, whereas a coyote doesn't as a rule. Most of the wolves have been killed out in Arizona. But some do stray over from Mexico but are promptly taken care of.

Truly yours,
Charles E. Irle
8502 N. Central Ave.
Phoenix, Ariz.

MORE ABOUT MARTIN

Dear Bill:

Regarding Dr. Alan Elliott's letter in your "Mail Roundup," I am curious about the valiant deeds attributed to John Martin. At the time of the Custer finale on the Little Big Horn, Martin or Giovanni Martini, was but 19 years of age. His commanding officer was Capt. Frederick W. Benteen of "H" troop. Benteen described him as being "a thick-headed Italian, just about as much cut out for a cavalryman as he was for a king." This description was in a letter from Benteen to Theodore Goldin dated February 24, 1892.

Sargeant Charles Windolph, also a member of "H" troop knew Martini well. He described him as being "a salty little Italian who had been a drummer boy with Garibaldi in the fight for Italian independence."

Someone has sure been kidding the people. Regardless of the stories in the local newspapers in Indiana, Martini remained in the army for many years and rose to the rank of sergeant...long after the Pony Express was out of business. There is no record of Giovanni Martini or John Martin, as you may, being employed as a deputy marshal in Dodge City.

I know nothing of Indiana John Martin but the man who carried Custer's last order to Capt. Benteen served in the U.S. Army from 1874 until 1904 and died in Brooklyn, New York on December 24, 1922. He was the father of two sons, who served in the U.S. Army during WW I.

Yours truly,
Robert J. Ege
1904 Second Ave. North
Great Falls, Mont.

LETTER FROM SWEDEN

To Real West:

First, I must say that I appreciate your magazine very much, as the articles always are well-written, vivid and packed with facts. I do hope that you can maintain the quality in the future.

I take an interest in the American history, especially the history of the Indians and that of the Civil War - but my possibilities to procure material about it are confined. May I use this opportunity to ask your readers if they have old issues of Real West, or old books with historical facts about the afore-mentioned matters, which they consider as derelict, and send them to me? It would be a pleasure to receive them. Thanks!

Sincerely yours,
Pei Ake Lindblom
Lada 214
Njnbanger, Sweden

ANCIENT INDIAN GRAIN

Dear Sir:

In the July issue on the Editors' Corral page, you speak of the Plains

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Indians raising grain centuries ago.

I had a neighbor, a Mr. Sol Burris of Independence, Kansas. He was an oil well driller. He told me he drilled an oil well and hundreds of feet down he ran into a lot of petrified wheat.

He stated he sent it to the Kansas State College and they told him it was wheat.

Yours,
Ted R. Reeves
Omnia & Aqua Farm
Suzie Q Rd.
Quincy, Washington

DEATH OF RINGO

Editor;

Regarding "Ask your Questions," Vol VIII, No. 44, Nov., 1965, concerning Wyatt Earp and "Doc" Holiday, may I offer a correction. Holiday was not under any legal indictment of any kind when he left Tombstone and Arizona. He had been arrested for participating in a stage holdup

early in 1881, but the case was dismissed by Judge Spicer, of Tombstone. Wyatt was under indictment for the murder of Frank Stilwell when he left Arizona. At least one attempt was made to return Earp from (Gunnison) Colorado for this murder but it was unsuccessful. Strong evidence points to the fact that Earp was in Arizona after his hasty departure for Colorado. John Ringo was found dead near Antelope Springs on July 13, 1882, and several very interesting bits of information, including an unexplained absence by Earp from Gunnison at that time, point to the fact that Earp may have returned to Arizona to gun down his enemy.

Sincerely,
Dave Rees
West Wind Productions
P.O. Drawer "R"
Ajo, Arizona 85321

TEXAS YANKEES

Dear Sir:

In the recent issue of Real West the story entitled "Texas Yankees Of Cat Mountain" by Harold Preece filled a need that has long been overdue. It is regretted that chroniclers

{Continued on next page}

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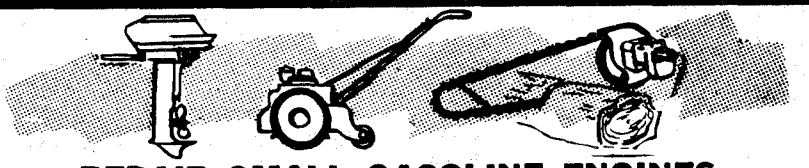

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of Texas history have for so long either overlooked completely or treated very lightly some events that could fit among the most colorful pages of the history of this state. Congratulations to the editor, the magazine and the author of the story for furnishing the readers of your publication a worthwhile story of paramount historical significance.

Contrary to general belief, Texas did not go all-out whole-hog with the Confederacy. The Cat Mountain Boys is just one of such instances. Sam Houston did not go along with the rebels either, and right here in South Texas on the banks of the Rio Grande where I grew up and where my Mexican-American ancestors lived during the Civil War the populace which was predominately Latin-American did not go along with the South to any appreciable degree. I have been a student of Texas history for a long time, particularly the history of this immediate area, and I will say that we need more and more of the factual accounts of those historical high spots as that which is contained in the article just mentioned. Kindly pass along my congratulations and best wishes to the author of the Cat Mountain Yankees.

Yours very truly,
Carlos Salazar
Justice of the Peace
San Juan, Texas

ALSO LIKED STORY

Sir:

The epic of the Texas Unionists who resisted secession has too long gone untold. Harold Preece, descended from them, gives us the high-lights of their gallant story in his piece, "Texas Yankees of Cat Mountain."

Very much pro-unionist sentiment existed in the Lone Star State. The Texas' Washington, Sam Houston, was removed as governor because he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. The Texas-Mexicans were the largest element, numerically, in this Rio Grande border section where I live. They made common cause with the Scotch-Irish Texans wearing the blue, who came to occupy this area during the last months of the Civil War. Harold Preece's great uncle, Taylor Preece was remembered as a blazing little fighter in uniform when he was only 16 years old, though he was nursed back to life by the Texas Confederate Commander, Santos Benavides after having been captured while very sick.

I wish that Harold Preece could be persuaded to tell the story of the more than 100 Unionists who were hanged at Gainesville on the Texas-Indian Territory border in 1864. These people were ranchers who did not want to see their country split up into small fragments. This massacre is one of the saddest chapters of the Civil War.

The criticism I could have for the title you put on Harold's article would be this: The Preece's, and other Texas Unionists were for the most part Southerners from way back - not "Yankees". Their ancestors had fought at King Mountain against the Redcoats. They were of the Daniel Boone stock, which had pushed into Kentucky and Tennessee before migrating westward into the Lone Star State. Their families had helped give birth to America. They could not draw their guns to divide it. Their character had nothing in common with the thieving Carpetbaggers who moved down the Potomac after the Civil War to take everything in sight.

Sincerely,
J. A. Brooks
Pan American College
Edinburg, Texas

PAT GARRET AND ROOSEVELT

Dear Sirs:

In your March issue I read a story about Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett. In going through some old books I found a newspaper clipping on Pat Garrett. It reads as follows:

FOOLS ROOSEVELT; IS OUSTED

Pat Garrett of El Paso, Texas, for years a personal friend of President Roosevelt, has been turned down for reappointment as collector of customs because he palmed off Tom Powers, an El Paso saloon man and gambler, on Roosevelt as his friend. During the Rough Riders' reunion at San Antonio last spring the President wired Garrett to come and see him. Garrett took Powers with him, and he sat at the table with the President. The President learned of the character of his guest, and when Garrett went to Washington this week seeking reappointment, and again accompanied by Powers, he was informed he could not be reappointed.

There is no date on the clipping, but by Billy the Kid being in one issue and Roosevelt and the Three Thieves in the May issue, I thought you might like to read this clipping.

Yours,
John D. McCone Sr.
R.R. 1
Ellisville, Illinois

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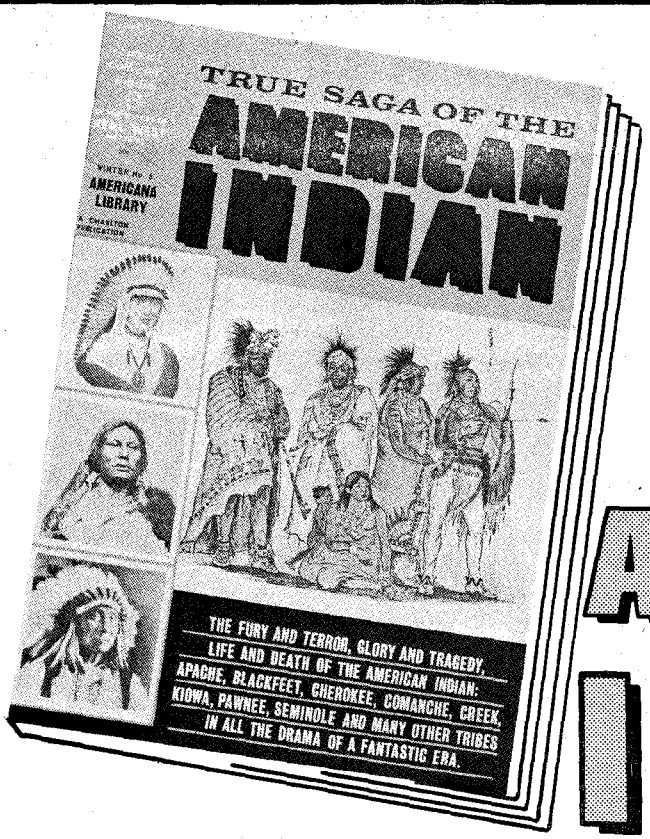
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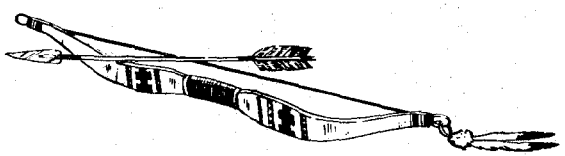

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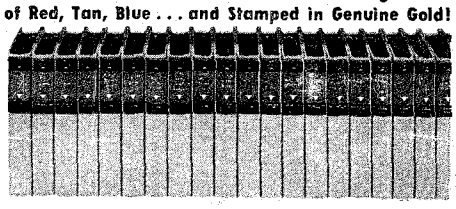

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